THE

WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

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WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

HENRY WEBER, Esq.

VOLUME THE THIRTEENTH,

CONTAINING

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.
THE MAID OF THE MILL.
LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.
THE LOVERS' PROGRESS.

EDINBURGH:

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1812.

THE

TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

BY

FLETCHER & SHAKSPEARE.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

In what year this tragedy was produced we are utterly at a loss to decide, as there is no evidence upon which any opinion can be grounded with the least chance of success. It was first printed in quarto with the following title—"The Two Noble Kinsmen: presented at the Blackfriers by the Kings Majesties servants, with great Applause: written by the memorable Worthies of their Time, Mr John Fletcher, and Mr William Shakspeare, Gent. Printed at London, by Tho. Cotes, for John Watersone; and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne, in Pauls Church-Yard, 1634." The curious question whether Shakspeare actually assisted in the composition of this drama will be found amply discussed at the conclusion.

The celebrated Knight's Tale of Chaucer, founded upon the Teseide of Boccaccio, is the foundation from whence the present tragedy is derived. It had been previously dramatised by Richard Edwards, whose Palamon and Arcite, in two parts, was acted before Queen Elizabeth in 1566, and printed in 1585. From the curious manuscripts of Henslowe, which have been printed by Mr Malone, it appears, that another play with the same title was brought on the stage Sept. 17, 1594, on which the same commentator supposes The Two Noble Kinsmen was founded. That the present play was favourably received at its first appearance is proved by the old title-page. In 1668, an alteration was brought out at the Duke of York's Theatre, entitled The Rivals, which Langbaine, on the authority of the publisher, has ascribed to Sir William Davenant. It was acted with great applause. Neither the original, nor the alteration, however, have been performed for a long series of years.

The play is, in every respect, worthy of the two authors to whom it has been ascribed; being replete with a most noble strain of poetry, and the principal characters being well supported through-

out. It was difficult to discriminate those of Palamon and Arcite, but the poets have succeeded to admiration. They are both equally noble and generous; but there are shades of difference in their characters, which are properly sustained, and appear very evident in every scene where they appear. The Jailor's Daughter, which is our authors' own addition to Chaucer's Tale, has been long admired as an extremely well-wrought copy of Ophelia. As the last editors remark, the principal defect of the piece is, its being rather a tale than a drama, an objection which may be offered against many of the contemporary plays, and particularly against those of Shakspeare.

PROLOGUE.

[*Flourish.*

NEW plays and maidenheads are near a-kin;
Much follow'd both, for both much money gi'en,
If they stand sound, and well: And a good play
(Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage-day,
And shake to lose his honour) is like her
That after holy tie, and first night's stir,
Yet still is modesty, and still retains
More of the maid to sight than husband's pains.
We pray our play may be so; for I'm sure
It has a noble breeder, and a pure,
A learned, and a poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent:
Chaucer (of all admired) the story gives;
There constant to eternity it lives!
If we let fall the nobleness of this,
And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under-ground, "Oh, fan
From me the witless chaff of such a writer
That blasts my bays, and my famed works makes lighter
Than Robin Hood!" This is the fear we bring;
For, to say truth, it were an endless thing,
And too ambitious, to aspire to him.
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim,
In this deep water, do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we will tack about,
And something do to save us: you shall hear
Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear
Worth two hours' travel. To his bones sweet sleep!
Content to you!—If this play do not keep
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave. [*Flourish.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

Theseus, *Duke of Athens.*
Palamon, } *The Two Noble Kinsmen, in love with*
Arcite, } *Emilia.*
Perithous, *an Athenian general.*
Artesius, *a captain.*
Valerius, *a Theban nobleman.*
Six valiant knights.
Herald.
Jailor.
Wooer to the Jailor's daughter.
Brother } *to the Jailor.*
Friends }
Gerrold, *a schoolmaster.*
A Taborer, Countrymen, Soldiers, &c.

Hippolita, *bride to Theseus.*
Emilia, *her sister.*
Three queens.
Jailor's daughter, in love with Palamon.
Servant to Emilia.
Nymphs, Wenches, &c.

SCENE,—Athens, and in Part of the first Act, Thebes.

[1] *Hymen* has hitherto stood as a personage of this drama, and even the first: As he only appears in the dumb-show, we have expunged the name. The *Wooer*, though a character of some consideration, has always been omitted; and so has *Valerius*.—Ed. 1778.

The editors have still passed over the Brother and the Friends of the Jailor, and *Artesius*, who, however, is only a mute.



THE

TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. Before the Temple.

Music. Enter HYMEN *with a torch burning; a Boy, in a white robe, before, singing, and strewing flowers; after* HYMEN, *a Nymph, encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten Garland; then* THESEUS, *between two other Nymphs, with wheaten chaplets on their heads; then* HIPPOLITA, *led by* PERITHOUS,[1] *and another holding a Garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging; after her,* EMILIA, *holding up her train.* ARTESIUS *and Attendants.*

SONG.

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,

[1] *Then Hippolita the bride led by* Theseus.] Mr Theobald very justly changed *Theseus* here to *Perithous.*—Seward.

But in their hue;
Maiden-pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thime true;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim;

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense! [Strewing flowers.
Not an angel of the air,[2]
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,[3]

[2] *Not an angel of the air.*] Mr Theobald here hit upon an emendation, which we are informed he was remarkably fond of; but which is one of the strangest conceptions which ever entered the head of a commentator. He wishes, in short, to enrich our language with the word *augel*, from the Italian *augello*. But *angel* is frequently used for *bird*. Thus in the Virgin Martyr, by Massinger and Dekkar:—

——" The Roman *angel's* wings shall melt,
And Cæsar's diadem be from his head
Spurned by base feet."

It is singular enough that Mr M. Mason, in his edition of Massinger, confidently asserts, that in this passage, *augel* should be changed to *angel*, and yet, in his comments on the present play, should vote for the old text, and adduce the very passage from the Virgin Martyr in support of it. See a very curious note on the subject in Mr Gifford's Massinger, vol. I. p. 36.

[3] *The boding raven, nor* clough he
Nor chatt'ring pie.] *Clough he*, which is the reading of all the

Nor chatt'ring pie,
May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

Enter three Queens, in black, with veils stained, with imperial Crowns. The first Queen falls down at the foot of THESEUS; *the second falls down at the foot of* HIPPOLITA; *the third before* EMILIA.

1 *Queen.* For pity's sake, and true gentility's,
Hear, and respect me!
2 *Queen.* For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear, and respect me!
3 *Queen.* Now for the love of him whom Jove hath mark'd
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us, and our distresses! This good deed

editions, is neither sense nor rhyme. My dictionaries at least have no such bird as *chough*. *Chough* is Shakspeare and Fletcher's name of a *jack-daw*, of which Ray says, *Postica pars capitis cinerascit.* But he (and from him the Oxford editor) mistakes in making the *chough* the *coracias* a frequenter of the Cornish-Cliffs only, which has no such grey feathers. Besides Shakspeare's *chough* feeds on corn, for Autolycus, in the Winter's Tale, says, "My *choughs* are scared from the chaff." So that the *chough* must be the daw or the rook, which has often grey feathers on the head and back. See Ray on Birds. There can be no reason to doubt, therefore, of our having got the true substantive; for *he* we must have an adjective that suits the *chough*, and also rhymes to *nor*; *hoar* will do both, the *chough* having greyish feathers on his head, from whence Shakspeare calls him the *russet-pated chough*. Midsummer-Night's Dream.—*Seward*

The *chough* is a bird resembling the scald crow, but smaller, the head and back of which is of a greyish colour.—*Mason.*

Shall raze you out o' the book of trespasses
All you are set down there.
Thes. Sad lady, rise!
Hip. Stand up!
Emi. No knees to me! What woman I
May sted, that is distress'd, does bind me to her.
Thes. What's your request? Deliver you for all.
1 *Queen.* We are three Queens, whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endured[4]
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. Oh, pity, duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword
That does good turns to th' world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them!
And of thy boundless goodness, take some note
That for our crowned heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to every thing!
Thes. Pray you kneel not!
I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves. I have heard the fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.
King Capanëus was your lord: The day

[4] *Who* endured.] Mason wishes to read *endure*, and I should be inclined to adopt his variation, but possibly the text means—who have hitherto, ever since the battle, endured the beaks of ravens, &c.

That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar; you were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread her;[5] your wheaten wreath
Was then nor thresh'd nor blasted; Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheek with smiles; Hercules our kinsman,
(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his club,
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide,[6]
And swore his sinews thaw'd: Oh, Grief and Time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour!
 1 *Queen.* Oh, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth
Our undertaker!
 Thes. Oh, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for me, your soldier.—Troubled I am.
[*Turns away.*
 2 *Queen.* Honour'd Hippolita,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive; but that this thy lord

[5] *Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread* her.] The reader will see that *her* is prejudicial to the sense and measure, and to be discarded. The mantle of Juno is beautifully described in the fourteenth book of the Iliad. It was wrought by Minerva, and adorned with variety of figures; allegorically it may signify the æther adorned with the sun and stars formed by Minerva, *i. e.* the wisdom of the Creator.—*Seward.*

We cannot "see that *her* is prejudicial to the sense and measure," nor that it ought "to be discarded." The construction is easy.—Ed. 1778.

[6] Nenuan *hide.*] Corrected in 1750.

(Born to uphold creation in that honour
First Nature styled it in) shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'er-flowing, at once subduing
Thy force, and thy affection; soldieress,
That equally canst poise sternness with pity,
Who now, I know, hast much more power on him
Than e'er he had on thee; who ow'st his strength
And his love too, who is a servant to
The tenor of thy speech;[7] dear glass of ladies,
Bid him that we, whom flaming War doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us!
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off!
Tell him, if he i' th' blood-sized field lay swoln,
Shewing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
What you would do!

Hip. Poor lady, say no more!
I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet

[7] Whom *now I know hast much more power on him*
Than ever he had on thee, who ow'st *his strength*
And his love too, who is a servant for
The tenor of the *speech.*] The change of particles and monosyllables frequently destroy both the grammar and sense of our authors. *Whom* might have been corrected without a note, but what is, *Who is a servant* for *the tenor of* the *speech?* The original probably was,

—— *who is a servant* to
The tenor of thy *speech;*

i. e. He who before conquered thee is now obedient to every word thou utterest. *Ow'st* is the same as *own'st* in all the old writers.—*Seward.*

Went I so willing way.[8] My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress: Let him consider;
I'll speak anon.

3 Queen Oh, my petition was [*To* EMILIA.
Set down in ice, which by hot grief uncandied
Melts into drops; so sorrow wanting form
Is press'd with deeper matter.

Emi. Pray stand up;
Your grief is written in your cheek.

3 Queen. Oh, woe!
You cannot read it there;[9] there through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold 'em! Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasure know o' th' earth
Must know the centre too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. Oh, pardon me!
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.

Emi. Pray you say nothing; pray you!
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,
To instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed;
(Such heart-pierced demonstration!) but, alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,

8 ——— *and never yet*
Went I so willing way.] *i. e.* I never went so willing a journey.—*Seward.*

9 *You cannot read it there;* there *thro' my tears,*
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glasse *stream*] Mr Sympson and I change the second *there* to *here*, as she evidently points at her heart, and so explains herself in the sequel. *Glassy* for *glasse* Mr Theobald agreed with us in.—*Seward.*

Seward entirely mistakes the allusion of the Queen. She does not speak of her heart, as Emilia cannot possibly see it there through tears, but of her eyes, and this renders the alteration unnecessary.

That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity
Though it were made of stone: Pray have good comfort!

Thes. Forward to th' temple! leave not out a jot
O' th' sacred ceremony.

1 *Queen.* Oh, this celebration
Will longer last,[1] and be more costly, than
Your suppliants' war! Remember that your fame
Knolls in the ear o' th' world: What you do quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others' labour'd meditance; your premeditating
More than their actions; but, (oh, Jove!) your actions,
Soon as they move, as osprays do the fish,
Subdue before they touch: Think, dear duke, think
What beds our slain kings have!

2 *Queen.* What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none!

3 *Queen.* None fit for the dead:
Those that with cords, knives, drams, precipitance,[2]
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been Death's most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow.

1 *Queen.* But our lords
Lie blist'ring 'fore the visitating sun,
And were good kings, when living.

[1] *Will* long *last.*] Corrected in 1750.

[2] *Drams precipitance.*] Mr. Sympson and I disjoin these two, the one expressing poison, the other leaping down precipices.—*Seward.*

Precipitance is, we think, rightly disjoined from *drams;* but signifies, in general, the unhappy *precipitation* of suicides in getting rid of their lives, not the particular act of *leaping down precipices,* which seems to us a ridiculous explanation.—Ed. 1778.

Seward's explanation is neither wrong nor ridiculous. The text enumerates the different kinds of suicide, and certainly precipitation from heights is not the most ludicrous species.

Thes. It is true;
And I will give you comfort,
To give your dead lords graves:[3]
The which to do must make some work with Creon.
1 *Queen.* And that work [now] presents itself to the doing:[4]
Now 'twill take form; the heats are gone to-morrow;
Then bootless Toil must recompense itself,
With its own sweat; now he's secure,
Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rinsing our holy begging[5] in our eyes,
To make petition clear.
2 *Queen.* Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory.
3 *Queen.* And his army full
Of bread and sloth.
Thes. Artesius, that best know'st
How to draw out, fit to this enterprize
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business; forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments; whilst we dispatch

[3] *To give your dead lords graves.*] As both the sense and measure are somewhat deficient, there is reason to suspect a part of the sentence dropt; perhaps somewhat like the following might have been the original:—

But *I will give you comfort,* and engage
Myself and pow'rs *to give your dead lords graves.*—Seward.

I agree with Seward that some omission has probably taken place, but cannot assent to Mason's thinking an amendment necessary. Theseus promises that he will give them the comfort they desire, to see their dead lords interred. Mason would read (no doubt more plainly, but that is no reason for tampering with the text,)

And I *to* give you comfort
Will give your dead lords graves.

[4] *And that work presents, &c.*] Former editions.—*Seward.*

[5] Wrinching *our holy begging.*] Corrected in 1750.

This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock!

1 *Queen.* Dowagers, take hands!
Let us be widows to our woes![6] Delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.

All the Queens. Farewell!

2 *Queen.* We come unseasonably; but when could Grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd Judgment can, fit'st time
For best solicitation?

Thes. Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any war;[7] it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.

1 *Queen.* The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected: When her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moon-light corslet thee, oh, when
Her twinning cherries[8] shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings, or blubber'd queens? what care

[6] *Let us be widows to our woes.*] *i. e.* Let us continue still in the most distressed widowhood by the continuance of our woes. The expression, though not quite clear, will give this sense, which is certainly a fine one; and in such writers as our authors we must not always expect that perspicuity as we meet with in poems of less depth. For this reason I cannot admit a conjecture of Mr Sympson, though it is undoubtedly an ingenious one:—

Let us be wedded *to our woes.*—Seward.

[7] *This is a service, whereto I am going,*
Greater than any was.] *War* [which is Theobald's variation] instead of *was* is a great improvement of the old text, and I verily believe it the authors' word. The service I am now going to, (*i. e.* my marriage) is of more import to my happiness than any *war* can possibly be.—*Seward.*

[8] *Her* twining *cherries.*] Theobald corrected the spelling here.

For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able
To make Mars spurn his drum? Oh, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to.

Hip. Though much unlike [*Kneels.*
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor; yet I think
Did I not, by th' abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure the surfeit,
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me: Therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about,
And hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service!

All Queens. Oh, help now! [*To* EMILIA.
Our cause cries for your knee.

Emi. If you grant not
My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.

Thes. Pray stand up!
I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me.—Perithous,
Lead on the bride! Get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not any thing
In the pretended celebration. Queens,
Follow your soldier.—As before, hence you,

And at the banks of Aulis [9] meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger look'd!—[*Exit* ARBESIUS.] Since that our theme is haste,
I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip;
Sweet, keep it as my token! Set you forward;
For I will see you gone.
[*Exeunt towards the Temple all but* PERITHOUS, THESEUS, *and Queens.*
Farewell, my beauteous sister! Perithous,
Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on't!
Per. Sir,
I'll follow you at heels: The feast's solemnity
Shall want till your return.[1]
Thes. Cousin, I charge you
Budge not from Athens; we shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which I pray you
Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all!

[9] *Follow your soldier (as before) hence you,*
And at the banks of Anly.] Mr Theobald sent me a very probable conjecture upon this place, none of us being able to find in any geographer such a name as *Anly* in Greece; he reads *Aulis*, the celebrated sea port between Athens and Thebes. It would indeed be more convincing were there a river of that name, for I don't know whether it be proper, in speaking of Calais or Dover, to say, Meet me at the banks of Dover. But *Aulis* being a situation so exceedingly proper to be mentioned here, I still believe it the true word, and perhaps *banks* may be also a corruption, it might have been *At the gates*, or *at the port*, or *at the back of Aulis.*—Seward.

Theobald's variation is right, and Seward's objection very far-fetched and ridiculous. The pointing of the preceding line was proposed by Mason, who observes, that "the first three words are addressed to the Queens; the remainder to Arbesius, whom he had before desired to draw out the troops for the enterprize."

[1] *Shall* want *till your return.*] The editors of 1750, for *want* read *wait*; but *want* seems genuine; signifying, the celebration of the nuptials should remain incomplete till his return, as Perithous had rather accompany Theseus than stay behind to be his proxy, as the latter desires.—Ed. 1778.

1 *Queen.* Thus dost thou still make good the
    tongue o' th' world.
2 *Queen.* And earn'st a deity equal with Mars.
3 *Queen.* If not above him; for,
Thou being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
To godlike honours; they themselves, some say,
Groan under such a mastery.
Thes. As we are men,
Thus should we do; being sensually subdued,
We lose our humane title. Good cheer, ladies!
[*Flourish.*
Now turn we towards your comforts. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Thebes. The Court of the Palace.

Enter PALAMON *and* ARCITE.

Arc. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,
And our prime cousin, yet unharden'd in
The crimes of nature; let us leave the city
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our gloss of youth!
And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in incontinence: For not to swim
I' th' aid o' th' current,[a] were almost to sink,

[a] *I' th'* aid *o' th' current.*] The variation, *I' th'* head *o' the current*, is a variation from Theobald's conjecture, which we think a happy one, though rejected by Seward. The old reading, if sense, is very hard. Palamon says, a few speeches lower,

At least to frustrate striving; and to follow
The common stream, 'twould bring us to an eddy
Where we should turn or drown; if labour through,
Our gain but life, and weakness.
Pal. Your advice
Is cried up with example: What strange ruins,
Since first we went to school, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes! Scars, and bare weeds,
The gain o' th' martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends, honour, and golden ingots,
Which though he won he had not; and now flurted
By Peace, for whom he fought! Who then shall offer
To Mars's so-scorn'd altar? I do bleed
When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,
To get the soldier work, that Peace might purge
For her repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher
Than Strife or War could be.
Arc. Are you not out?
Meet you no ruin but the soldier in
The cranks and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:

——— *Either I am*
The fore-horse *in the team, or I am none*
That draw i' th' sequent *trace.*—Ed. 1778.

This is an amendment suggested by Theobald, adopted by the last editors without reason, and justly rejected by Seward, as it entirely destroys the sense of the passage. What Arcite means to urge as a reason for their quitting Thebes is, that if they struggled against the current of the fashion, their striving would answer no purpose; and that if they followed the common stream, it would lead them into an eddy where they should either be drowned or reap no advantage from their labouring through it but life and weakness. That speech of Palamon's to which the editors allude is applied to a subject of a totally different nature.—*Mason.*

Perceive you none that do arouse your pity,
But th' unconsider'd soldier?
Pal. Yes; I pity
Decays where-e'er I find them; but such most
That, sweating in an honourable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.
Arc. 'Tis not this
I did begin to speak of; this is virtue
Of no respect in Thebes: I speak of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,
It is for our residing; where every evil
Hath a good colour; where every seeming good's
A certain evil; where not to be even jump
As they are,[3] here were to be strangers, and
Such things to be mere monsters.
Pal. 'Tis in our power
(Unless we fear that apes can tutor us) to
Be masters of our manners: What need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith? or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceived; saved too,

[3] *Where not to be ev'n* jump
As they are, here were to be strangers.] *Jump*, in our ancient writers, frequently means *just, exact;* sometimes *to agree.* So in Othello, act ii. scene iii.—

"Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart,
And bring him *jump* where he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife."

Again, "Not two of them *jumpe* in one tale." Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication, p. 29.—*Reed.*

Mason says we should place the comma in the last line after *here*; but surely the text means exactly the same as the alteration. Arcite says, "If we were not exactly as they are, we should be here (in Thebes) strangers, and such things as would be considered mere, that is, absolute, monsters, or things out of the common track of human customs."

Speaking it truly? Why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply so long, until
The follow'd make pursuit? Or let me know,
Why mine own barber is unbless'd, with him
My poor chin too, for 'tis not scissar'd just
To such a favourite's glass? What canon is there
That does command my rapier from my hip,
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip-toe
Before the street be foul? Either I am
The fore-horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i' th' sequent trace! These poor slight sores
Need not a plantain;[4] that which rips my bosom,
Almost to th' heart, 's——

Arc. Our uncle Creon.

Pal. He,
A most unbounded tyrant! whose successes
Make Heaven unfear'd,[5] and villainy assured,

[4] *These poor slight sores
Need not a* plantain.] A plantain-leaf was supposed to be an excellent styptic, and was applied to fresh wounds. Trinculo, in Albumazar, says,—

——— "I'm fall'n i' th' cellar:
Bring a fresh *plantain* leaf, I have broke my shin."

[5] *Makes Heaven unfear'd, and villainy assured,
Beyond its power; there's nothing almost puts
Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Voluble chance.*] This sentence, as hitherto printed, has been a mere chaos; for, first, what is making villainy assured beyond its power? and how does nothing almost put faith in a fever? The true adjustment of the points restores connection, sense, and beauty, "The successes of the Tyrant makes Heaven unfear'd, and villainy assured that nothing is beyond its power; which almost staggers the faith of good men, and makes them think that Chance and not a just Providence governs the world." The moral of this is extremely beautiful, for it is just uttered before they hear that Theseus, the instrument of divine vengeance, is at hand, and

Beyond its power there's nothing; almost puts
Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Voluble chance: who only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act; commands men's service,
And what they win in't, boot and glory too;[6]
That fears not to do harm; good dares not: Let
The blood of mine that's sibbe to him,[7] be suck'd
From me with leeches; let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption!

Arc. Clear-spirited cousin,
Let's leave his court, that we may nothing share
Of his loud infamy! for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile, or disobedient; not his kinsmen
In blood, unless in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer!
I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd

the thunder bursting on the head of Creon. In the emendation of the points in this passage, Mr Sympson concurred with me.—*Seward.*

Seward's pointing must be adopted, as no construction can make sense of the old, though the last editors offered the following explanation, which can satisfy no one, and renders the rest of the sentence entirely devoid of meaning: "Creon's success diminishes our fear of the gods, by making us suppose that Guilt can oppose their power, and defend itself from their justice.—ITS *power* refers to *Heaven* not to *villainy.*" They are then obliged to confess that "the next sentence appears to be incomplete, probably by a casual omission, or possibly on purpose broken off abruptly; if the latter, there should be a dash after *voluble chance.*" But if we point with Seward, the passage at the first glance is perfect, and nothing is required but to remind the reader, that "*who* only attributes," &c. refers to Creon, and is a continuation of the first line.

6 *Boot and glory* on.] Former editions; I read *too, i. e.* both the advantage and honour.—*Seward.*

7 *That's* sibbe *to him.*] i. e. *Kin.* It is spelt *sib* by Spenser, and *sybbe* by Chaucer.—*Seward.*

The ears of heavenly justice: Widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of the gods.—Valerius!

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. The king calls for you; yet be leaden-footed,
Till his great rage be off him! Phœbus when
He broke his whipstock,[8] and exclaim'd against
The horses of the sun, but whisper'd, to
The loudness of his fury.
Pal. Small winds shake him:
But what's the matter?
Val. Theseus (who where he threats appals) hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes; who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.
Arc. Let him approach!
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us: Yet what man
Thirds his own worth (the case is each of ours)
When that his action's dregg'd with mind assured
'Tis bad he goes about?[9]
Pal. Leave that unreason'd!
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon.

8 *Whipstock.*] Generally the handle of a whip; but frequently used for the whip itself. So in Shakspeare's Pericles:—

"By his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the *whipstock* than the lance."

9 ——— *Yet what man*
Thirds *his own worth* (*the case is each of ours*)
When that his action's dregged with mind assured
'Tis bad he goes about?] The meaning is, what man can exert a third part of his power when his mind is clogged with a consciousness that he fights in a bad cause.—*Mason.*

Yet, to be neutral to him, were dishonour,
Rebellious to oppose; therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our Fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.
Arc. So we must.
Is't said this war's afoot? or it shall be,
On fail of some condition?
Val. 'Tis in motion;
The intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defier.
Pal. Let's to the king! who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour which
His enemy comes in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health; which were not spent,
Rather laid out for purchase: But, alas,
Our hands advanced before our hearts, what will
The fall o' th' stroke do damage?
Arc. Let th' event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves; and let us follow
The becking of our chance! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the Gates of Athens.

Enter PERITHOUS, HIPPOLITA, *and* EMILIA.

Per. No further!
Hip. Sir, farewell! Repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him

Excess and overflow of power, an't might be,
To dure ill-dealing Fortune.[1] Speed to him!
Store never hurts good governors.
Per. Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. My precious maid,
Those best affections that the heavens infuse
In their best-temper'd pieces, keep enthroned
In your dear heart!
Emi. Thanks, sir! Remember me
To our all-royal brother! for whose speed
The great Bellona I'll solicit: And
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her
What I shall be advised she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent!
Hip. In's bosom!
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don[2] their helms, or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women
That have sod their infants in (and after eat them)
The brine they wept at killing 'em: Then if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.
Per. Peace be to you,
As I pursue this war! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring.[3] [*Exit.*

[1] *To* dure *ill-dealing Fortune.*] That is, to *endure;* but Seward must have his variations, and reads *cure,* in which he is followed by the last editors. Sympson proposes, more plausibly, *dare;* but the old text is perfect sense.

[2] *Don.*] An old contraction of *do on,* put on.

[3] *Peace be to you,*
As I pursue this war! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring.] This passage is oddly expressed; but the meaning is, Peace be to you as long as I pursue the war! when that is ended we shall not need to pray for it.—*Mason.*

Emi. How his longing
Follows his friend! Since his depart, his sports,
Though craving seriousness and skill, past slightly
His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider; but
Playing one business in his hand, another
Directing in his head,[4] his mind nurse equal
To these so differing twins! Have you observed
him
Since our great lord departed?
Hip. With much labour,
And I did love him for't. They two have cabin'd
In many as dangerous, as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending, they have skiff'd
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
I' th' least of these was dreadful;[5] and they have
Fought out together, where Death's self was
lodged,
Yet Fate hath brought them off. Their knot of
love
Tied, weav'd, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,

4 *Playing* o'er *business with his hand, another*
Directing in his head.] I have here inserted an amendment of Mason's, who has commented on this play with more than usual care and success. The corruption was very easy, for the quarto reads *ore.*

5 ——— *they have skift*
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power,
I' th' least of these was dreadful.] This is certainly obscure, but the meaning seems to be, "Peril and want, contending who should injure them most, they have passed in a slight bark over torrents whose roaring tyranny and power, even when at the minimum of fury, were dreadful." Seward offers this strange variation:—

They have skift
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
I' th' best *of* ships *were dreadful.*

May be out-worn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.
Emi Doubtless,
There is a best, and Reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow;
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' th' moon
(Which then look'd pale at parting) when our count
Was each eleven.
Hip. 'Twas Flavina.
Emi. Yes.
You talk of Perithous' and Theseus' love:
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I
And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,
Loved for we did, and like the elements
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance; our souls
Did so to one another:[6] What she liked,
Was then of me approved; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment;[7] the flower that I would pluck

[6] The following marginal direction in the quarto proves that the play was printed from the prompter's book :—"2 Hearses ready with Palamon: and Arcite: the 3 Queens. Theseus. and his Lordes ready."

[7] *No more arraignment.*] i. e. says Dr Dodd, "Her not liking it was sufficient to condemn it, without any further arraignment, or bringing it to its trial."—Ed. 1778.

And put between my breasts, (oh, then but beginning
To swell about the blossom) she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where, phœnix-like,
They died in perfume; on my head no toy
But was her pattern; her affections (pretty,
Though happily her careless wear) I follow'd
For my most serious decking;[8] had mine ear

8 — *on my head no toy*
But was her patterne; her affections (*pretty*
Tho' happely. *her careles,* were, *I followed*
For, &c.] Thus the old quarto. We have a profusion of conjectures on this passage. Sympson first proposed,

But was her pattern, her affections *pretty*
(*Tho'* happily THEY *careless* WERE) *I followed;*

and afterwards,

But was her pattern, her affections; *pretty*
Tho' happily HER *careless* WEAR *I follow'd.*

Seward rejects both these, and, in his dashing manner, proposes the following—

But was her pattern, her affection; HER
Pretty, *tho'* haply *careless* WEAR, *I follow'd;*

Dr Dodd [Beauties of Shakspeare, vol. i. p. 92,] reads,

But was her pattern: her affections (*pretty,*
Tho' happily THEY *careless* WERE) *I follow'd;*

and subjoins the following note: "She says, 'She had no toy on her head, but that became her friend's pattern: And her affections [the things her friend affected, or liked, in which sense the word is frequently used] (ever pretty, though perhaps they were merely casual and careless at first) yet she so much approved that she followed them for her most serious dressing.' The reader will find this passage differently read by the late editors: Possibly some may object against a careless dress being called the *affection* of the wearer, and ask how any one can *affect* or like that which they take no care about? I think two answers may be given: It is well known how much some ladies *affect a careless* way of dressing; and what seems in them often the effect of mere chance is the pro-

Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd on[9]
From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn, (rather dwell
on)
And sing it in her slumbers: This rehearsal
(Which every innocent wots well, comes in
Like old Importment's bastard) has this end,

duce of their utmost study—conformable to the old maxim *ars est celare artem*, or it may be the lady calls those the *affections* of her friend which she herself esteemed so, and which, as being hers, she admired:—Perhaps we might read the passage thus, if these reasons are not satisfactory:

But was her pattern. her affect; her *pretty*
Though happily HER *careless* WEAR, *I follow'd*,

which is almost the same with that Mr Seward places in the text."

The variation in the text was proposed by the last editors, and is, after all, the most plausible. They observe, that "The difficulties of the passage appear to have arisen partly from a mis-spelling (*were* for *wear*) and partly from the commentators' misapprehension of the word *affections*, which is not here used to signify a *solid mature preference* (as Seward seems to think it) but merely *choice, fancy*. The plain signification then appears to be, 'Her *fancy* (which was sure to be pretty, even in her most CARELESS dress) I copied in my most STUDIED adornments.' If this explanation is admissible, there wants only the orthographical correction: We need not so much as, with Dr Dodd, alter *her* to *they*, much less subscribe to Mr Seward's violent modes. It may not be amiss to remark, that, in the old quarto, the *parenthesis* begins at the word *pretty*, but is nowhere closed." Mr Lambe finally reads,

——— Her affections pretty,
Though happily *hers* careless *were*, &c.

But the strongest proof of the propriety of the text is the unclosed parenthesis in the quarto; and the variation last mentioned has a very stiff, awkward sound.

9 *Or at adventure humm'd* on
From musical coinage.] Seward and the last editors read—humm'd *one;* but the old text is far better. Emilia says, "Had mine ear stolen some new air [which I sung] or had I at adventure, from mere musical coinage, *hummed on* without any regular air, she would have dwelt upon the note and sung it in her slumbers."

That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.[1]

[1] —— *This rehearsal*
(Which fury-innocent wots *well) comes in*
Like old Importment's *bastard, has this end*
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex individual.] This is another very puzzling passage, and it is evident that some corruption must have taken place. Seward and Sympson altered the last word properly; and *sex dividual* evidently means *different sexes.* But another variation of Sympson, adopted by Seward and the last editors, in the second line, is totally inadmissible, *viz.* "which *surely innocence* wots well," for there is no meaning conveyed by it. Mason proposes several other variations in the following words:

"The passage is certainly exceedingly difficult, but I think that, by adhering to the reading, and extending the parentheses so as to include the word *bastard,* it may, with a slight alteration, be rendered intelligible. Instead of *importment,* I should read *emportment,* from the French *emportement,* which signifies passion or transport; and instead of *wots well,* I should read *wot I well,* and then it will run thus—

— *This rehearsal*
(Which fury innocent, *wot I well,* comes in
Like old *emportment's* bastard) has this end, &c.

And Emilia's meaning is—'This recital, the innocent fury of which, I well know, comes in like the spurious offspring, the faint resemblance of the passion I formerly felt for Flavina, is intended to prove that love between maid and maid may be stronger than that between persons of different sexes.' This conjecture, however, is offered with much diffidence; but some explanation is better than none."

Mr Mason has considerably cleared up the obscurities of this passage; but there are strong objections to one of his variations (*wot I well*) which bears so disagreeable a sound, that I cannot believe it to have been the original text. His explanation of *importment* also is so very great a departure from the usual meaning of the word, that some parallel passages should have been adduced where it bears this very uncommon import, and I have never met with any. Again the word *fury* has much the appearance of a corruption; and here I am indebted for a very happy conjecture, easily corrupted into the word in the old text, to Mr Lambe, who, in his Specimens of the Dramatic Poets, reads— ("Which *every* innocent wots well.") But it seems necessary to extend the paren-

Hip. You are out of breath;
And this high-speeded pace is but to say,
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that's call'd man.
Emi. I am sure I shall not.
Hip. Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point
(Though in't I know thou dost believe thyself)
Than I will trust a sickly appetite,
That loaths even as it longs. But sure, my sister,
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus; for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance,
That we, more than his Perithous, possess
The high throne in his heart.
Emi. I am not
Against your faith; yet I continue mine. [*Exeunt.*

theses with Mason, and then the following explanation will clear up the whole context, where the only difficulty is the adjective *old;* but it may possibly be used as an augmentative, as it is frequently in old plays, though I have not met with it in any passage so serious as the present:—"This rehearsal of our affections (which every innocent soul well knows comes in like the mere bastard, the faint shadow of the true import, the real extent of our natural affections) has this end, or purpose, to prove that the love between two virgins may be stronger than that between persons of different sexes."

Seward compares the above description of the love between Flavina and Emilia to a more celebrated one in The Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii. sc. iii. to which he prefers it, very justly in the editor's opinion. They were certainly both the production of Shakspeare.

SCENE IV.

The Field of Battle before Thebes.

A Battle struck within; then a Retreat; flourish. Then enter THESEUS (*victor*)*; the three Queens meet him, and fall on their Faces before him.*

1 *Queen.* To thee no star be dark!
2 *Queen.* Both Heaven and earth
'Friend thee for ever!
3 *Queen.* All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry *amen* to't!
Thes. The impartial gods, who from the mounted Heavens
View us their mortal herd, behold who err,
And in their time chastise. Go, and find out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them
With treble ceremony! rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rites, we would supply it.
But those we will depute which shall invest
You in your dignities, and even[a] each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect: So adieu,
And Heaven's good eyes look on you!—What are those? [*Exeunt Queens.*
Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judged
By their appointment; some of Thebes have told us
They are sister's children, nephews to the king.
Thes. By the helm of Mars, I saw them in the war,

[a] *Even.*] It must be recollected that this word is here a verb.

Like to a pair of lions, smear'd with prey,
Make lanes in troops aghast: I fix'd my note
Constantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view! What prisoner was't that
told me,
When I enquired their names?
Herald. With leave, they are called
Arcite and Palamon.
Thes. 'Tis right; those, those.
They are not dead?
Herald. Nor in a state of life: Had they been
taken
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible
They might have been recover'd; yet they breathe,
And have the name of men.[3]
Thes. Then like men use 'em!
The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others; all our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste! their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth. Rather than
have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,
Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead;
But, forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em
Prisoners to us than Death. Bear 'em speedily
From our kind air (to them unkind), and minister
What man to man may do! for our sake, more!
Since I have known frights, fury, friends' behests,
Love's provocations,[4] zeal, a mistress' task,

[3] Here we have another stage-direction in the old quarto—
"Three hearses ready."

[4] *Since I have known frights, fury,* friends, behests,
Loves, provocations, *zeal, a mistress' task,*
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
Hath *set a mark which nature could not reach to*
Without some imposition, sickness in will,

Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
'T hath set a mark which Nature could not reach to

Or wrestling strength in reason, for our love
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
Their best skills tender.] 'Tis a great pity that this fine enumeration of the ills of human life, (which, for conciseness and beauty, may almost vie with the celebrated one in the soliloquy of Hamlet) should at last, by the errors of the transcriber or printer, vanish into darkness and obscurity. There is hopes that it is now restored by a very small change in the auxiliary verb *hath*, and a transposition of the lines into the order which the sense seems to require. I read,

——— *a fever, madness,*
Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason;
'T hath *set a mark which nature could not reach to*
Without some imposition. For our love, &c.

The sentiment is the common one,

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco,

"That our own miseries naturally awaken our compassion for those of others." When, therefore, he has enumerated the various ills which he has gone through, he says, That these ills have set a mark of humanity on his heart that nature, *without some imposition*, i. e. without the addition of such experience, could not have arrived at. The reader will find another change, instead of making *friends, behests, loves, provocations*, four of the ills of life, as in the former editions, I join them, and make only two, *friends' behests*, and *love's provocations;* the former is particularly applicable to Theseus; the latter gives much the same idea as Shakspear's pangs of despised love.—*Seward.*

This passage is extremely difficult and obscure. Seward's reading and explanation are certainly ingenious, and his slight transposition in the latter part admissible; but the two first lines of the old text are preferable.—Ed. 1778.

Contrary to the opinion of the last editors, I have adopted Seward's slight alterations in the two first lines, which seem absolutely requisite, and rejected his transposition, which is very unlikely to have been a corruption, and which neither improves the beauty of the passage, (at best very inconsiderable,) nor is warranted by necessity. Theseus, after enumerating the different affections (for they are not all *ills*) of life which he had experienced, says, "Since I have known these it hath set a mark upon my heart which nature alone is incapable of inducing without some

Without some imposition, sickness in will,
Or wrestling strength in reason. For our love,
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
Their best skill tender!—Lead into the city;
Where, having bound things scatter'd, we will post
To Athens 'fore our army.[5] [*A flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the same.

Enter the Queens with the Hearses of their Knights, in a Funeral Solemnity, &c.

SONG.

Urns and odours bring away,
Vapors, sighs, darken the day!
Our dole[6] *more deadly looks than dying!*
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours, through the wild air flying:

imposition or experience, and without a sickness or struggling in will, and a strength in reason sufficient to wrestle with the other passions." Seward places the words "Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason," after the word *madness.*

[5] *To Athens* for *our army.*] The correction of *for* into *'fore* is self-evident, and occurred to us all three.—*Seward.*

[6] *Dole.*] Grief, sorrow, *deuil,* Fr.

Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-eyed Pleasure's foes!
We convent nought else but woes.
We convent, &c.

3 *Queen.* This funeral path brings to your household graves:
Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with him!
2 *Queen.* And this to yours!
1 *Queen.* Yours this way! Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end!
3 *Queen.* This world's a city full of straying streets;
And death's the market-place, where each one meets. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Athens. A Garden, with a Tower in the Background.

Enter Jailor and Wooer.

Jailor. I may depart with little,[7] while I live; something I may cast to you, not much. Alas, the

[7] *Depart.*] i. e. in this place, *part.* So Ben Jonson, in the Induction to Bartholomew-Fair :—
" —— the author having now *departed* with his right."—*Reed.*

prison I keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come: Before one salmon, you shall take a number o' minnows. I am given out to be better lined, than it can appear to me report is a true speaker. I would I were really, that I am delivered to be! Marry, what I have (be't what it will) I will assure upon my daughter at the day of my death.

Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer; and I'll estate your daughter, in what I have promised.

Jailor. Well, we will talk more of this, when the solemnity is past. But have you a full promise of her? When that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

Enter Daughter *with rushes.*[8]

Wooer. I have, sir. Here she comes.

Jailor. Your friend and I have chanced to name you here, upon the old business: But no more of that now! So soon as the court-hurry is o'er, we'll have an end of it: I' th' mean time, look tenderly to the two prisoners! I can tell you they are princes.

Daugh. These strewings are for their chamber. 'Tis pity they are in prison, and 'twere pity they should be out. I do think they have patience to make any adversity ashamed: The prison itself

[8] *With* rushes.] I have added this stage-direction as the Jailor's daughter says—

These *strewings* are for their chamber.

It is possible that the daughter had gathered flowers for the purpose in the garden; but *rushes* were universally used to strew the floors of apartments, and therefore more likely to have been gathered by the Jailor's Daughter. See vol. IV. p. 410.

is proud of them; and they have all the world in their chamber.

Jailor. They are famed to be a pair of absolute men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think Fame but stammers 'em; they stand a grief above the reach of report.

Jailor. I heard them reported, in the battle to be the only doers.

Daugh. Nay, most likely; for they are noble sufferers. I marvel how they would have look'd, had they been victors, that with such a constant nobility enforce a freedom out of bondage, making Misery their mirth, and Affliction a toy to jest at.

Jailor. Do they so?

Daugh. It seems to me, they have no more sense of their captivity, than I of ruling Athens: They eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters. Yet, some time, a divided sigh, martyr'd as 'twere in the deliverance, will break from one of them; when th' other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted.

Wooer. I never saw 'em.

Jailor. The duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they;[9] what the reason of it is, I know not.

[9] *The duke himself came privately in the night,*

Enter PALAMON *and* ARCITE.

And so did they.] There is a deficiency in the sense here that seems to denote the loss of at least one whole line, nor can I from the context easily guess the purport of it. By striking out, *And*

Palamon and Arcite appear at the Window of their Prison.

Look, yonder they are! that is Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No, sir, no; that's Palamon: Arcite's the lower of the twain; you may perceive a part of him.

Jailor. Go to, leave your pointing! They would not make us their object: Out of their sight!

Daugh. It is a holiday to look on them! Lord, the difference of men! [*Exeunt.*[1]

Pal. How do you, noble cousin?

Arc. How do you, sir?

Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at Misery,
And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners
I fear for ever, cousin.

Arc. I believe it;
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

so did they, the whole would be sense, but the measure would be lost. So we must leave it to some more fortunate conjecture.—*Seward.*

We do not perceive any fault.—Ed. 1778.

If the Jailor does not mean that Palamon and Arcite were brought to the prison privately in the night, the text certainly is devoid of sense; but it seems quite clear that he does mean so.

[1] The following is made a separate scene in the former editions, but it is evident that the Jailor and his Daughter were placed in the same situation as Emilia is afterwards, a garden overlooked by the prison in which Palamon and Arcite were confined. But there is considerable difficulty how the subsequent conversation with the Jailor is to be carried on. In the ancient theatres this was easily accomplished by the platform of the stage representing the garden, and the permanent gallery at the back the inside of the tower in which they were immured.

Pal. Oh, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
Where are our friends, and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts; never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,
And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Out stript the people's praises, won the garlands,
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of Honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses,
Like proud seas under us! our good swords now,
(Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er wore*)
Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning,
To blast whole armies, more!
Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: Here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too-timely spring; here Age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks! no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,

* ——— *our good swords now*
(*Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er* were)
Bravish'd *our sides.*] The two mistakes of *were* for *wore*, and *bravish'd* for *ravish'd*, are very easily amended, and the reader will observe that the second arose from the initial letter of the former line being repeated. I had the concurrence here of both my assistants.—*Seward.*

To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!
The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To Youth and Nature: This is all our world;
We shall know nothing here, but one another;
Hear nothing, but the clock that tells our woes;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold Winter must inhabit here still!

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite! To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steel'd darts! All valiant uses
(The food and nourishment of noble minds)
In us two here shall perish; we shall die,
(Which is the curse of Honour!) lastly,[3]
Children of Grief and Ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that Fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,[4]
If the gods please to hold here; a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish

[3] (*Which is the curse of Honour*) lastly,
Children of Grief and Ignorance.] Seward and the last editors choose to read *lazily*, which destroys the climax of the speech.

[4] *Two* mere *blessings.*] *Mere* must be understood here in its old sense—absolute. So in The Merchant of Venice—

"Engaged my friend to his *mere* enemy."

If I think this our prison!
Pal. Certainly,
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twined together: 'Tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.
Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much?
Pal. How, gentle cousin?
Arc. Let's think this prison a holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men!
We are young, and yet desire the ways of Honour;
That, liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? and here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We are one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of Love; we are father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us: Here, with a little patience,
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
The hand of War hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth; were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance;[5] I might sicken, cousin,

[5] —— *envy of ill men*
Crave our acquaintance.] The editors say this is easy and in-

Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: A thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.
Pal. You have made me
(I thank you, cousin Arcite!) almost wanton
With my captivity: What a misery
It is to live abroad, and every where!
'Tis like a beast methinks! I find the court here,
I am sure a more content; and all those pleasures
That woo the wills of men to vanity,
I see through now; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses!
Shall I say more?
Arc. I would hear you still.
Pal. You shall.
Is there record of any two that loved
Better than we do, Arcite?
Arc. Sure there cannot.
Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.

telligible; but, as usual, they make this assertion without offering an explanation. Theobald proposes *craze,* Sympson, *carve,* Seward, *reave,* and Mason, *cleave.* The two latter are the most plausible, and the last preferable for its nearness to the trace of the letters in the old copies. The old text is not, however, inexplicable; Arcite may say, that the envious disposition of ill men may be induced to crave their acquaintance in order to sow dissention between them.

Arc. Till our deaths it cannot;
And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir!

Enter EMILIA *and her Servant, below.*

Emi. This garden has a world of pleasures in't.[6]
What flower is this?
Serv. 'Tis call'd Narcissus, madam.
Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himself; were there not maids enough?—
Arc. Pray, forward!
Pal. Yes.—
Emi. Or were they all hard-hearted?
Serv. They could not be to one so fair.
Emi. Thou wouldst not?
Serv. I think I should not, madam.
Emi. That's a good wench!
But take heed to your kindness though!
Serv. Why, madam?
Emi. Men are mad things.—
Arc. Will you go forward, cousin?—
Emi. Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench?
Serv. Yes.
Emi. I'll have a gown full of 'em; and of these;
This is a pretty colour: Will't not do
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?
Serv. Dainty, madam.—
Arc. Cousin! Cousin! How do you, sir? Why, Palamon!
Pal. Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.

[6] *This garden has a world of pleasure in't.*] This in all the former editions was made the end of *Arcite's* speech; the absurdity was evident to us all, and must have been so to every reader of the least attention.—*Seward.*

Arc. Why, what's the matter, man?
Pal. Behold, and wonder!
By Heaven, she is a goddess!
Arc. Ha!
Pal. Do reverence!
She is a goddess, Arcite!—
Emi. Of all flowers,
Methinks a rose is best.
Serv. Why, gentle madam?
Emi. It is the very emblem of a maid:
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes! when the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like Chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers.
Serv. Yet, good madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She falls for it: A maid,
If she have any honour, would be loth
To take example by her.
Emi. Thou art wanton.—
Arc. She is wond'rous fair!
Pal. She is all the beauty extant!
Emi. The sun grows high; let's walk in! Keep these flowers;
We'll see how near Art can come near their colours.
I am wond'rous merry-hearted; I could laugh now.
Serv. I could lie down, I am sure.
Emi. And take one with you?
Serv. That's as we bargain, madam.
Emi. Well, agree then. [*Exit with Servant.*
Pal. What think you of this beauty?
Arc. 'Tis a rare one.
Pal. Is't but a rare one?

Arc. Yes, a matchless beauty.
Pal. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?
Arc. I cannot tell what you have done; I have,
Beshrew mine eyes for't! Now I feel my shackles.
Pal. You love her then?
Arc. Who would not?
Pal. And desire her?
Arc. Before my liberty.
Pal. I saw her first.
Arc. That's nothing.
Pal. But it shall be.
Arc. I saw her too.
Pal. Yes; but you must not love her.
Arc. I will not, as you do; to worship her,
As she is heavenly, and a blessed goddess:
I love her as a woman, to enjoy her;
So both may love.
Pal. You shall not love at all!
Arc. Not love at all? who shall deny me?
Pal. I, that first saw her; I, that took possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties in her
Revealed to mankind! If thou lovest her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her: Friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us, I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her!
Arc. Yes, I love her;
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so; I love her with my soul.
If that will lose you, farewell, Palamon!
I say again, I love; and, in loving her, maintain
I am as worthy and as free a lover,
And have as just a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon, or any living,

That is a man's son.
Pal. Have I call'd thee friend?
Arc. Yes, and have found me so. Why are you moved thus?
Let me deal coldly with you! am not I
Part of your blood, part of your soul? you have told me
That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.
Pal. Yes.
Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?
Pal. You may be.
Arc. Why then would you deal so cunningly,
So strangely, so unlike a Noble Kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?
Pal. No; but unjust
If thou pursue that sight.
Arc. Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honour down, and never charge?
Pal. Yes, if he be but one.
Arc. But say that one
Had rather combat me?
Pal. Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom! else, if thou pursuest her,
Be as that cursed man that hates his country,
A branded villain!
Arc. You are mad.
Pal. I must be,
Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me!
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.
Arc. Fy, sir!
You play the child extremely: I will love her,

I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;
And all this justly.

Pal. Oh, that now, that now
Thy false self, and thy friend, had but this fortune,
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee
What 'twere to filch affection from another!
Thou art baser in it than a cutpurse!
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't!

Arc. Thou dar'st not, fool; thou can'st not; thou art feeble!
Put my head out? I'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,
And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.

Enter Jailor.

Pal. No more! the Keeper's coming: I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.

Arc. Do!

Jailor. By your leave, gentlemen!

Pal. Now, honest Keeper?

Jailor. Lord Arcite, you must presently to the duke:
The cause I know not yet.

Arc. I am ready, Keeper.

Jailor. Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you
Of your fair cousin's company. [*Exit with* ARCITE.

Pal. And me too,
Even when you please, of life!—Why is he sent for?
It may be, he shall marry her; he's goodly,
And like enough the duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood!
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that

Get him a wife so noble, and so fair,
Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more
I would but see this fair one.—Blessed garden,
And fruit and flowers more blessed, that still blossom
As her bright eyes shine on ye! 'Would I were,
For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricot!
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
In at her window! I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure,
Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her;
And, if she be not heavenly,[8] I would make her
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her;
And then I am sure she would love me.

Enter Jailor.

How now, Keeper!
Where's Arcite?
Jailor. Banished. Prince Perithous
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more,
Upon his oath and life, must he set foot

[8] *And if she be not heavenly—*] This, and the end of the next speech, which may at first sight appear a rant, are inimitably beautiful in a character of such warm passions under a phrensy of love. Our authors have improved upon Chaucer in making Palamon and Arcite such very distinct characters; but Arcite, who is not crowned with success, becomes by this means the more amiable, and has the reader's wishes in his favour. This is a fault that Chaucer particularly guards against, for he makes the Two Kinsmen, under an engagement upon oath, to assist each other when either happened to be in love. Had our authors inserted this, they had obviated all prejudice against Palamon, and given sufficient matter to kindle his rage and violence.—*Seward.*

Who entertains any prejudice against Palamon here?—Ed. 1778.

Who does *not* entertain that prejudice against him, which extreme and irrational violence must excite, unless the "phrenzy of love be held to justify it?"

Upon this kingdom:
Pal. He's a blessed man!
He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men, that, when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: Arcite shall have a fortune,[9]
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
Yet in the field to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he's a cold coward:
How bravely may he bear himself to win her,
If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways!
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her,
And seek to ravish me.
Jailor. My lord, for you
I have this charge too.
Pal. To discharge my life?
Jailor. No; but from this place to remove your lordship;
The windows are too open.
Pal. Devils take 'em,
That are so envious to me! Pr'ythee kill me!
Jailor. And hang for't afterward?
Pal. By this good light,
Had I a sword, I would kill thee.
Jailor. Why, my lord?
Pal. Thou bring'st such pelting[1] scurvy news continually,
Thou art not worthy life! I will not go.
Jailor. Indeed you must, my lord.
Pal. May I see the garden?
Jailor. No.

[9] *Arcite shall have a* fortune.] That is, a chance.

[1] *Pelting.*] This word is not used here in the sense common in old writing, *viz.* petty, despicable, but as a general word of contempt, as in Lilly's Midas—" Attire never used but of old women and *pelting* priests."

Pal. Then I'm resolved I will not go.
Jailor. I must
Constrain you then; and, for you are dangerous,
I'll clap more irons on you.
Pal Do, good Keeper!
I'll shake 'em so, you shall not sleep;
I'll make you a new morris! Must I go?
Jailor. There is no remedy.
Pal. Farewell, kind window!
May rude wind never hurt thee!—Oh, my lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dream how I suffer!—Come, now bury me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Country.

Enter Arcite.

Arc. Banish'd the kingdom? 'Tis a benefit,
A mercy, I must thank 'em for; but banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh, 'twas a studied punishment, a death
Beyond imagination! Such a vengeance,
That were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,
Thou hast the start now, thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy
window,
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall;
Good gods, what happiness has Palamon!
Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her;

And, if she be as gentle as she's fair,
I know she's his; he has a tongue will tame
Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton. Come
what can come,
The worst is death; I will not leave the kingdom:
I know mine own is but a heap of ruins,
And no redress there; if I go, he has her.
I am resolved: Another shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes; either way, I am happy:
I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter four Country People; one with a Garland before them.

1 *Coun.* My masters, I'll be there, that's certain.
2 *Coun.* And I'll be there.
3 *Coun.* And I.
4 *Coun.* Why then, have with ye, boys! 'tis but
a chiding;
Let the plough play to-day! I'll tickle't out
Of the jades' tails to-morrow!
1 *Coun.* I am sure
To have my wife as jealous as a turkey:
But that's all one; I'll go through, let her mumble.
2 *Coun.* Clap her aboard to-morrow night, and
stow her,
And all's made up again.
3 *Coun.* Ay, do but put
A feskue[a] in her fist, and you shall see her
Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
Do we all hold, against the maying!
4 *Coun.* Hold? what
Should ail us!

[a] *Fescue.*] A small wire, by which those who teach to read point at the letters.—*Johnson.*
The hidden allusion in the text is too indelicate to demand further exposition.

3 *Coun.* Arcas will be there.
2 *Coun.* And Sennois,
And Rycas; and three better lads ne'er danced
Under green tree; and ye know what wenches. Ha!
But will the dainty *domine*, the schoolmaster,
Keep touch, do you think? for he does all, ye know.
3 *Coun.* He'll eat a hornbook, ere he fail! Go to!
The matter is too far driven between
Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now;
And she must see the duke, and she must dance too.
4 *Coun.* Shall we be lusty?
2 *Coun.* All the boys in Athens
Blow wind i' th' breech on us! and here I'll be,
And there I'll be, for our town, and here again,
And there again! Ha, boys, heigh for the weavers!
1 *Coun.* This must be done i' th' woods.
4 *Coun.* Oh, pardon me!
2 *Coun.* By any means; our thing of learning says so;
Where he himself will edify the duke
Most parlously in our behalfs: He's excellent i' th' woods;
Bring him to th' plains, his learning makes no cry.
3 *Coun.* We'll see the sports; then every man to's tackle!
And, sweet companions, let's rehearse by any means,
Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,
And God knows what may come on't!
4 *Coun.* Content: The sports
Once ended, we'll perform. Away, boys, and hold!
Arc. By your leaves, honest friends! Pray you whither go you?
4 *Coun.* Whither? why, what a question's that!
Arc. Yes, 'tis a question, to me that knows not.
3 *Coun.* To the games, my friend.

2 *Coun.* Where were you bred, you know it not?
Arc. Not far, sir.
Are there such games to-day?
1 *Coun.* Yes, marry are there;
And such as you ne'er saw: The duke himself
Will be in person there.
Arc. What pastimes are they?
2 *Coun.* Wrestling and running.—'Tis a pretty fellow.
3 *Coun.* Thou wilt not go along?
Arc. Not yet, sir.
4 *Coun.* Well, sir,
Take your own time.—Come, boys!
1 *Coun.* My mind misgives me
This fellow has a vengeance trick o' th' hip;
Mark, how his body's made for't!
2 *Coun.* I'll be hang'd though,
If he dare venture; hang him, plumb-porridge!
He wrestle? He roast eggs. Come, let's be gone, lads! [*Exeunt Countrymen.*
Arc. This is an offer'd opportunity
I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled,
The best men call'd it excellent; and run,
Swifter the wind upon a field of corn[3]
(Curling the wealthy ears) ne'er flew! I'll venture,
And in some poor disguise be there: Who knows
Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,
And happiness[4] prefer me to a place,
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her? [*Exit.*

[3] *Swifter* than *wind.*] Amended by Seward and Sympson.

[4] *Happiness.*] This means here *good fortune.*

SCENE III.

Athens. A Room in the Prison.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. Why should I love this gentleman? 'Tis odds
He never will affect me: I am base,
My father the mean keeper of his prison,
And he a prince: To marry him is hopeless,
To be his whore is witless. Out upon't!
What pushes are we wenches driven to,
When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him;
I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him,
(If he please to bestow it so) as ever
These eyes yet look'd on: Next, I pitied him;
And so would any young wench, o' my conscience,
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhead
To a young handsome man: Then, I loved him,
Extremely loved him, infinitely loved him,
And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too;
But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him
Sing in an evening,[5] what a heaven it is!

[5] —— *To hear him*
an evening, &c.] In All's Well that Ends Well, act i. scene i. Helena says,

" —— 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw

And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken
Was never gentleman: When I come in
To bring him water in a morning, first
He bows his noble body, then salutes me thus:
" Fair, gentle maid, good morrow! may thy goodness
Get thee a happy husband!" Once he kiss'd me;
I loved my lips the better ten days after:
'Would he would do so every day! He grieves much,
And me as much to see his misery:
What should I do, to make him know I love him?
For I would fain enjoy him: Say I ventured
To set him free? what says the law then?
Thus much for law, or kindred! I will do it,[6]
And this night, or to-morrow: He shall love me!
[*Exit.*

His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: Heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics."—*Reed.*

[6] *For law or kindred: I will do it,*
And this night, or to-morrow he shall love me.] Seward reads, very licentiously,

For law or kindred: I will do it, ay
And this night; and *to-morrow he shall love me.*

But nothing is required but regulating the punctuation, which was done by the last editors.

SCENE IV.

An open Place in the City. A short flourish of cornets, and shouts within.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PERITHOUS, EMILIA, ARCITE *disguised, with a garland, and Countrymen.*

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not seen,
Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews:
Whate'er you are, you run the best, and wrestle,
That these times can allow.
Arc. I am proud to please you.
Thes. What country bred you?
Arc. This; but far off, prince.
Thes. Are you a gentleman?
Arc. My father said so;
And to those gentle uses gave me life.[7]
Thes. Are you his heir?
Arc. His youngest, sir.
Thes. Your father
Sure is a happy sire then. What proves you?
Arc. A little of all noble qualities:
I could have kept a hawk, and well have holloa'd
To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me

[7] *And to those gentle uses gave me life.*] *i. e.* Gave me life on purpose to educate me gentilely.—*Seward.*
Seward, not content with his own proper explanation, must exercise his conjectural powers, and wishes to read *my* life.

Would say it was my best piece; last, and greatest,
I would be thought a soldier.

Thes. You are perfect.

Per. Upon my soul a proper man!

Emi. He is so.

Per. How do you like him, lady?

Hip. I admire him:
I have not seen so young a man so noble,
(If he say true) of his sort.

Emi. Believe,
His mother was a wond'rous handsome woman!
His face methinks goes that way.

Hip. But his body,
And fiery mind, illustrate a brave father.

Per. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
Breaks through his baser garments.

Hip. He's well got, sure.

Thes. What made you seek this place, sir?

Arc. Noble Theseus,
To purchase name, and do my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder as thy worth;
For only in thy court, of all the world,
Dwells fair eyed Honour.

Per. All his words are worthy.

Thes. Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,
Nor shall you lose your wishes.—Perithous,
Dispose of this fair gentleman.

Per. Thanks, Theseus!—
Whate'er you are, you are mine; and I shall give you
To a most noble service, to this lady,
This bright young virgin: Pray observe her goodness.
You have honour'd her fair birth-day with your virtues,
And, as your due, you are hers; kiss her fair hand, sir.

Arc. Sir, you're a noble giver.—Dearest beauty,
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith! when your servant
(Your most unworthy creature) but offends you,
Command him die, he shall.
Emi. That were too cruel.
If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see't:
You are mine; and somewhat better than your rank
I'll use you.
Per. I'll see you furnish'd: And because you say
You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you
This afternoon to ride; but 'tis a rough one.
Arc. I like him better, prince; I shall not then
Freeze in my saddle.
Thes. Sweet, you must be ready;
And you, Emilia; and you, friend; and all;
To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance
To flowery May,[8] in Dian's wood.—Wait well, sir,
Upon your mistress!—Emily, I hope
He shall not go a-foot.
Emi. That were a shame, sir,
While I have horses.—Take your choice; and what
You want at any time, let me but know it:
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll find a loving mistress.
Arc. If I do not,
Let me find that my father ever hated,
Disgrace and blows!
Thes. Go, lead the way; you have won it;

——————— *to do observance*
To flowery May.] Of the custom of going into the woods to celebrate the introduction of *May*, and the several rites observed by different people on that occasion, the reader will see an ample account in Bourne's Observations on Popular Antiquities. See Brand's edition, 8vo, 1777, printed at Newcastle, p. 255.—*Reed.*

It shall be so: You shall receive all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; 'twere wrong else —
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,
That, if I were a woman, would be master;
But you are wise. [*Flourish.*
Emi. I hope too wise for that, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the Prison.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. Let all the dukes, and all the devils roar,
He is at liberty! I have ventured for him;
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence. I have sent him, where a cedar,
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane
Fast by a brook; and there he shall keep close,
Till I provide him files and food; for yet
His iron bracelets are not off. Oh, Love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father
Durst better have endured cold iron, than done it.
I love him beyond love, and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safety! I have made him know it:
I care not; I am desperate! If the law
Find me, and then condemn me for't, some wenches,
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge,

And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
I purpose is my way too: Sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here!
If he do, maids will not so easily
Trust men again: And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I have done; no, not so much as kiss'd me;
And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely
Could I persuade him to become a freeman,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: Let him do
What he will with me, so he use me kindly!
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
And to his face, no man. I'll presently
Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,
And where there is a path of ground I'll venture,
So he be with me! by him, like a shadow,
I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoobub
Will be all o'er the prison: I am then
Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father!
Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him!
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Forest. Cornets in sundry places. Noise and hallooing as people a-Maying.

Enter ARCITE.

Arc. The duke has lost Hippolita; each took
A several land. This is a solemn rite
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it
To the heart of ceremony. Oh, queen Emilia,
Fresher than May, sweeter
Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
Th' enamell'd knacks o' th' mead or garden! yea,
We challenge too the bank of any nymph,
That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, oh, jewel
O' th' wood, o' th' world, hast likewise blest a place
With thy sole presence.[9]—In thy rumination
That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between,
And chop on some cold thought!—Thrice blessed chance,
To drop on such a mistress! Expectation
Most guiltless of it! Tell me, oh, lady Fortune,
(Next after Emily my sovereign) how far

[9] ——— *hast likewise blest a* pace
With thy sole presence, in thy rumination
That I poor man might eftsoons come between,
And chop on some cold thought, thrice blessed chance, &c.]
The amendment of the punctuation in this passage, and altering *pace* to *place*, are by Seward.—Ed. 1778.

I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn
(The prim'st of all the year) presents me with
A brace of horses; two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner! thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be
So near Emilia; me thou deem'st at Thebes,
And therein wretched, although free: But if
Thou knew'st my mistress breathed on me, and that
I ear'd her language, lived in her eye, oh, coz,
What passion would enclose thee!

Enter Palamon *out of a Bush, with his Shackles; bends his Fist at* Arcite.

Pal. Traitor kinsman!
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,
I, and the justice of my love, would make thee
A confess'd traitor! Oh, thou most perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'st of honour
That e'er bore gentle token![1] falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment,[2] that thou liest, and art

[1] *O thou most perfidious*
That ever gently look'd the voides *of honour,*
That ever bore gentle token.] The reader will, I believe, find this difficult passage (which had long puzzled us all three) at last cleared up by Mr Sympson to entire satisfaction.—*Seward.*

[2] *Void of* appointment.] That is, void of preparation for the

A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a sword
And these house-clogs away——
Arc. Dear cousin Palamon——
Pal. Cozener Arcite, give me language such
As thou hast shew'd me feat![5]
Arc. Not finding, in
The circuit of my breast, any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleness of answer: 'Tis your passion
That thus mistakes; the which to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty
I cherish, and depend on, howsoe'er
You skip them in me; and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray be pleased
To shew in generous terms your griefs, since that
Your question's with your equal, who professes
To clear his own way, with the mind and sword
Of a true gentleman.
Pal. That thou durst, Arcite!
Arc. My coz, my coz, you have been well advertised
How much I dare: You have seen me use my sword
Against the advice of fear. Sure, of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, though i' th' sanctuary.
Pal. Sir,

fight, having no weapons. So in Troilus and Cressida, Agamemnon says to Ajax—

"Here art thou in *appointment*, fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage."

5 *Cozener Arcite, give me language such*
As thou hast shewed me feat.] That is, let your language correspond with the vileness of your actions.—*Mason.*

I have seen you move in such a place, which well
Might justify your manhood; you were call'd
A good knight and a bold: But the whole week's not fair,
If any day it rain! Their valiant temper
Men lose, when they incline to treachery;
And then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly
Were they not tied.
Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to
His ear, which now disdains you!
Pal. Come up to me!
Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword
(Though it be rusty), and the charity
Of one meal lend me; come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say
That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea my life,
If then thou carry't; and brave souls in shades,
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from earth, they shall get none but this,
That thou art brave and noble.
Arc. Be content;
Again betake you to your hawthorn-house!
With counsel of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments
Will I file off; you shall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the smell o' th' prison; after,
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but, "Arcite,
I am in plight!" there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armour.
Pal. Oh, you heavens, dare any
So noble bear a guilty business? None
But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite

In this kind is so bold.
Arc. Sweet Palamon——
Pal. I do embrace you and your offer: For
Your offer do't I only, sir; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish
More than my sword's edge on't.
[*Wind horns of cornets.*
Arc. You hear the horns:
Enter your muse,[6] lest this match between us
Be crost ere met. Give me your hand; farewell!
I'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you
Take comfort, and be strong!
Pal. Pray hold your promise,
And do the deed with a bent brow! most certain
You love me not; be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language: By this air,
I could for each word give a cuff! my stomach
Not reconciled by reason.
Arc. Plainly spoken!
Yet pardon me hard language: When I spur
My horse, I chide him not; content and anger
In me have but one face. [*Wind horns.*

6 *You hear the horns;*
Enter your music, *lest this match between's*
Be crost e'er met.] *Music* is evidently corrupt; I read *muse quick;* the *muse* of a hare is exactly the idea the context requires. I find this emendation in Mr Theobald's margin; but, as I sent it him, I know not whether he had it from me, or hit upon it before. *Seward.*

This emendation had been made before by Sir William Davenant, to whom, as it seems a happy conjecture, the merit of it ought to be ascribed. He reads (Rivals, act iii. p. 28),

" You hear the horns: Enter your *muise.* Take
Comfort and be strong."—*Reed.*

Music must certainly be amended, but there is no occasion to interpolate the word *quick* with Seward.

Hark, sir! they call
The scatter'd to the banquet: You must guess
I have an office there.
Pal. Sir, your attendance
Cannot please Heaven; and I know your office
Unjustly is atchieved.
Arc. I have a good title,[7]
I am persuaded: This question, sick between us,
By bleeding must be cured. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea,
And talk of it no more.
Pal. But this one word:
You're going now to gaze upon my mistress;
For, note you, mine she is——
Arc. Nay, then——
Pal. Nay, pray you!—
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength:
You are going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on: there you have
A vantage o'er me; but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell! [*Exeunt.*

[7] If *a good title,*
I'm persuaded this question, &c.] The reading and pointing of former editions.—*Seward.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. He has mistook the brake I meant;[8] is gone
After his fancy. 'Tis now well-nigh morning;
No matter! 'would it were perpetual night,
And Darkness lord o' th' world!—Hark! 'tis a wolf:
In me hath Grief slain Fear, and, but for one thing,
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon:
I reck not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I halloo'd for him?
I cannot halloo: if I whoop'd, what then?
If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
And do him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night; why may't not be
They have made prey of him? He has no weapons;
He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves

[8] *He has mistook the* beake *I meant.*] Seward alters *beake* to *beck*, which, says he, "is an old English word, and now in use in all the northern counties; it signifies a brook or river; and some towns, as Welbeck, Holbeck, &c. take their names from it. See Ray's Northern Dialects, and Skinner on the word."

Davenant here is less successful in his alteration than in other passages: He reads *beach.*—Reed.

A more simple, and indeed very obvious variation of Mason's I have introduced in the text, where only a single letter differs from the old text. By *brake* she means the *bush* in which Palamon lay concealed.

Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down
He's torn to pieces; they howl'd many together,
And then they fed on him: So much for that!
Be bold to ring the bell; how stand I then?
All's chared when he is gone.[9] No, no, I lie;
My father's to be hang'd for his escape;
Myself to beg, if I prized life so much
As to deny my act; but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens!—I am moped:
Food took I none these two days; sipt some water;
I have not closed mine eyes,[1] save when my lids
Scowered off their brine. Alas, dissolve, my life!
Let not my sense unsettle, lest I should drown,
Or stab, or hang myself!
Oh, state of Nature, fail together in me,
Since thy best props are warp'd!—So! which way now?
The best way is, the next way to a grave:
Each errant[2] step besides is torment. Lo,
The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl
Calls in the dawn! all offices are done,
Save what I fail in: But the point is this,
An end, and that is all! [*Exit.*

[9] *All's* chared *when he is gone.*] That is, "My task is done then." *Chare* is frequently used for task work.

[1] *Food took I none these two days,*
Sipt *some water, I've not closed mine eyes.*] Sympson and Mason would read, *'Cept* some water; but the old text is perfectly proper, for surely there is no impropriety in the restriction of the word *food* to nourishing viands, which water is not. It is as if she said, "I have taken no food these two days, only sipt some water."

[2] *Errant.*] This word frequently occurs in the same sense as erring.

SCENE III.

The same Part of the Forest as before.

Enter ARCITE, *with Meat, Wine, and Files.*

Arc. I should be near the place.—Ho, cousin Palamon!

Enter PALAMON.

Pal. Arcite?
Arc. The same: I have brought you food and files.
Come forth, and fear not; here's no Theseus.
Pal. Nor none so honest, Arcite.
Arc. That's no matter;
We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage;
You shall not die thus beastly; here, sir; drink!
I know you are faint; then I'll talk further with you.
Pal. Arcite, thou might'st now poison me.
Arc. I might;
But I must fear you first. Sit down; and, good now,
No more of these vain parlies! let us not,
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health!
[*Drinks.*
Pal. Do——
Arc. Pray sit down then; and let me entreat you,
By all the honesty and honour in you,

No mention of this woman! 'twill disturb us;
We shall have time enough.
Pal. Well, sir, I'll pledge you.
Arc. Drink a good hearty draught! it breeds good blood, man.
Do not you feel it thaw you?
Pal. Stay; I'll tell you
After a draught or two more.
Arc Spare it not;
The duke has more, coz. Eat now!
Pal. Yes.
Arc. I am glad
You have so good a stomach.
Pal. I am gladder
I have so good meat to't.
Arc. Is't not mad lodging
Here in the wild woods, cousin?
Pal. Yes, for them
That have wild consciences.
Arc. How tastes your victuals?
Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.
Pal. Not much:
But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.
What is this?
Arc. Venison.
Pal. 'Tis a lusty meat.
Give me more wine: Here, Arcite, to the wenches
We have known in our days! The lord-steward's daughter;
Do you remember her?
Arc. After you, coz.
Pal. She loved a black-hair'd man.
Arc. She did so: Well, sir?
Pal. And I have heard some call him Arcite; and—
Arc. Out with it, 'faith!
Pal. She met him in an arbour:

What did she there, coz? Play o' th' virginals?[3]
Arc. Something she did, sir.
Pal. Made her groan a month for't;
Or two, or three, or ten.
Arc. The marshal's sister
Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,
Else there be tales abroad: You'll pledge her?
Pal. Yes.
Arc. A pretty brown wench 'tis! There was a time
When young men went a-hunting, and a wood,
And a broad beech; and thereby hangs a tale.—
Heigh-ho!
Pal. For Emily, upon my life!—Fool,
Away with this strain'd mirth! I say again,
That sigh was breathed for Emily: Base cousin,
Darest thou break first?
Arc. You are wide.[4]
Pal. By Heaven and earth,
There's nothing in thee honest!
Arc. Then I'll leave you:
You are a beast now.
Pal. As thou mak'st me, traitor.
Arc. There's all things needful; files, and shirts, and perfumes:
I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
That that shall quiet all.
Pal. A sword and armour?

[3] *Virginals.*] A musical instrument similar to a very small kind of spinnet. Blount informs us that it is so called "because maids and virgins do most commonly play on them." So in The Poor Man's Comfort by Daborne:

"A clap of thunder stay the clamorous noise
Of this rude multitude; these *virginal* jacks
That skip and make a noise as each man moves *them*!"

[4] *Wide.*] That is, you are wide of the mark; an expression from archery.

Arc. Fear me not. You are now too foul: Fare-
well!
Get off your trinkets; you shall want nought.
Pal. Sirrah——
Arc. I'll hear no more! [*Exit.*
Pal. If he keep touch, he dies for't! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. I am very cold; and all the stars are
out too,
The little stars, and all that look like aglets:[5]
The sun has seen my folly. Palamon!
Alas, no; he's in Heaven!—Where am I now?—
Yonder's the sea, and there's a ship; how't tumbles!
And there's a rock lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beats upon it! now, now, now!
There's a leak sprung, a sound one; how they cry!
Spoom her before the wind,[6] you'll lose all else!

[5] *Aglets.*] Barret, in his Alvearie, says, "An *aglet* is a jewel in one's cap." And Cotgrave explains *affiquet*, "Any pretty toy, trinket, or trifle of small value; as a little brooche, flower, button, *aglet*, &c. stucke on the hat, head, hood, or elsewhere, and worne (especially by a woman) for ornament." This meaning of the word suits the text better than the more common one, *viz.* the tag of a point.

[6] Upon *her before the wind.*] Mr Sympson thinks this is not true sea language, and puts what I believe is,

Up with her 'fore the wind——

Mr Theobald reads,

Up with a course or two, and tack about, boys!
Good night, good night; you are gone!—I am
very hungry:
'Would I could find a fine frog! he would tell me
News from all parts o'th' world; then would I make
A carrack[7] of a cockle-shell, and sail
By East and North-east to the king of Pigmies,
For he tells fortunes rarely. Now, my father,
Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice
To-morrow morning; I'll say never a word.
[*Sings.*

SONG.

For I'll cut my green coat,[8] *a foot above my knee;*
And I'll clip my yellow locks, an inch below mine e'e.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

Spoon *her before the wind*———

Either of them will do.—*Seward.*

The text is probably the true reading. So in The Double Marriage, vol. VIII. p. 35:—

"We'll spare her our main top-sail;
She shall not look us long, we are no starters.
Down with the foresail too! we'll *spoom* before her."

[7] *Carrack.*] A ship of heavy burthen. See vol. XII. p. 391.

[8] *For I'll cut, &c.*] Davenant altered this song in the following manner:

"For straight my green gown into breeches I'll make,
And my long yellow locks much shorter I'll take.
Sing down a-down, &c.

Then I'll cut me a switch, and on that ride about,
And wander and wander till I find him out.
With a heigh down, &c."—*Reed.*

He's buy me a white cut,[9] *forth for to ride,*
And I'll go seek him through the world that is so wide.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.[1]

Oh, for a prick now like a nightingale,[2]
To put my breast against! I shall sleep like a top
else. [*Exit.*

[9] He's *buy me a white* cut.] *He's* is a common abbreviation of *he shall*, still common among the vulgar; and there is no occasion to read with Mason—*he'll. Cut* is an old term for a bad horse. So in The Merry Devil of Edmonton:—

" The milk-white *cuts* shall turn the wenches off,
And lay their dossers tumbling in the dust."

[1] *Hey nonny.*] This was a common burden of songs, and was peculiarly appropriated to such as were sung by distracted girls. See Reed's Shakspeare, vol. XVII. p. 469, and XVIII. p. 292, 293.

[2] *Oh, for a prick now, like a nightingale,*
To put my breast against.] This allusion is very frequent in our ancient poets: From several examples which might be produced, we shall select the following from a poem written by Fletcher's cousin, which at present is scarcely known:

" So Philomel perch't on an aspin sprig,
Weeps all the night her lost virginitie,
And sings her sad tale to the merrie twig,
That dances at such joyfull miserie,
Ne ever lets sweet rest invade her eye;
But *leaning on a thorn* her dainty chest,
For fear soft sleep should steal into her brest,
Expresses in her song grief not to be exprest."

Christs Victorie and Triumph in Heaven and Earth over and after Death. By Giles Fletcher, 2d edit. 4to, 1632, p. 68.—*Reed.*

SCENE V.

A Grove in the Forest.

Enter GERROLD, *four Countrymen, as Morris-dancers, (and the Bavian,*[3]*) five Wenches, with a Taborer.*

Ger. Fy, fy!
What tediosity and disensanity

[3] *The Bavian.*] This is a very unusual character in a morris-dance, and is not mentioned in any other old play. His occupation may be gathered from the sequel:—

——— Where's the *Bavian*?
My friend, carry your *tail* without offence
Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure
You *tumble* with audacity and manhood!
And when you *bark*, do it with judgement.

The Bavian is only the particular kind of fool in the present morris-dance, not a separate character, as Mr Steevens supposed, misunderstanding the following passage:

——— and next the fool,
The *Bavian*, with long tail and eke long tool.

Mr Douce, who has thrown great light on the curious subject of the morris-dance, observes on this passage, in his Illustrations of Shakspeare, (vol. II. p. 459):—"Here are not *two* fools described. The construction is, 'next comes the fool, *i. e.* the Bavian fool, &c.' This might have been the *idiot* fool, and so denominated from his wearing a bib, in French *bavon*, because he *drivelled*. Thus in Bonduca, act v. Decius talks of a "dull *slavering* fool." The Tricks of the Bavian, his tumbling and barking like a dog, suggested perhaps by the conduct of Robert the Devil, when disguised as a fool in his well-known and once popular romance, were peculiar to the morris-dance described in The Two Noble

Is here among ye! Have my rudiments
Been labour'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye,
And, by a figure, even the very plumb-broth
And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye,
And do ye still cry *where*, and *how*, and *wherefore*?
Ye most coarse freeze capacities, ye jave judgments,[4]

Kinsmen, which has some other characters which seem to have been introduced for stage effect, and not to have belonged to the genuine morris. The tail was the fox-tail that was sometimes worn by the morris fool, and the long tool will be best understood by referring to the cut of the idiot in the genuine copy of the Dance of Death, usually, though improperly, ascribed to Holbein, and by reflecting on some peculiar properties and qualifications of the idiot character." To the word *bavon*, Mr Douce subjoins the following note—" *Bavon*, or *bavette*, is from *bave*, spittle. Hence the middle-age Latin term for a fool, *bavosus*. See Ducange, *Gloss*. This is a very plausible etymology, and might stand well enough by itself; but it must not be concealed, that in some of the northern languages *Bavian* signifies a monkey or *baboon*. Whether Fletcher, who seems the only writer who has made use of this word, applied it to the fool in question on account of the *monkey tricks* that he played remains to be ascertained." This supposition is very plausible, as Bavian is Dutch, and as it is not improbable that the English *baboon* and the French *babouin* are mere corruptions of the former; for Skinner's derivation from *babe* is perfectly absurd.

The characters in the morris of the present scene are enumerated in the speech of the Schoolmaster, viz. the lord and lady of May, with their servingman and chambermaid, mine host and hostess, the clown and the Bavian fool, *cum multis aliis*. The Lord of May is still preserved at the Whitsun-ale; and Ralph, in The Knight of the Burning Pestle, personates the character—

" With gilded staff and crossed skarf."

The Lady of May is no other than the celebrated Maid Marian. The four next characters are probably of Fletcher's own invention. That the clown and fool are made two distinct personages is another deviation from the regular morris.

4 *Ye jave judgments.*] Whether *jave* be some sort of coarse cloth as well as *freeze*, or a mistake of the press, must be uncertain to all who are unacquainted with the word. Supposing it the

Have I said *thus let be*, and *there let be*,
And *then let be*, and no man understand me?
Proh Deum, medius fidius; ye are all dunces!
For why? here stand I; here the duke comes; there
are you,
Close in the thicket; the duke appears, I meet him,
And unto him I utter learned things,
And many figures; he hears, and nods, and hums,
And then cries *rare!* and I go forward; at length
I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you,
As once did Meleager and the boar,
Break comely out before him, like true lovers,
Cast yourselves in a body decently,
And sweetly, by a figure, trace, and turn, boys!
1 *Coun.* And sweetly we will do it, master Gerrold.
2 *Coun.* Draw up the company. Where's the taborer?
3 *Coun.* Why, Timothy!
Tab. Here, my mad boys; have at ye!
Ger. But I say where's their women?

latter, I have two conjectures to offer, first, *ye* bays *judgments*, or *ye* sleave *judgments*. *Sleave* is the term the silk-weavers use for the ravelled, knotty, gouty parts of the silk, from whence Shakspeare has taken an extremely beautiful metaphor, that has been hitherto generally misunderstood, and therefore disliked, and even discarded from the text as spurious, by Mr Pope and the Oxford edition. It is in Macbeth, in the fine scene after the murder of the king:

" Sleep that knits up the ravell'd *sleeve* of care."

It should have been *sleave*. The trouble that this *ravell'd knotty silk* gives the knitter or weaver: and the confusion and embarrassment of the *sleave* itself, makes it an exceeding proper emblem of the perplexities and uneasiness of care and trouble. See Skinner on the word. I owe the emendation in Shakspeare to an ingenious friend.—*Seward.*

Seward is probably right; but, as it might turn out that the word in the text may have had an analogous meaning, I have not discarded it. Possibly we should read, " Ye *jay* or *jaw* judgments."

4 *Coun.* Here's Friz and Maudlin.

2 *Coun.* And little Luce, with the white legs, and bouncing Barbery.

1 *Coun.* And freckled Nell, that never fail'd her master.

Ger. Where be your ribbands, maids? Swim with your bodies,
And carry it sweetly, and deliverly;
And now and then a favour, and a frisk![5]

Nell. Let us alone, sir.

Ger. Where's the rest o' th' music?

3 *Coun.* Dispersed as you commanded.

Ger. Couple then,
And see what's wanting. Where's the Bavian?
My friend, carry your tail without offence
Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure
You tumble with audacity, and manhood!
And when you bark, do it with judgment.

Bav. Yes, sir.

Ger. *Quo usque tandem?* Here's a woman wanting.

4 *Coun.* We may go whistle; all the fat's i' th' fire!

Ger. We have,
As learned authors utter, wash'd a tile;
We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.

2 *Coun.* This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding,[6]
That gave her promise faithfully she would be here,
Cicely, the sempster's daughter!
The next gloves that I give her shall be dog's skin!
Nay, an she fail me once—You can tell, Arcas,

[5] *And now and then a* favour *and a frisk.*] I suppose *favour* means here a kiss given to the male dancers.

[6] *Hilding.*] A common term of contempt from *hilderling*, which is still common in some counties.

She swore, by wine and bread, she would not break.
Ger. An eel and woman,
A learned poet says, unless by th' tail
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.
In manners this was false position.
1 *Coun.* A fire ill take her![7] does she flinch now?
3 *Coun.* What
Shall we determine, sir?
Ger. Nothing;
Our business is become a nullity,
Yea, and a woful, and a piteous nullity!
4 *Coun.* Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,
Now to be frampal,[7] now to piss o' th' nettle!
Go thy ways; I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee!

Enter Jailor's Daughter, and sings.

Daugh. *The George alow came from the South,*
From the coast of Barbary-a.
And there he met with brave gallants of war,
By one, by two, by three-a.

[7] *A* fire ill *take her.*] This may be defended; but as the expression is not a very common or eligible one, and the dialogue is with a schoolmaster, who says of himself, that

He humbles with a ferula *the tall ones,*

I hope I only restore the original in reading,

A feril *take her.*—Seward.

We believe there is no such word as *feril.* May we not understand by FIRE *ill* a MIGHTY *ill*, a SEVERE *punishment?* A similar use of *fire* adjectively is frequent.—Ed. 1778.

I suspect we should transpose the words, and read—"An *ill fire* take her." Seward's *ferula* is quite out of the question in the countryman's speech.

[8] *Frampal.*] See Wit at Several Weapons, vol. XI. p. 325.

Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants!
And whither now are you bound-a?
Oh, let me have your company
Till [we] come to the Sound-a!

There was three fools, fell out about an howlet:
The one said 'twas an owl,
The other he said nay,
The third he said it was a hawk,
And her bells were cut away.

3 *Coun.* There's a dainty mad woman, master, comes i' th' nick;
As mad as a March hare!
If we can get her dance, we are made again:
I warrant her, she'll do the rarest gambols!
1 *Coun.* A mad woman? We are made, boys!
Ger. And are you mad, good woman?
Daugh. I would be sorry else;
Give me your hand.
Ger. Why?
Daugh. I can tell your fortune:
You are a fool. Tell ten:[9] I have poz'd him. Buz!
Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you do,
Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho?
I know you; you're a tinker: Sirrah tinker,
Stop no more holes, but what you should!
Ger. *Dii boni!*
A tinker, damsel?
Daugh. Or a conjurer:
Raise me a devil now, and let him play
Qui passa, o' th' bells and bones!
Ger. Go, take her,

[9] *You are a* fool. Tell ten.] It has been before observed, that it was a trial of idiocy to make the person count his fingers.

And fluently persuade her to a peace:[1]
Atque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis—
Strike up, and lead her in!

2 Coun. Come, lass, let's trip it!

Daugh. I'll lead. [*Wind horns.*

3 Coun Do, do.

Ger. Persuasively, and cunningly; away, boys!
[*Exeunt all but* GERROLD.
I hear the horns: Give me some meditation,
And mark your cue. Pallas inspire me!

Enter THESEUS, PERITHOUS, HIPPOLITA, EMILIA, ARCITE, *and Train.*

Thes. This way the stag took.

Ger. Stay, and edify!

Thes. What have we here?

Per. Some country-sport, upon my life, sir.

Thes. Well, sir, go forward; we will edify.
Ladies, sit down! we'll stay it.

Ger. Thou doughty duke, all hail! all hail, sweet ladies!

Thes. This is a cold beginning.

Ger. If you but favour, our country pastime made is.
We are a few of those collected here,
That ruder tongues distinguish villager;
And to say verity, and not to fable,
We are a merry rout, or else a rabble,
Or company, or, by a figure, chorus,
That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.
And I that am the rectifier of all,
By title Pedagogus, that let fall

[1] *Persuade her to* a peace.] I think we should read *appease*, i. e. be *quiet* or *silent*.—Reed.

Mr Mason wishes to read *place;* I suspect the original was—*a pace*, i. e. a dance, as Gerrold wishes her to join in the morris.

The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
Do here present this machine, or this frame:
And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame
From Dis to Dedalus, from post to pillar,
Is blown abroad; help me, thy poor well-willer,
And, with thy twinkling eyes, look right and straight
Upon this mighty *morr*—of mickle weight;
Is—now comes in, which being glew'd together
Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came hither.
The body of our sport, of no small study,
I first appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
To speak before thy noble grace, this tenor:
At whose great feet I offer up my penner.[2]
The next, the lord of May, and lady bright,
The chambermaid, and servingman by night,
That seek out silent hanging: Then mine host,
And his fat spouse, that welcome to their cost
The galled traveller, and with a beck'ning
Informs the tapster to inflame the reck'ning:
Then the beast-eating clown, and next the fool,
The Bavian, with long tail, and eke long tool;
Cum multis aliis, that make a dance;
Say *ay*, and all shall presently advance

Thes. Ay, ay, by any means, dear *domine!*
Per. Produce.
Ger. *Intrate filii!* Come forth, and foot it.

Enter Countrymen, Wenches, &c. They dance a Morris.

Ladies, if we have been merry,[3]
And have pleased ye with a derry,

[2] *Penner.*] A case for holding pens.

[3] *Ladies, if we have*, &c.] We have ventured to prefix the *Schoolmaster's* name to this speech. It has always been given to *Perithous.*—Ed. 1778.

And a derry, and a down,
Say the schoolmaster's no clown.
Duke, if we have pleased thee too,
And have done as good boys should do,
Give us but a tree or twain
For a Maypole, and again,
Ere another year run out,
We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

Thes. Take twenty, *domine.*—How does my sweetheart?

Hip. Never so pleased, sir.

Emi. 'Twas an excellent dance; and, for a preface,
I never heard a better.

Thes. Schoolmaster, I thank you.—
One see 'em all rewarded!

Per. And here's something
To paint your pole withal.

Thes. Now to our sports again!

Ger. May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,
And thy dogs be swift and strong!
May they kill him without letts,
And the ladies eat's dowsets!

Come, we are all made! [*Wind horns.*
Dii Deæque omnes! ye have danced rarely, wenches.
[*Exeunt.*

The stage-direction in the quarto is—"Knocke for Schoole. Enter the Dance."

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Palamon *from the Bush.*

Pal. About this hour my cousin gave his faith
To visit me again, and with him bring
Two swords, and two good armours; if he fail,
He's neither man, nor soldier. When he left me,
I did not think a week could have restored
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
And crest-fall'n with my wants: I thank thee,
Arcite,
Thou art yet a fair foe; and I feel myself,
With this refreshing, able once again
To out-dure danger. To delay it longer
Would make the world think, when it comes to
hearing,
That I lay fatting like a swine, to fight,
And not a soldier: Therefore, this blest morning
Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses,
If it but hold, I kill him with; 'tis justice:
So, Love and Fortune for me!—Oh, good-morrow!

Enter Arcite *with Armours and Swords.*

Arc. Good morrow, Noble Kinsman!
Pal. I have put you
To too much pains, sir.
Arc. That too much, fair cousin,

Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.
Pal. 'Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish you
As kind a Kinsman, as you force me find
A beneficial foe, that my embraces
Might thank you, not my blows.
Arc. I shall think either,
Well done, a noble recompense.
Pal. Then I shall quit you.
Arc. Defy me in these fair terms, and you shew
More than a mistress to me: No more anger,
As you love any thing that's honourable!
We were not bred to talk, man; when we are armed,
And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us!
And then to whom the birthright of this beauty
Truly pertains (without upbraidings, scorns,
Despisings of our persons, and such poutings
Fitter for girls and schoolboys) will be seen,
And quickly, yours, or mine. Wilt please you arm, sir?
Or if you feel yourself not fitting yet,
And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll stay, cousin,
And every day discourse you into health,
As I am spared: Your person I am friends with,
And I could wish I had not said I loved her,
Though I had died; but loving such a lady,
And justifying my love, I must not fly from't.
Pal. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,
That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill thee:
I am well, and lusty; chuse your arms!
Arc. Chuse you, sir!
Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it
To make me spare thee?
Arc. If you think so, cousin,
You are deceived; for, as I am a soldier,

I will not spare you!
Pal. That's well said!
Arc. You'll find it.
Pal. Then, as I am an honest man, and love
With all the justice of affection,
I'll pay thee soundly! This I'll take.
Arc. That's mine then;
I'll arm you first. [*Puts on* Palamon's *armour.*
Pal. Do pray thee, tell me, cousin,
Where got'st thou this good armour?
Arc. 'Tis the duke's;
And, to say true, I stole it. Do I pinch you?
Pal. No.
Arc. Is't not too heavy?
Pal. I have worn a lighter;
But I shall make it serve.
Arc. I'll buckle't close.
Pal. By any means.
Arc. You care not for a grand-guard?[4]
Pal. No, no; we'll use no horses: I perceive
You would fain be at that fight.
Arc. I am indifferent.
Pal. 'Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle
Through far enough!
Arc. I warrant you.
Pal. My casque now!
Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?
Pal. We shall be the nimbler.
Arc. But use your gauntlets though: Those are o' th' least;
Pr'ythee take mine, good cousin!
Pal. Thank you, Arcite!
How do I look? am I fall'n much away?

[4] *Grand-guard.*] A part of the armour worn by knights on horseback.

Arc. 'Faith, very little; Love has used you kindly.

Pal. I'll warrant thee, I'll strike home.

Arc. Do, and spare not!
I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.

Pal. Now to you, sir!
Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite,
Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.

Arc. That was a very good one; and that day,
I well remember, you out-did me, cousin;
I never saw such valour: When you charged
Upon the left wing of the enemy,
I spurred hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.

Pal. You had indeed;
A bright-bay, I remember.

Arc. Yes. But all
Was vainly labour'd in me; you out-went me,
Nor could my wishes reach you: Yet a little
I did by imitation.

Pal. More by virtue;
You are modest, cousin.

Arc. When I saw you charge first,
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
Break from the troop.

Pal. But still before that flew
The lightning of your valour. Stay a little!
Is not this piece too straight?

Arc. No, no; 'tis well.

Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword;
A bruise would be dishonour.

Arc. Now I'm perfect.

Pal. Stand off then!

Arc. Take my sword! I hold it better.

Pal. I thank you, no; keep it; your life lies on it:
Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more
For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me!
[*They bow several ways; then advance and stand.*
Arc. And me, my love! Is there aught else to say?
Pal. This only, and no more: Thou'rt mine aunt's son,
And that blood we desire to shed is mutual;
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: My sword
Is in my hand, and if thou killest me
The gods and I forgive thee! If there be
A place prepared for those that sleep in honour,
I wish his weary soul that falls may win it!
Fight bravely, cousin: Give me thy noble hand!
Arc. Here, Palamon! This hand shall never more
Come near thee with such friendship.
Pal. I commend thee.
Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward;
For none but such dare die in these just trials.[5]
Once more, farewell, my cousin!
Pal. Farewell, Arcite! [*Fight.*
[*Horns within; they stand.*
Arc. Lo, cousin, lo! our folly has undone us!
Pal. Why?
Arc. This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you;
If we be found, we are wretched! Oh, retire,

[5] *If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,*
For none but such dare die in these just trials.] Mr Sympson thinks this a strange sentiment, and indeed it must appear so, till we recollect that our scene lies in the land of *knight errantry* rather than in Athens: That our authors follow Chaucer, and dress their heroes after the manners of his age, when trials by the sword were thought just, and the conquered always supposed guilty and held infamous.—*Seward.*

For Honour's sake and safety, presently[6]
Into your bush again, sir! We shall find
Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,
If you be seen you perish instantly,
For breaking prison; and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt: Then all the world will scorn us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.

Pal. No, no, cousin;
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second trial!
I know your cunning, and I know your cause.
He that faints now, shame take him! Put thyself
Upon thy present guard——

Arc. You are not mad?

Pal. Or I will make the advantage of this hour
Mine own; and what to come shall threaten me,
I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,
I love Emilia! and in that I'll bury
Thee, and all crosses else!

Arc. Then come what can come,
Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die as discourse, or sleep: Only this fears me,
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life!

Pal. Look to thine own well, Arcite!
[*Fight again. Horns.*

[6] *and* safely *presently*
Into your bush again.] The very slight alteration in the text was made by Theobald and Seward, and though rejected by the last editors, it improves the sense so much, that I have restored it. Arcite conjures his cousin, for the sake and preservation of his honour, to retire.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous, *and Train.*

Thes. What ignorant and mad malicious traitors
Are you, that, 'gainst the tenor of my laws,
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
Without my leave, and officers of arms?
By Castor, both shall die!
Pal. Hold thy word, Theseus!
We are certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee, and of thy goodness: I am Palamon,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison;
Think well what that deserves! and this is Arcite;
A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falser ne'er seem'd friend: This is the man
Was begg'd and banished; this is he contemns thee,
And what thou dar'st do; and in this disguise,
Against this known edict,[7] follows thy sister,
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia
(Whose servant, if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to, justly
I am;) and, which is more, dares think her his!
This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
I call'd him now to answer: If thou be'st,
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
Say, "Fight again!" and thou shalt see me, Theseus,
Do such a justice, thou thyself wilt envy;
Then take my life! I'll woo thee to't.
Per. Oh, Heaven,
What more than man is this!
Thes. I have sworn.
Arc. We seek not

[7] *Edict.*] This word is generally accented on the last syllable by our authors, as again in the next speech of Arcite.

Thy breath of mercy, Theseus! 'Tis to me
A thing as soon to die, as thee to say it,
And no more moved. Where this man calls me traitor,
Let me say thus much: If in love be treason,
In service of so excellent a beauty,
As I love most, and in that faith will perish;
As I have brought my life here to confirm it;
As I have served her truest, worthiest;
As I dare kill this cousin, that denies it;
So let me be most traitor, and you please me.
For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and if *she* say traitor,
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.

Pal. Thou shalt have pity of us both, oh, Theseus,
If unto neither thou shew mercy; stop,
As thou art just, thy noble ear against us;
As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul,
Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,
Let's die together, at one instant, duke!
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.

Thes. I grant your wish; for, to say true, your cousin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, sir, your offences
Being no more than his.—None here speak for 'em!
For, ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.

Hip. Alas, the pity! Now or never, sister,
Speak, not to be denied: That face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after-ages,
For these lost cousins!

Emi. In my face, dear sister,
I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin;
The misadventure of their own eyes kills 'em:

Yet that I will be woman, and have pity,
My knees shall grow to the ground but I'll get mercy.
Help me, dear sister! in a deed so virtuous,
The powers of all women will be with us.
Most royal brother—— [*They kneel.*
Hip. Sir, by our tie of marriage——
Emi. By your own spotless honour——
Hip. By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me——
Emi. By that you would have pity in another,
By your own virtues infinite——
Hip. By valour,
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleased you—
Thes. These are strange conjurings!
Per. Nay, then I'll in too: [*Kneels.*
By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
By all you love most, wars, and this sweet lady——
Emi. By that you would have trembled to deny
A blushing maid——
Hip. By your own eyes, by strength,
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus——
Per. To crown all this, by your most noble soul,
Which cannot want due mercy! I beg first.
Hip. Next, hear my prayers!
Emi. Last, let me entreat, sir!
Per. For mercy!
Hip. Mercy!
Emi. Mercy on these princes!
Thes. You make my faith reel: Say I felt
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?
Emi. Upon their lives; but with their banishments.
Thes. You're a right woman, sister; you have pity,

But want the understanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment: Can these two live,
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
They would fight about you; hourly bring your
honour
In public question with their swords: Be wise then,
And here forget 'em! it concerns your credit,
And my oath equally: I have said, they die!
Better they fall by the law, than one another.
Bow not my honour.

Emi Oh, my noble brother,
That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;
Your reason will not hold it: If such vows
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.
Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours,
Of more authority, I am sure more love;
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.

Thes. What is it, sister?

Per. Urge it home, brave lady!

Emi. That you would ne'er deny me any thing
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting;
I tie you to your word now; if you fail in't,
Think how you maim your honour;
(For now I am set a-begging, sir, I am deaf
To all but your compassion!) how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name, opinion![8]

how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name; opinion,
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?] *Opinion* is often used by the old writers in the sense of *reputation,* in which sense it is here to be taken. Macbeth says,

"We will proceed no farther in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which should be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon."—Ed. 1778.

Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruel wisdom! do men prune
The straight young boughs, that blush with thousand blossoms,
Because they may be rotten? Oh, duke Theseus,
The goodly mothers that have groan'd for these,
And all the longing maids that ever loved,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,
And, in their funeral songs for these two cousins,
Despise my cruelty, and cry woe-worth me,
Till I am nothing but the scorn of women:
For Heaven's sake save their lives, and banish 'em!
Thes. On what conditions?
Emi. Swear 'em never more
To make me their contention, or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
To one another.
Pal. I'll be cut a-pieces
Before I take this oath! Forget I love her?
Oh, all ye gods, despise me then! Thy banishment
I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
Our swords and cause along: Else, never trifle,
But take our lives, duke! I must love, and will;
And for that love, must and dare kill this cousin,
On any piece the earth has!
Thes. Will you, Arcite,
Take these conditions?
Pal. He's a villain then!
Per. These are men!
Arc. No, never, duke; 'tis worse to me than begging,
To take my life so basely. Though I think

I suspect, with Theobald and Mason, that we should read—"my *name's* opinion."

I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
The honour of affection, and die for her,
Make death a devil!

Thes. What may be done? for now I feel compassion.

Per. Let it not fall again, sir!

Thes. Say, Emilia,
If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
Content to take the other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you; they are princes
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever Fame yet spoke of; look upon 'em,
And, if you can love, end this difference!
I give consent:—Are you content too, princes?

Both. With all our souls.

Thes. He that she refuses
Must die then.

Both. Any death thou canst invent, duke.

Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,
And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.

Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
And soldiers sing my epitaph.

Thes. Make choice then!

Emi. I cannot, sir; they are both too excellent:
For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.

Hip. What will become of 'em?

Thes. Thus I ordain it;
And, by mine honour, once again it stands,
Or both shall die!—You shall both to your country;
And each within this month accompanied
With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
In which I'll plant a pyramid: And whether,[9]

[9] *Whether.*] *Whether* is here used in the sense of whichever, or which of the two.—*Mason.*

Before us that are here, can force his cousin
By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,
He shall enjoy her; the other lose his head,[1]

[1] ——— *The other lose his head,*
And all his friends.] Chaucer's doom on this occasion is only banishment, and our authors altered it to render the catastrophe more interesting. As to the probability of their procuring each three seconds upon such odd terms, it may shock us to suppose any such gallant idiots; but even so low as our authors' age it was reckoned cowardice to refuse any man, even a stranger, to be a second in almost any duel whatever, of which there is a most inimitable burlesque in the Little French Lawyer. Mankind were mad after knight-errantry; and the reader must catch a little of the spirit himself, or he'll lose a great part of the beauties of this play; he must kindle with the flames of military glory, think life a small stake to hazard in such a combat, and death desirable to the conquered as a refuge from shame. While the *judicial trials* by the *duello* were part of our laws, this was really the spirit of our ancestors. I have a treatise now before me of Mr Selden, wrote in 1610, probably about the very time of our authors publishing this play, where these *duello trials* are very learnedly traced, with all their forms and ceremonies, from the Norman conquest to James the First, in whose reign they still continued part of the laws of our land, and seem to have been not out of fashion; for we find, by all the writers of that age, how common the private extrajudicial duel then was, and this author, after reciting the decrees of two popes against such trials, and the thunder, as he calls it, of the council of Trent, with a very serious face subjoins: "To those which were the observant sonnes of the Roman church, this and the other decrees extend their inhibitions; but the English customs never permitted themselves to be subjected to such clergy canons; alwaies (under parliament correction) retaining, as whatsoever they have by long use or allowance approved, so this of the duel."—I am told by lawyers, that this superstitious and barbarous law has never to this day met with *parliament correction*, but has by custom only sunk into obsoleteness. Our ancestors in this instance, as well as that of our calendar, most resolutely avoided the example of Papists, even where the latter were evidently right.—*Seward.*

The decrees of the council of Trent had as little effect in France, and some other catholic countries, as in England. In the notes to the Little French Lawyer, (vol. V. p. 152,) an instance is quoted from Brantome, of a duel where two seconds were engaged on each side.

And all his friends: Nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor think he dies with interest in this lady.
Will this content ye?
Pal. Yes. Here, cousin Arcite,
I am friends again till that hour.
Arc. I embrace you.
Thes. Are you content, sister?
Emi. Yes: I must, sir;
Else both miscarry.
Thes. Come, shake hands again then;
And take heed, as you are gentlemen, this quarrel
Sleep till the hour prefix'd, and hold your course!
Pal. We dare not fail thee, Theseus.
Thes. Come, I'll give ye
Now usage like to princes, and to friends.
When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here;
Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bier. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Athens. A Room in the Prison.

Enter Jailor and a Friend.

Jailor. Hear you no more? Was nothing said of me
Concerning the escape of Palamon?
Good sir, remember!
1 *Friend.* Nothing that I heard;

For I came home before the business
Was fully ended: Yet I might perceive,
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons; for Hippolita,
And fair-eyed Emily, upon their knees
Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the duke
Methought stood staggering whether he should follow
His rash oath, or the sweet compassion
Of those two ladies; and to second them,
That truly noble prince Perithous,
Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope
All shall be well: Neither heard I one question
Of your name, or his 'scape.

Enter Second Friend.

Jailor. Pray Heaven, it hold so!
2 Friend. Be of good comfort, man! I bring you news,
Good news.
Jailor. They are welcome.
2 Friend. Palamon has clear'd you,
And got your pardon, and discover'd how
And by whose means he 'scaped, which was your Daughter's,
Whose pardon is procured too; and the prisoner
(Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness)
Has given a sum of money to her marriage,
A large one, I'll assure you.
Jailor. You're a good man,
And ever bring good news.
1 Friend. How was it ended?
2 Friend. Why, as it should be; they that never begg'd
But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly granted.
The prisoners have their lives.

1 *Friend.* I knew 'twould be so.
2 *Friend.* But there be new conditions, which you'll hear of
At better time.
Jailor. I hope they are good.
2 *Friend.* They are honourable;
How good they'll prove, I know not.
1 *Friend.* 'Twill be known.

Enter Wooer.

Wooer. Alas, sir, where's your Daughter?
Jailor. Why do you ask?
Wooer. Oh, sir, when did you see her?
2 *Friend.* How he looks!
Jailor. This morning.
Wooer. Was she well? Was she in health, sir?
When did she sleep?
1 *Friend.* These are strange questions.
Jailor. I do not think she was very well; for, now
You make me mind her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answered me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An innocent![1] and I was very angry.
But what of her, sir?
Wooer. Nothing but my pity;
But you must know it, and as good by me
As by another that less loves her.
Jailor. Well, sir?
1 *Friend.* Not right?
2 *Friend.* Not well?
Wooer. No, sir; not well:
'Tis too true, she is mad.

[1] *An* innocent.] In the northern parts of this kingdom, the common appellation of *an idiot* is *an innocent* to this day.—*Reed.*

1 *Friend.* It cannot be.
Wooer. Believe, you'll find it so.
Jailor. I half suspected
What you [have] told me; the gods comfort her!
Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miscarrying on his 'scape,
Or both.
Wooer. 'Tis likely.
Jailor. But why all this haste, sir?
Wooer. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling[3]
In the great lake that lies behind the palace,
From the far shore, thick set with reeds and sedges,
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive
I gave my ear: when I might well perçeive
'Twas one that sung, and, by the smallness of it,
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceived not
Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
Had so encompass'd it: I laid me down,
And listen'd to the words she sung; for then,

[3] *As I late,* &c.] This description bears a striking resemblance to the following in Hamlet:

" There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream:
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook; her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native, and indued
Unto that element."—*Reed.*

Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,
I saw it was your Daughter.

Jailor. Pray go on, sir!

Wooer. She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her
Repeat this often: "Palamon is gone,
Is gone to th' wood to gather mulberries;
I'll find him out to-morrow."

1 Friend. Pretty soul!

Wooer. "His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken;
And what shall I do then? I'll bring a beavy,[4]
A hundred black-eyed maids that love as I do,
With chaplets on their heads, of daffadillies,
With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roses,
And all we'll dance an antic 'fore the duke,
And beg his pardon." Then she talk'd of you, sir;
That you must lose your head to-morrow morning,
And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome: Then she sung
Nothing but "Willow, willow, willow;"[5] and between,
Ever was, "Palamon, fair Palamon!"
And "Palamon was a tall young man!" The place
Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless tresses,
A wreath of bull-rush rounded;[6] about her stuck
Thousand fresh-water flowers of several colours;
That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt down from Heaven! Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies; "Thus our true love's tied;"

[4] *Beavy.*] An obsolete word for a company, an assembly.

[5] *Willow,* &c.] See Othello. The song here alluded to is printed in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.—*Reed.*

[6] *A wreak of bull rush.*] Corrected in 1750.

"This you may loose, not me;" and many a one:
And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,
And with the same breath smiled, and kist her hand.

2 Friend. Alas, what pity 'tis!

Wooer. I made in to her;
She saw me, and straight sought the flood; I saved her,
And set her safe to land; when presently
She slipt away, and to the city made;
With such a cry, and swiftness, that, believe me,
She left me far behind her: Three, or four,
I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em
I knew to be your brother; where she stay'd,
And fell, scarce to be got away; I left them with her,
And hither came to tell you. Here they are!

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

Daugh. [Sings.] *May you never more enjoy the light,* &c.

Is not this a fine song?

Brother. Oh, a very fine one!

Daugh. I can sing twenty more.

Brother. I think you can.

Daugh. Yes, truly can I; I can sing the Broom,[7]

[7] *I can sing the* Broom.] This very popular song is thus quoted by Moros in the old interlude, "The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art," by W. Wager:

"Brome, brome on hill,
The gentle brome on hill hill:
Brome, brome on Hiue hill,
The gentle brome on Hiue hill,
The brome stands on Hiue hill."

It is also mentioned by Laneham as one of the songs in the possession of Captain Cox, a mason at Coventry.

And bonny Robin.[8] Are not you a tailor?
Brother. Yes.
Daugh. Where's my wedding-gown?
Brother. I'll bring it to-morrow.
Daugh. Do very rearly;[9] I must be abroad else,
To call the maids, and pay the minstrels;
For I must lose my maidenhead by cock-light;
'Twill never thrive else.

Oh, fair, oh, sweet, &c. [*Sings.*

Brother. You must even take it patiently.
Jailor. 'Tis true.
Daugh. Good even, good men! Pray did you ever hear
Of one young Palamon?
Jailor. Yes, wench, we know him.
Daugh. Is't not a fine young gentleman?
Jailor. 'Tis love!
Brother. By no means cross her; she is then distemper'd
Far worse than now she shews.
1 *Friend.* Yes, he's a fine man.
Daugh. Oh, is he so? You have a sister?
1 *Friend.* Yes.

[8] *Bonny Robin.*] Ophelia, in Shakspeare's Hamlet, sings the following line, which is probably the burthen of the song:—

"For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy."

Steevens and Ritson mention two songs to the tune of "Bonny sweet Robin."

[9] *Do, very* rarely.] I had put *early* into the text here before I received Mr Sympson's reading *rearly*, i. e. betimes in the morning. If there is such a word, it is undoubtedly the true one; but as he quotes no authority, and I can find none in my glossaries, I must let *early* remain, which Mr Theobald has likewise put in his margin.—*Seward.*

Sympson had the authority of Gay, who uses *rear*, in his Shepherd's Week, as a provincial word for early.

Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell her so,
For a trick that I know: You had best look to her,
For if she see him once, she's gone; she's done,
And undone in an hour. All the young maids
Of our town are in love with him; but I laugh at 'em,
And let 'em all alone; is't not a wise course?
1 *Friend.* Yes.
Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with child by him,
There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,
Close as a cockle; and all these must be boys,
He has the trick on't; and at ten years old
They must be all gelt for musicians,
And sing the Wars of Theseus.
2 *Friend.* This is strange.
Daugh. As ever you heard; but say nothing.
1 *Friend.* No.
Daugh. They come from all parts of the dukedom to him;
I'll warrant you, he had not so few last night
As twenty to dispatch; he'll tickle't up
In two hours, if his hand be in.
Jailor. She's lost,
Past all cure!
Brother. Heaven forbid, man!
Daugh Come hither; you are a wise man.
1 *Friend.* Does she know him?
2 *Friend.* No; 'would she did!
Daugh. You are master of a ship?
Jailor. Yes
Daugh. Where's your compass?
Jailor. Here.
Daugh. Set it to th' North;
And now direct your course to the wood, where Palamon
Lies longing for me; for the tackling

Let me alone: Come, weigh my hearts, cheerly!
All. Owgh, owgh, owgh! 'tis up, the wind is fair,
Top the bowling; out with the main-sail!
Where is your whistle, master?
Brother. Let's get her in.
Jailor. Up to the top, boy.
Brother. Where's the pilot?
1 *Friend.* Here.
Daugh. What ken'st thou?
2 *Friend.* A fair wood.
Daugh. Bear for it, master; tack about! [*Sings.*

When Cynthia with her borrow'd light, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter EMILIA *with two Pictures.*

Emi. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open
And bleed to death for my sake else: I'll chuse,
And end their strife; two such young handsome men
Shall never fall for me: Their weeping mothers,
Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good Heaven,
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature,
With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,

Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
She would run mad for this man: What an eye!
Of what a fiery sparkle, and quick sweetness,
Has this young prince! here Love himself sits
smiling;
Just such another wanton Ganymede
Set Jove a-fire with,[1] and enforced the god
Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him,
A shining constellation! what a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,
Arch'd like the great-eyed Juno's, but far sweeter,
Smoother than Pelops' shoulder! Fame and Honour,
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
Pointed in Heaven, should clap their wings, and
sing
To all the under-world, the loves and fights
Of gods, and such men near 'em. Palamon
Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow;
He's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he had lost his mother;[2] a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity;

[1] ——— *here Love himself sits smiling,*
Just such another wanton Ganymede,
Set Love *a-fire with, and enforced the god*
Snatch up the goodly boy,——] The only amendment necessary is to read *Jove* instead of *Love* [in the third line.] The meaning of the passage is—"Here Love sits smiling; and with just such another smile Ganymede set Jove a-fire." The substantive *smile* being understood and comprehended in the participle *smiling.*—*Mason.*

Seward proposes three several amendments.

[2] *As if he'd lost his mother.*] This seems directly opposite to the sense intended, the effeminacy of Palamon compared with Arcite. Perhaps we should read, *As h' had* NOT *lost his mother,* i. e. the mother in his mind.—Ed. 1778.

This note is worth preserving for its curious and quaint absurdity. The whole description of Palamon does not prove him in

Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile.
Yet these that we count errors, may become him:
Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.
Oh, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?
I am a fool, my reason is lost in me!
I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly
That women ought to beat me. On my knees
I ask thy pardon, Palamon! Thou art alone,
And only beautiful; and these thy eyes,
These the bright lamps of beauty, that command
And threaten love, and what young maid dare cross 'em?
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face! Oh, Love, this only
From this hour is complexion; lie there, Arcite!
Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipsy,
And this the noble body—I am sotted,
Utterly lost! my virgin's faith has fled me,
For if my brother but even now had asked me
Whether I loved, I had run mad for Arcite;
Now if my sister, more for Palamon.
Stand both together! Now, come, ask me, brother;
Alas, I know not! ask me, now, sweet sister;
I may go look! What a mere child is fancy,[3]
That, having two fair gawds of equal sweetness,
Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!—

the least effeminate, but of a serious melancholy temper; and it is surely a very sufficient cause for a "heavy eye," the loss of a kind parent.

[3] *What a mere child is* fancy.] *Fancy* is *love*, as in many other passages of old plays. So in The Midsummer Night's Dream:—

—"Let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor *fancy's* followers."

Enter a Gentleman.

How now, sir?
Gent. From the noble duke your brother,
Madam, I bring you news: The knights are come.
Emi. To end the quarrel?
Gent. Yes.
Emi. 'Would I might end first!
What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd
With blood of princes? and my chastity
Be made the altar, where the lives of lovers
(Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers' joy) must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty?

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, *and Attendants.*

Thes. [*Entering.*] Bring 'em in
Quickly by any means! I long to see 'em.—
Your two contending lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair knights: Now, my fair sister,
You must love one of them.
Emi. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.
Thes. Who saw 'em?
Per. I a while.
Gent. And I.

Enter Messenger.[4]

Thes. From whence come you, sir?
Mess. From the knights.
Thes Pray speak,
You that have seen them, what they are.
Mess. I will, sir,
And truly what I think: Six braver spirits
Than these they have brought, (if we judge by the outside)
I never saw, nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince
(His very looks so say him); his complexion
Nearer a brown, than black; stern, and yet noble,
Which shews him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers;
The circles of his eyes shew far within him,[5]
And as a heated lion, so he looks;
His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining
Like ravens' wings; his shoulders broad, and strong;

[4] *Enter Messengers. Curtis.*] So the old quarto. Curtis was probably the name of the performer who acted this subordinate part.

[5] *The circles of his eyes shew* fair *within him,*
And as a heated lion, so he looks.] He is described of a very dark-brown complexion, with raven-black hair, of a noble but withal of so stern a look, that his eyes were like those of a heated lion. To every part of this description the adjective *fair* is diametrically opposite, not only as to the colour, but to the sternness and fierceness of his looks, *fair* conveying the idea of openness and mildness. But the corruption consists only in the addition of a single vowel, which being removed, the expression regains its original strength and propriety:

The circles of his eyes shew far *within him.*—Seward.

The description of these attendant knights is closely copied from Chaucer, as well as the orisons to Venus, Mars, and Diana in the next act.

Arm'd long and round;[6] and on his thigh a sword
Hung by a curious baldrick,[7] when he frowns
To seal his will with; better, o' my conscience,
Was never soldier's friend.

Thes. Thou hast well described him.

Per. Yet a great deal short,
Methinks, of him that's first with Palamon.

Thes. Pray speak him, friend.

Per. I guess he is a prince too,
And, if it may be, greater; for his show
Has all the ornament of honour in't.
He's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy; he has felt,
Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his own; in's face appears
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes;
And when he's angry, then a settled valour
(Not tainted with extremes) runs through his body,
And guides his arm to brave things; fear he cannot,
He shows no such soft temper; his head's yellow,
Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick-twined, like ivy tops,
Not to undo with thunder; in his face
The livery of the warlike maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him;
And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,
As if she ever meant to crown his valour;[8]

[6] Arm'd *long and round.*] Seward reads, "*Arms* long and round;" but the text has the same meaning. So in act v. sc. iii.—

Arm your prize. I know you will not lose her.

[7] *Baldrick.*] See The Beggars' Bush, vol. III. p. 191.

[8] ——— *sits Victory,*
As if she ever meant to correct *his valour.*] How does victory *correct* valour? The word is undoubtedly corrupt, and equally hurts both the measure and sense. *Crown* is what the context

His nose stands high, a character of honour,
His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.
Emi. Must these men die too?
Per. When he speaks, his tongue
Sounds like a trumpet; all his lineaments
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean;
He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold;
His age some five-and-twenty.
Mess. There's another,
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any; fairer promises
In such a body yet I never look'd on.
Per. Oh, he that's freckle-faced?
Mess. The same, my lord:
Are they not sweet ones?
Per. Yes, they are well.
Mess. Methinks,
Being so few, and well-disposed, they shew
Great, and fine art in Nature. He's white-hair'd,
Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour
Next to an auburn; tough, and nimble set,
Which shews an active soul; his arms are brawny,
Lined with strong sinews; to the shoulder-piece
Gently they swell, like women new-conceived,
Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting
Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still,
But, when he stirs, a tiger; he's grey-eyed,
Which yields compassion where he conquers; sharp
To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's swift to make 'em his; he does no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round-faced, and when he smiles

evidently requires, and though it differs much in its letters from the old reading, yet it is rather a proof what great mistakes printers sometimes make, than an argument against its being admitted for the genuine text.—*Seward.*

He shews a lover, when he frowns, a soldier;
About his head he wears the winner's oak,
And in it stuck the favour of his lady;
His age, some six-and-thirty. In his hand
He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with silver.
Thes. Are they all thus?
Per. They are all the sons of honour.
Thes Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em!
Lady, you shall see men fight now.
Hip. I wish it,
But not the cause, my lord: They would shew
Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms;[1]
'Tis pity Love should be so tyrannous.—
Oh, my soft-hearted sister, what think you?
Weep not, till they weep blood, wench! it must be.
Thes. You have steel'd 'em with your beauty.—
Honour'd friend,
To you I give the field; pray order it,
Fitting the persons that must use it!
Per. Yes, sir.
Thes. Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay
(Their fame has fired me so) till they appear;
Good friend, be royal!
Per. There shall want no bravery.[2]
Emi. Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever wins
Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *But not the cause, my lord, they would shew*
Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms.] Seward introduces the word *fighting* after bravely without necessity. Our poets never counted the syllables of their lines upon the ten fingers.

[2] *Bravery.*] That is, decoration, magnificence.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Prison.

Enter Jailor, Wooer, and Doctor.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the moon than at other some, is it not?

Jailor. She is continually in a harmless distemper; sleeps little, altogether without appetite, save often drinking; dreaming of another world, and a better; and what broken piece of matter soe'er she is about, the name Palamon lards it; that she farces[3] every business withal, fits it to every question.

Enter Daughter.

Look, where she comes! you shall perceive her behaviour.

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the burden on't was *down-a-down-a*; and penn'd by no worse man than Giraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster: He's as fantastical too, as ever he may go upon's legs; for in the next world will Dido see Palamon, and then will she be out of love with Æneas.

Doctor. What stuff's here? poor soul!

[3] *Farces.*] i. e. Stuffs. So in Jonson's Every Man in his Humour;—

—— "*farce* thy lean ribs with it too."

Jailor. Even thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this charm that I told you of; you must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry: Then if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits [are,] (there's a sight now)[4] we maids that have our livers perish'd, crack'd to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine; then will I make Palamon a nosegay; then let him—mark me—then!

Doctor. How prettily she's amiss! note her a little further!

Daugh. 'Faith, I'll tell you; sometime we go to barley-break,[5] we of the bless'd: Alas, 'tis a sore life they have i' th' other place, such burning, frying, boiling, hissing, howling, chattering, cursing,[6]

[4] *Where the blessed spirits (as there's a sight.)*] The slight variation, which seems absolutely necessary, is Mason's.

[5] *Barley-break.*] See the nature of this game explained, vol. II p. 265.

[6] *Faith I'll tell you, sometime we go to the barley-break,*
We of the blessed; alas, 'tis a sore life they have i'
Th' other place, such burning, frying, boiling, hissing,
Howling, chattering, cursing, &c.] The printers here, contrary to their usual custom, have divided the lines of this whole scene as if they were verse, though it is evidently all prose.—*Seward.*

The printers having divided the lines as verse, is a strong presumption of their having been so written. They often run verse into prose, but we remember no instance of the reverse. A kind of loose measure, often used by our authors, was probably intended here; as such we have given it, endeavouring to make out the verse as nearly as possible according to the division of lines in the old books.—Ed. 1778.

Had the editors been conversant in the old plays even down to the beginning of the last century, they would have known that prose was as often printed as verse, as the reverse. In Jonson's edition of Etherege's Plays, for instance, printed in 1723, the whole is printed as verse, though the slightest inspection will convince the reader that it is prose. This is evidently the case with the present scene.

oh, they have shrewd measure; take heed! If one be mad, or hang, or drown themselves, thither they go; Jupiter bless us! and there shall we be put in a caldron of lead and usurers' grease, amongst a whole million of cut-purses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that will never be enough.

Doctor. How her brain coins!

Daugh. Lords and courtiers, that have got maids with child, they are in this place; they shall stand in fire up to the navel, and in ice up to the heart, and there the offending part burns, and the deceiving part freezes: In troth, a very grievous punishment, as one would think, for such a trifle! believe me, one would marry a leprous witch, to be rid on't, I'll assure you.

Doctor. How she continues this fancy! 'Tis not an engrafted madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy.

Daugh. To hear there a proud lady, and a proud city-wife, howl together! I were a beast, an I'd call it good sport: one cries, "Oh, this smoke!" another, "this fire!" one cries, "Oh, that ever I did it behind the arras!" and then howls; the other curses a suing fellow and her garden-house. [*Sings.*

I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c.

[*Exit Daughter.*

Jailor. What think you of her, sir?

Doctor. I think she has a perturbed mind which I cannot minister to.

Jailor. Alas, what then?

Doctor. Understand you she ever affected any man, ere she beheld Palamon?

Jailor. I was once, sir, in great hope she had fixed her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

Wooer. I did think so too; and would account I had a great pen'worth on't, to give half my state, that both she and I at this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms.

Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath distemper'd the other senses; they may return and settle again to execute their preordain'd faculties; but they are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must do: confine her to a place where the light may rather seem to steal in than be permitted. Take upon you (young sir, her friend) the name of Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to commune of love; this will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon; other objects that are inserted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks and friskins of her madness; sing to her such green songs of love, as she says Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her, stuck in as sweet flowers as the season is mistress of, and thereto make an addition of some other compounded odours, which are grateful to the sense: all this shall become Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet, and every good thing; desire to eat with her, carve her, drink to her, and still among intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favour; learn what maids have been her companions, and play-pheers;[7] and let them repair to her with Palamon in their mouths, and appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him: It is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's now out of square in her, into their former

[7] Play-*Pheers.*] i. e. Play-fellows. See the next scene, p. 125, note 1.

law and regiment:[8] I have seen it approved, how many times I know not; but to make the number more, I have great hope in this. I will, between the passages of this project, come in with my appliance. Let us put it in execution; and hasten the success, which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Temple of Mars, *which appears in the Back-ground.*

A Flourish. Enter THESEUS, PERITHOUS, HIPPOLITA, *and Attendants.*

Thes. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers! let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling incense
To those above us! Let no due be wanting!

[8] *Regiment.*] Thus the old quarto, and right, signifying *government.* *Regimen* (which other copies exhibit) conveys another idea.—Ed. 1778.

Regiment was anciently used for *regimen.* Mr Steevens observes, that the old translation of the *Schola Salernitana* is called *The Regiment of Health.*

They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em.

A Flourish of Cornets. Enter PALAMON, ARCITE, *and their Knights.*

Per. Sir, they enter.
Thes. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow that nearness out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like
Before the holy altars of your helpers
(The all-fear'd gods) bow down your stubborn bodies!
Your ire is more than mortal; so your help be!
And, as the gods regard ye, fight with justice!
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.
Per. Honour crown the worthiest!
[*Exeunt all but* PALAMON, ARCITE, *and their Knights.*
Pal. The glass is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire: Think you but thus;
That were there aught in me which strove to shew
Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye
Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,
I would destroy th' offender; coz, I would,
Though parcel[9] of myself! then from this gather
How I should tender you!
Arc. I am in labour
To push your name, your antient love, our kindred,
Out of my memory; and i' th' self-same place
To seat something I would confound: So hoist we
The sails, that must these vessels port[1] even where

[9] *Parcel.*] A common word in old authors, bearing the same import as *part, division.*

[1] *The sails that must these vessels* part.] This reading, so differ-

The heavenly Limiter pleases!
Pal. You speak well:
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin!
This I shall never do again.
Arc. One farewell!
Pal. Why, let it be so: Farewell, coz!
Arc. Farewell, sir!—
[*Exeunt* PALAMON *and his Knights.*
Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension,
Which still is father of it,[2] go with me
Before the god of our profession! There
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too!
Yea, the speed also! to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails: you know my prize
Must be dragg'd out of blood! force and great feat
Must put my garland on, where she will stick
The queen of flowers; our intercession then
Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron[3]
Brimm'd with the blood of men; give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him!—
[*They enter the Temple, and fall prostrate before the Statue of* MARS.

ent from the poet's meaning, is in several of the last editions.—Ed. 1778.

The old quarto and folio read *port;* Seward's edition—*part.*

[2] *True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you*
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension,
Which is still farther off *it.*] This appears corrupt, for how can apprehension be farther off the spirit of Mars than fear? I have therefore adopted an emendation of Theobald's, which greatly improves the sense and poetical beauties of the speech, though it was rejected by Seward, and not even noticed by the last editors. Mason I find also adopts the correction, and observes, "we may fairly say that apprehension, that is, a sensibility of danger, is the parent of fear."

[3] *Cestron.*] We now say—*Cistern.*

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple;[4] [whose approach]
Comets prewarn; whose havock in vast field
Unearthed skulls proclaim; whose breath blows
down
The teeming Ceres' foyzon;[5] who dost pluck
With hand armipotent[6] from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styled the lord o' th' day! Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure!

[*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of armour, with a short*

4 *Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turned*
Green Neptune into purple,
Comets prewarn, whose havock in vast field, &c.] With this great deficiency of sense and measure has this passage been hitherto printed. The sense is easily restored, because, though half the sentence is lost, the two remaining words, *Comets prewarn*, sufficiently point out the meaning; for that *Comets prewarn or foretel wars* is the vulgar as well as poetical creed; thus Milton,

—— "and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war."

The *rage*, the *ravage*, the *devastations* of Mars will give the idea required; but among these and many other words that would suit the sense, only two have occurred that supply both sense and measure, viz. *approach* and *destructions;* the former is certainly the best word, therefore bids very fair for having been the original.—*Seward.*

5 *Foyzon.*] i. e. *Abundance.* This word also occurs in the Tempest, act ii. sc. i.—Ed. 1778.

6 *Armenypotent*] Corrected by Seward; who observes that "*Armipotent* is applied to Mars by Chaucer in the same tale of Palamon and Arcite."—Ed. 1778.

thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise, and bow to the altar.

Oh, great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O' th' plurisy[7] of people; I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly. Let us go!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Temple of Venus.

Enter PALAMON *and his Knights, fall prostrate, and rise again.*

Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
To-day extinct: Our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: Then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard! To the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party!— [*They kneel.*

[7] *O' th' plurisy of people.*] The editions of Seward and Colman erroneously read *pleurisy*. The text does not allude directly to the disease called *pleurisy*, but to the old term *plurisy*, signifying superabundance, which occurs in many old plays. So in Fancies Chaste and Noble, by Ford:—

Thou art fallen suddenly
Into a *plurisy* of faithless impudence."

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets! who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,
To weep unto a girl; that hast the might
Even with an eye-glance to choak Mars's drum,
And turn th' alarm to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that may'st force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce
Stale Gravity to dance; the polled bachelor,[8]
(Whose youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,
Have skipt thy flame) at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat
Abuse young lays of love. What godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To Phœbus thou
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him; the huntress
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away, and sigh; take to thy grace
Me, thy vow'd soldier! who do bear thy yoke
As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles:
I have never been foul-mouth'd against thy law;
Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none, would not
Had I ken'd all that were; I never practised
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits; I never at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd
At simpering sirs that did; I have been harsh
To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd them
If they had mothers? I had one, a woman,
And women 'twere they wrong'd. I knew a man
Of eighty winters, (this I told them) who
A lass of fourteen brided; 'twas thy power

[8] *The* pould *bachelor*] Varied by Seward; who says, "*Pould* is what we now spell *poll'd*, depilatus; bald-headed. Chaucer's word is *pilled*, as 'The pardoner with his *pilled* poll."—Ed. 1778.

To put life into dust; the aged cramp
Had screw'd his square foot round,
The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes
Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
In him seem'd torture; this anatomy[9]
Had by his young fair pheer a boy,[1] and I
Believed it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? Brief, I am
To those that prate, and have done, no companion;
To those that boast, and have not, a defier;
To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer:
Yea, him I do not love, that tells close offices
The foulest way, nor names concealments in
The boldest language;[2] such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. Oh, then, most soft sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure!

[*Here music is heard, doves are seen to flutter, they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.*

Oh, thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
In mortal bosoms, whose chace is this world,
And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
For this fair token! which being laid unto

9 *Anatomy.*] The usual term for a skeleton at the time.

1 *Pheer;*] i. e. *Companion.* Cole's Dict. 1677, where it is marked as then obsolete.—The word occurs in Titus Andronicus, act iv. sc. 1. In the Silent Woman, Morose says,

—"her that I mean to chuse for my *bed-pheer.*"

In this play, p. 118, *play-pheers* are spoken of.—Ed. 1778.

2 *Nor names concealments in*
The boldest language.] That is, that talks not in the grossest language of what ought to be concealed.—*Mason.*

Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance
My body to this business. Let us rise
And bow before the goddess! Time comes on.
[*They bow, and exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Temple of Diana.

[*Still music of records.*[3]

Enter Emilia *in white, her hair about her shoulders, a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver Hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odours, which being set upon the Altar, her Maid standing aloof, she sets fire to it; then they curtesy and kneel.*

Emi. Oh, sacred, shadowy, cold and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow,[4] who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe; I here, thy priest,

[3] *Records.*] This is the same as *recorder*, i. e. flageolets. See vol. V. p. 193.

[4] ——— *And pure*
As wind-fann'd snow.] Very similar to this are, a passage in The Double Marriage, and one in Coriolanus: the reader may find them both in vol. VIII. p. 74, of this work. In Comus also, Milton gives a most nervous eulogium on chastity.—Ed. 1778.

Am humbled 'fore thine altar. Oh, vouchsafe,
With that thy rare green eye,[5] which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin!
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear
(Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
Ne'er enter'd wanton sound) to my petition,
Season'd with holy fear! This is my last
Of vestal office; I am bride-habited,
But maiden-hearted; a husband I have 'pointed,
But do not know him; out of two I should
Chuse one, and pray for his success, but I
Am guiltless of election of mine eyes;
Were I to lose one, (they are equal precious)
I could doom neither; that which perish'd should
Go to't unsentenced: Therefore, most modest queen,
He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me
And has the truest title in't, let him
Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
The file and quality I hold I may
Continue in thy band!

[*Here the Hind vanishes under the Altar, and in the place ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.*

See what our general of ebbs and flows

[5] *With that thy rare* green *eye.*] Seward reads, "*sheen* eye, *i. e.* extremely shining." We believe the old text genuine.—Ed. 1778.

Green eyes were considered as peculiarly beautiful. So in Romeo and Juliet:—

———— "an eagle, madam,
Hath not so *green*, so quick, so fair an eye."

The Spanish writers are peculiarly enthusiastic in the praise of green eyes. So Cervantes, in his novel *Del Zeloso Estremenno*: "*Ay que ojos tan grandes, y tan razgados! y por el siglo de mi madre que son* verdes, *que no parecen sino que son de* esmaraldas."

Out from the bowels of her holy altar
With sacred act advances! But one rose?
If well inspired, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I a virgin flower
Must grow alone unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree.*

The flower is fallen, the tree descends! Oh, mistress,
Thou here dischargest me; I shall be gather'd,
I think so; but I know not thine own will:
Unclasp thy mystery!—I hope she's pleased;
Her signs were gracious.

[*They curtesy, and exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A darkened Apartment in the Prison.

Enter Doctor, Jailor, and Wooer (in habit of PALAMON.)

Doctor. Has this advice I told you done any good upon her?
Wooer. Oh, very much: The maids that kept her company
Have half persuaded her that I am Palamon;
Within this half hour she came smiling to me,
And asked me what I would eat, and when I would kiss her:
I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.

Doctor. 'Twas well done! twenty times had been far better;
For there the cure lies mainly.
Wooer. Then she told me
She would watch with me to-night, for well she knew
What hour my fit would take me.
Doctor. Let her do so;
And when your fit comes, fit her home and presently!
Wooer. She would have me sing.
Doctor. You did so?
Wooer. No.
Doctor. 'Twas very ill done then;
You should observe her every way.
Wooer. Alas,
I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way.
Doctor. That's all one, if you make a noise:
If she entreat again, do any thing;
Lie with her, if she ask you.
Jailor. Hoa there, Doctor!
Doctor. Yes, in the way of cure.
Jailor. But first, by your leave,
I' th' way of honesty!
Doctor. That's but a niceness:
Ne'er cast your child away for honesty;
Cure her first this way; then, if she will be honest,
She has the path before her.
Jailor. Thank you, Doctor!
Doctor. Pray bring her in,
And let's see how she is.
Jailor. I will, and tell her
Her Palamon stays for her: But, Doctor,
Methinks you are i' th' wrong still. [*Exit.*
Doctor. Go, go! You fathers are fine fools: Her honesty?
An we should give her physic till we find that—

Wooer. Why, do you think she is not honest, sir?
Doctor. How old is she?
Wooer. She's eighteen.
Doctor. She may be;
But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose:
Whate'er her father says, if you perceive
Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,
Videlicet, the way of flesh—you have me?
Wooer. Yes, very well, sir.
Doctor. Please her appetite,
And do it home; it cures her, *ipso facto*,
The melancholy humour that infects her.
Wooer. I am of your mind, Doctor.

Enter Jailor, Daughter, and Maid.

Doctor. You'll find it so. She comes; pray humour her![6]
Jailor. Come; your love Palamon stays for you, child;
And has done this long hour, to visit you.
Daugh. I thank him for his gentle patience;
He's a kind gentleman, and I'm much bound to him.
Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me?
Jailor. Yes.
Daugh. How do you like him?
Jailor. He's a very fair one.
Daugh. You never saw him dance?
Jailor. No.
Daugh. I have often;
He dances very finely, very comely;
And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him![7]

6 *Pray* honour *her.*] Amended in 1750.

7 *Come* cut and long tail *to him.*] A proverbial phrase not yet obsolete, meaning, come poor or rich. Of all the explanations

He turns you like a top.
Jailor. That's fine indeed.
Daugh. He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour,
And that will founder the best hobby-horse
(If I have any skill) in all the parish;
And gallops to the tune[8] of Light o' Love:[9]
What think you of this horse?
Jailor. Having these virtues,
I think he might be brought to play at tennis.
Daugh. Alas, that's nothing.
Jailor. Can he write and read too?
Daugh. A very fair hand; and casts himself the accounts
Of all his hay and provender; that hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know
The chesnut mare the duke has?
Jailor. Very well.
Daugh. She is horribly in love with him, poor beast;
But he is like his master, coy and scornful.
Jailor. What dowry has she?
Daugh. Some two hundred bottles[1].
And twenty strike of oats: But he'll ne'er have her;
He lisps in's neighing, able to entice

offered by the commentators, that of Reed bids fairest to be the right one. He derives the term from horses, whose tail was either docked, or suffered to grow. *Cut* is frequently used for a bad horse, and hence *cut and long tail* may mean a horse whose tail was cut because he was used for drudgery, in opposition to one who was allowed to wear it for pomp or shew.

[9] *Gallops to the* turne.] Corrected by Theobald and Seward.

[1] *Light o' Love.*] This appears to have been a very popular tune, and is frequently mentioned by our authors and their contemporaries.—Ed. 1778.
See vol. VII. p. 19.

[2] *Bottles.*] i. e. Bottles of hay; some spell it *pottles.*—Seward.

A miller's mare; he'll be the death of her.
Doctor. What stuff she utters!
Jailor. Make curt'sy; here your love comes!
Wooer. Pretty soul,
How do you? That's a fine maid! there's a curt'sy!
Daugh. Yours to command, i'th' way of honesty.
How far is't now to th' end o' th' world, my masters?
Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.
Daugh. Will you go with me?
Wooer. What shall we do there, wench?
Daugh. Why, play at stool-ball:
What is there else to do?
Wooer. I am content,
If we shall keep our wedding there.
Daugh. 'Tis true;
For there I will assure you we shall find
Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they are nice and foolish;
Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow,
And that would be a blot i' th' business.
Are not you Palamon?
Wooer. Do not you know me?
Daugh. Yes; but you care not for me! I have nothing
But this poor petticoat, and two coarse smocks.
Wooer. That's all one; I will have you.
Daugh. Will you surely?
Wooer. Yes; by this fair hand, will I.
Daugh. We'll to bed then.
Wooer. Even when you will.
Jailor. Oh, sir, you would fain be nibbling.[3]

[3] Daugh. *Oh, sir, you would fain be nibbling.*] Seward says, "This seems evidently to belong to the Father, who cannot easily consent to the remedy proposed by the Doctor;" but we think it doubtful.—Ed. 1778.

Wooer. Why do you rub my kiss off?
Daugh. 'Tis a sweet one,
And will perfume me finely 'gainst the wedding.
Is not this your cousin Arcite?
Doctor. Yes, sweetheart;
And I am glad my cousin Palamon
Has made so fair a choice.
Daugh. Do you think he'll have me?
Doctor. Yes, without doubt.
Daugh. Do you think so too?
Jailor. Yes.
Daugh. We shall have many children.—Lord, how you're grown!
My Palamon I hope will grow too, finely,
Now he's at liberty: Alas, poor chicken,
He was kept down with hard meat, and ill lodging,
But I will kiss him up again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What do you here?
You'll lose the noblest sight that e'er was seen.
Jailor. Are they i' th' field?
Mess. They are:
You bear a charge there too.
Jailor. I'll away straight.—
I must even leave you here.
Doctor. Nay, we'll go with you;
I will not lose the fight.
Jailor. How did you like her?
Doctor. I'll warrant you within these three or four days
I'll make her right again.—You must not from her,

I have no doubt that Seward is right, as the Daughter is very willing throughout, like all girls infected with madness.

But still preserve her in this way.
Wooer. I will.
Doctor. Let's get her in.
Wooer. Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner;
And then we'll play at cards.
Daugh. And shall we kiss too?
Wooer. A hundred times.
Daugh. And twenty?
Wooer. Ay, and twenty.
Daugh. And then we'll sleep together?
Doctor. Take her offer.
Wooer. Yes, marry will we.
Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.
Wooer. I will not, sweet.
Daugh. If you do, love, I'll cry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous, *and Attendants.*[4]

Emi. I'll no step further.
Per. Will you lose this sight?
Emi. I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly,
Than this decision: Every blow that falls
Threats a brave life; each stroke laments

[4] —— *and some attendants,* T. Tucke, Curtis.] So the quarto. See above, p. 111.

The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A bell, than blade: I will stay here:
It is enough, my hearing shall be punish'd
With what shall happen, ('gainst the which there is
No deafing) but to hear, not taint mine eye
With dread sights it may shun.

Per. Sir, my good lord,
Your sister will no further.

Thes. Oh, she must:
She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,
Which sometime shew well, pencill'd:[4] Nature now
Shall make and act the story, the belief
Both seal'd with eye and ear. You must be present;
You are the victor's meed, the price and garland
To crown the question's title.

Emi. Pardon me;
If I were there, I'd wink.

Thes. You must be there;
This trial is as 'twere i' th' night, and you
The only star to shine.

Emi. I am extinct;
There is but envy[5] in that light, which shews
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
The dam of Horror, who does stand accursed
Of many mortal millions, may even now,
By casting her black mantle over both
That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name, and many a murder

[4] *She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,*
Which sometime *shew well pencill'd.*] The last editors point thus—

Which sometime shew well pencill'd.

The pointing in the text is Mason's, who observes, that "the word *well* is connected with *shew*, not with *pencilled*; and the meaning is, she shall see deeds of honour actually performed, which shew well when represented in painting."

[5] *Envy.*] This word means here, as in many old plays, *malice.*

Set off whereto she's guilty.
Hip. You must go.
Emi. In faith I will not.
Thes. Why, the knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye: Know, of this war
You are the treasure, and must needs be by
To give the service pay.
Emi. Sir, pardon me;
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itself.
Thes. Well, well then, at your pleasure!
Those that remain with you could wish their office
To any of their enemies.
Hip. Farewell, sister!
I am like to know your husband 'fore yourself,
By some small start of time: He whom the gods
Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot!
[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PERITHOUS, *&c.*
Emi. Arcite is gently visaged; yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; Mercy, and manly courage,
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspèct; his brow
Is graved, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object; melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if Mirth did make him sad,
And Sadness, merry; those darker humours that
Stick misbecomingly on others,* on him

* *those darker humours that*
Stick misbecomingly on others; on them
Live in fair dwelling.] Corrected by Seward.

Live in fair dwelling.
[*Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a charge, within.*
Hark, how yon spurs[7] to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me;
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite, to
The spoiling of his figure. Oh, what pity
Enough for such a chance! If I were by,
I might do hurt; for they would glance their eyes
Toward my seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence,[8]
Which craved that very time; it is much better

[7] *Hark how* yon spurs.] We have not, for several plays past, amused our readers with an account of the amendments which the editors of 1750 *pretend* to have made, in order to enhance the idea of their own ingenuity: We have not, however, discontinued that information for want of matter (there has all along been abundance!) but for fear of becoming troublesome. After so long a recess, it may not be disagreeable to resume the character of detectors, and reveal the falsehoods told of the play now before us.

In the passage quoted at the head of this note, they pretend to have altered *your* to *yon;* p. 58, l. last, *feat* to *feet;* p. 63, l. 3, A jewel to O jewel; p. 67, l. 17, *on't* to *out*, though Davenant, as well as our old quarto, reads *out;* p. 101, l. 23, *and* innocent to *an* innocent; p. 122, l. 7, *when* to *with;* p. 124, l. 9, *state* to *stale;* p. 125, l. 7, *sphere* to *pheer;* and, p. 133, l. 13, to have added the word *grown.*—Every one of these passages stands right in the first quarto, which their own notes prove they were possessed of.—*Ed.* 1778.

[8] *Omit* a ward, *or forfeit an* offence.] Mr Sympson would read *defence*, but *ward* and *defence* is the same thing. *Offence* is the reverse to *ward*, as weapons of offence and defence. To forfeit an offence, therefore, is to miss the opportunity of striking some advantageous blow, that might give the victory. The weapon used in the legal duello in England was only a batoon or truncheon, and this was designed by the authors to be understood of the present combat. It is extremely beautiful to have this duel performed behind the scenes, yet within hearing. All battles on the stage make, as Shakspeare says, but *brawls ridiculous.* Here is a method of concealing all the awkwardness of such combats, and keeping the attention of the audience upon the full stretch. It was an art well known to the Greek tragedians, as in the famous instance of Cly-

I am not there; oh, better never born
Than minister to such harm!—
[*Cornets. Cry within*, A Palamon!]
—What is the chance?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The cry's a Palamon.
Emi. Then he has won. 'Twas ever likely:
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the prim'st of men. I pr'ythee run
And tell me how it goes.
[*Shout, and Cornets; cry*, A Palamon!
Serv. Still Palamon.
Emi. Run and enquire. Poor servant, thou hast lost!
Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left: Why so, I know not;
I had no end in't else;[9] Chance would have it so.
On the sinister side the heart lies; Palamon
Had the best boding chance.—[*Another cry and shout within, and Cornets.*]—This burst of clamour
Is sure the end o' the combat.

temnestra's murder, who is heard to deprecate her son's vengeance behind the scenes, and Electra upon the stage continues to irritate it.—*Seward.*

9 *I had no end in't; else chance would have it so.*] Former editions. Mr Sympson would read *less*, *i. e* unless: And that too was my first conjecture. But more probably the particle *else* may be a mere interpolation, for the sense and measure are better without it.—*Seward.*

The word *else* should not be struck out, as it is frequently introduced in these plays in the same manner. It is quite in the style of the authors.—*Mason.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. They said that Palamon had Arcite's body
Within an inch o' th' pyramid, that the cry
Was general "a Palamon;" but anon,
The assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold tilters at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.
Emi. Were they metamorphosed
Both into one—Oh, why? there were no woman
Worth so composed a man! Their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them,[1] gives
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness
To any lady breathing.—More exulting?
[*Cornets. Cry within,* Arcite, Arcite!
Palamon still?
Serv. Nay, now the sound is Arcite.
Emi. I pr'ythee lay attention to the cry;
Set both thine ears to th' business.
[*Cornets. A great shout, and cry,* Arcite, Victory!
Serv. The cry is
Arcite, and victory! Hark! Arcite, victory!
The combat's consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind-instruments.
Emi. Half-sights saw
That Arcite was no babe: God's lid, his richness
And costliness of spirit look'd through him! it could
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters,
That drift-winds force to raging. I did think
Good Palamon would miscarry; yet I knew not
Why I did think so: Our reasons are not prophets,

[1] *Their nobleness, &c.*] This line is now first restored from the old quarto. The consequent deficiency of sense greatly distresses Seward.—Ed. 1778.

When oft our fancies are. They are coming off:
Alas, poor Palamon! [*Cornets.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, Arcite *as victor, Attendants, &c.*

Thes. Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking, and unsettled. Fairest Emilia,
The gods, by their divine arbitrament,
Have given you this knight: He is a good one
As ever struck at head. Give me your hands!
Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
A love that grows as you decay!
Arc. Emily,
To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.
Thes. Oh, loved sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed: Surely the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should shew i' th' world too godlike! His behaviour
So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was
To him a sow of lead: If I could praise
Each part of him to th' all I have spoke, your Arcite
Did not lose by't; for he that was thus good,
Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard
Two emulous Philomels[1] beat the ear o' th' night

[1] *Two emulous Philomels.*] I cannot pass by this simile without begging the reader to give a due attention to it, as it may rank with the most beautiful descriptions of the nightingale that are met with in Virgil and Milton. It is also totally different from all the attitudes of this angel of night that those poets, who were so enamoured of her song, have ever painted her in It may be further observed, that those similies strike the most which, in their own natures, seem totally averse to their archetype, but are joined to

With their contentious throats, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by and by out-breasted,[2] that the sense
Could not be judge between 'em: So it fared
Good space between these Kinsmen; till Heavens did
Make hardly one the winner.—Wear the garland
With joy that you have won! For the subdued,
Give them our present justice, since I know
Their lives but pinch 'em; let it here be done.
The scene's not for our seeing: Go we hence,
Right joyful, with some sorrow! Arm your prize,[3]
I know you will not lose her. Hippolita,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver. [*Flourish.*

Emi. Is this winning?
Oh, all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?
But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miserable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should, and would die too.

Hip. Infinite pity,
That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one,
That two must needs be blind for't!

Thes. So it is. [*Exeunt.*

it in perfect union by the art of the poet. What, at first sight, could be more unlike than the fury of a combat to the singing of nightingales? Yet how charmingly are they married together? They who are conversant in Homer, Virgil, Spenser, Milton, &c. will be able to recollect many instances of the like nature.—*Seward.*

[2] *Out*-breasted.] See a note on the Pilgrim, vol. V. p. 468.

[3] Arm *your prize.*] *i. e.* Take the lady whom you have won by the hand.—Ed. 1778.

SCENE VI.

An open Place in the City with a Scaffold.

Enter PALAMON *and his Knights pinioned, Jailor, Executioner, and Guard.*

Pal. There's many a man alive, that hath outlived
The love o' th' people; yea, i' th' self-same state
Stands many a father with his child: Some comfort
We have by so considering; we expire,
And not without men's pity; to live still,
Have their good wishes; we prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For grey approachers; we come towards the gods
Young, and unwapper'd,[4] not halting under crimes

[4] *Young and* unwapper'd.] *i. e.* says Mr Sympson, young and *unfrighten'd.* He quotes no authority, nor can I find one in my dictionaries. Mr Theobald concurs with me in reading *unwarp'd*, which, supposing the former word to be true English, and to give the idea mentioned, rather better agrees with the sense, and much better with the measure of the context. Thus Valerio, in A Wife for a Month, says in the like circumstances,

To die a young man is to be an angel;
Our yet good parts put wings unto our souls.

And again,

As it [*age*] *encreases, so vexations,*
Griefs of the mind, pains of the feeble body,
Rheums, coughs, catarrs; we're but our living coffins.
Besides, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous,
And we are earth again.—— See the whole scene, act ii.

Many and stale; that sure shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em,
For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen,
Whose lives (for this poor comfort) are laid down,
You have sold 'em too, too cheap.

1 *Knight.* What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary
As to us death is certain; a grain of honour
They not o'er-weigh us.

2 *Knight.* Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tottering Fortune,
Who at her certain'st reels!

3 *Knight.* Come; who begins?

Pal. Even he that led you to this banquet, shall
Taste to you all.—Ah ha, my friend, my friend!
Your gentle Daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll see't done now for ever. Pray how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.

Jailor. Sir, she's well restored,
And to be married shortly.

Pal. By my short life,
I am most glad on't! 'tis the latest thing

P. S. I find in the Glossary to Urry's Chaucer, *wapid* and *awhapid*, daunted, astonished. This is probably the same word that Mr Sympson may have somewhere found spelt *wapper'd*.—Seward.

The old text must be restored, as it is undoubtedly the opposite to *wappered* in Shakspeare's Timon of Athens :—

——"This it is
That makes the *wappered* widow wed again."

This passage has greatly puzzled the editors of Shakspeare, and the subject is not yet entirely cleared up. From different passages in old writers, quoted in the notes, (Reed's edition, vol. XIX. p. 136,) it appears, that *wappering* means, in cant language, "company-keeping with a woman," and hence Mr Steevens explains the word in the text, "undebilitated by venery, i. e. *not halting under crimes many and stale.*"

I shall be glad of; pr'ythee tell her so;
Commend me to her, and to piece her portion
Tender her this.

1 *Knight.* Nay, let's be offerers all!

2 *Knight.* Is it a maid?

Pal. Verily, I think so;
A right good creature, more to me deserving
Than I can quite[5] or speak of!

All Knights. Commend us to her.

[*Give their purses.*

Jailor. The gods requite you all,
And make her thankful!

Pal. Adieu! and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking. [*Lies on the block.*

1 *Knight.* Lead, courageous cousin!

2 *Knight.* We'll follow cheerfully.

[*A great noise within, crying,* Run, save, hold!

Enter in haste a Messenger.

Mess. Hold, hold! oh, hold, hold, hold!

Enter PERITHOUS *in haste.*

Per. Hold, hoa! it is a cursed haste you made,
If you have done so quickly.—Noble Palamon,
The gods will shew their glory in a life
That thou art yet to lead.

Pal. Can that be, when
Venus I have said is false? How do things fare?

Per. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most dearly sweet and bitter![6]

[5] *Quite.*] Requite, recompence.

[6] *That are most* early *sweet and bitter.*] Mr Sympson and I agree in rejecting *early* as a corruption, but he reads *rarely sweet*, and I *dearly*. The adverb *dearly*, in the sense of *exceedingly* or *ex-*

Pal. What
Hath waked us from our dream?
Per. List then! Your cousin,
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did first bestow on him, a black one, owing
Not a hair worth of white,[6] which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note; which superstition
Here finds allowance: On this horse is Arcite,
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins[7]
Did rather tell than trample; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if't pleased his rider
To put pride in him: As he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to th' music
His own hoofs made (for, as they say, from iron
Came music's origin) what envious flint,
Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,

tremely, seems particularly beautiful when expressive of any of the tender passions, whether of joy or sorrow, and after I had inserted it in my notes, I found in the last speech of this play a confirmation of it:

——— for whom——
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
As glad of Arcite:——Seward.

6 —— *A black horse, owing*
Not a hair worth of white, which some will say, &c.] Such a horse is called by the French, *zain;* and Cotgrave's explanation of this will prove a good comment on the text—" A horse that's all of one dark colour, without any starry spot or mark about him, and thereby commonly vicious."

7 *Calkins;*] i. e. *Hoofs*, we suppose, from the Latin *calx.*—— There are some hard and odd passages, mixed with much poetical expression, in this description.—Ed. 1778.

The description bears not the least resemblance to the style of Fletcher, Beaumont, or almost any author but Shakspeare.

I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on
end,
Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
Of boisterous and rough jadry, to dis-seat
His lord that kept it bravely: When naught served,
When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor
diff'ring plunges
Dis-root his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind-hoofs
On end he stands,[8]
That Arcite's legs being higher than his head,
Seem'd with strange art to hang: His victor's wreath
Even then fell off his head; and presently
Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poize
Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living,
But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for
The surge that next approaches: He much desires
To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears!

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EMILIA, ARCITE *brought in a Chair.*

Pal. Oh, miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty!—Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words! I am Palamon,

[8] *He kept him 'tween his legs on his hind hoofs on end he stands.*] So the quarto, from which it should seem that the first part of the second line was omitted by the compositor, being illegible in the manuscript. The sense is, however, perfect as it stands.

One that yet loves thee dying.
Arc. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand;
Farewell! I have told my last hour. I was false,[9]
Yet never treacherous: Forgive me, cousin!
One kiss from fair Emilia! [*Kisses her.*] 'Tis done:
Take her. I die! [*Dies.*
Pal. Thy brave soul seek Elysium!
Emi. I'll close thine eyes, prince; blessed souls be with thee!
Thou art a right good man; and while I live
This day I give to tears.
Pal. And I to honour.
Thes. In this place first you fought; even very here
I sunder'd you: Acknowledge to the gods
Our thanks that you are living.
His part is play'd, and, though it were too short,
He did it well: Your day is lengthen'd, and
The blissful dew of Heaven does arrose you;[1]

[9] *I was false.*] I believe the reader will not be easily convinced that Arcite had been false. But our authors seem to have been so possessed of the story from Chaucer, that they even forgot that they had inserted an essential part of it, the oath between the Two Kinsmen never to rival, but always to assist each other in love. This, as was before observed, would justify Palamon's anger, and render him the more amiable character.—*Seward.*

The characters of Palamon and Arcite are finely discriminated. Palamon is certainly the aggrieved party; yet there is a gallantry in Arcite that redeems his falsehood; and a passion in Palamon that renders him still more amiable and interesting from the very infirmity of his temper.—Either Seward or his printer have made a mistake here; for our authors *have* NOT *inserted* the oath.—Ed. 1778.

[1] *Arowze you.*] i. e. *Water, sprinkle;* bedew, from the French, *arroser.*—Seward.

It should then be spelt *arrose: Arouse* is an English word of very different import.—Ed. 1778.

The powerful Venus well hath graced her altar,
And given you your love; our master Mars
Has vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention: So the deities
Have shew'd due justice. Bear this hence!

Pal. Oh, cousin,
That we should things desire, which do cost us
The loss of our desire! That nought could buy
Dear love, but loss of dear love!

Thes. Never Fortune
Did play a subtler game: The conquer'd triumphs,
The victor has the loss; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
Your Kinsman hath confess'd the right o' the lady
Did lie in you; for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he restored her,
As your stolen jewel, and desired your spirit
To send him hence forgiven: The gods my justice
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off;
And call your lovers[2] from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends! A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite! in whose end
The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
And smile with Palamon; for whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
As glad of Arcite; and am now as glad,
As for him sorry. Oh, you heavenly charmers,[3]

[2] *Your* lovers;] *i.e.* The knights who assisted you.—Ed. 1778.

[3] *Heavenly charmers.*] *i. e.* Enchanters, ruling us at their will, whose operations are beyond our power to conceive, till we see the effects of them.—*Seward.*

So in Othello, act iii. scene iv.—

——— "That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give:

What things you make of us! For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have are sorry; still
Are children in some kind.[4] Let us be thankful,
For that which is, and with You leave dispute
That are above our question! Let's go off,
And bear us like the time! [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

She was *a charmer*, and could almost read
The thoughts of people."—*Reed.*

[4] —— *For what we have are sorry still,*
Are children in some kind.] The punctuation in the text was proposed by Mason.

EPILOGUE.

I WOULD now ask ye how ye like the play;
But, as it is with schoolboys cannot say,
I am cruel fearful! Pray yet stay a while,
And let me look upon ye! No man smile?
Then it goes hard, I see: He that has
Loved a young handsome wench then, shew his face!
'Tis strange if none be here; and if he will
Against his conscience, let him hiss, and kill
Our market! 'Tis in vain, I see, to stay ye;
Have at the worst can come, then! Now what say ye?
And yet mistake me not: I am not bold;
We have no such cause. If the tale we have told
(For 'tis no other) any way content ye,
(For to that honest purpose it was meant ye)
We have our end; and ye shall have ere long
I dare say many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us: We, and all our might,
Rest at your service. Gentlemen, good-night! [*Flourish.*[8]

[1] This whole play, Mr Seward observes, "abounds with such sublimity of sentiment and diction, that were the beauties to be marked with asterisms, after Mr Pope and Mr Warburton's manner, scarce a page would be left uncovered with them."

The capital defect in the piece is hinted at in these words of the epilogue,

——— *If the* TALE *we have told*
(*For 'tis* NO OTHER)——

It is indeed rather a *tale* than a *drama*, particularly towards the conclusion, which has perhaps so long prevented its representation on the stage; where some scenes of it would produce a great effect, though there are in this dramatic tale many excellent passages, more calculated to please the reader than spectator. The mixture of Gothic with ancient manners was the common vice of the writers of the age in which it was wrote. It is, however, a most noble play, replete with animated discourse and sublime touches of poetry.—Ed. 1778.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

PARTICIPATION OF SHAKSPEARE

IN THE

TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

The following observations of Mr Colman on this curious subject he inserted in the edition of 1778:—

"The Two Noble Kinsmen, on the authority of the title-page to the first edition, has been looked on as the production of Shakspeare and Fletcher; but not being able to find any satisfactory proof (nor indeed presumptive, except that it contains many passages not unworthy of him) that the former was joint author of it, we acknowledge we doubt the tradition of his being at all concerned in the piece. Little stress can be laid on the title-page in question, (the only shadow of authority,) which bears evident marks of the craft of a publisher, and was not printed till nine years after the death of Fletcher, and sixteen after Shakspeare's. Seward, however, takes it for granted to be the production of the poets to whom it has been attributed; of which he does not mention a doubt, but says,

"1. 'It will be an entertainment to the curious to distinguish the hand of Shakspeare from that of Fletcher. The only external evidence that I ever heard of, is a tradition of the play-house, that the first act only was wrote by Shakspeare; and this Mr Warburton says in his preface to that author. If it is true it does great honour to Fletcher, for though there are many excellent things in that act, it is in every respect much inferior to the four others. Had it fallen within Mr Warburton's province to have examined the internal evidence, I know no man so capable of striking light out of obscurity. I shall lay before the reader the reasons which make me doubt the authenticity of this tradition, and shall endeavour to prove that either Shakspeare had a very great hand in all the acts of this play, particularly in the whole charming character of the Jailor's Daughter, or else that Fletcher more closely imitated him in this than in any other part of his works.'

"II. The prison scene between Palamon and Arcite, 'is,' says Seward, 'more worthy of Shakspeare than any long one in the first act. It is in Shakspeare's SECOND-BEST manner, or in Fletcher's BEST, and these are not easily distinguishable. If the reader will consult the first scene of the Two Brothers, with their supposed father coming out of the cave in Cymbeline, and the description of the Spartan hounds by Theseus in Midsummer-Night's Dream, he will find a great similitude of sentiment, style, and spirit: Add to these the following lines in Richard II. Mowbray being banished, thus complains of his want of foreign languages:

'Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullised with my teeth and lips,
And dull unfeeling barren Ignorance
Must be the jailor to attend on me.'

All but the second of these are noble lines, though so great a man as Mr Pope discarded them from the text. The end of Arcite's former speech (which Milton very closely follows, bewailing his blindness, in his Hymn to Light) and the lines referred to in the emendation above, have the sublimity of these lines of Mowbray without the quaintness of thought that disgraces one of them, notwithstanding its similitude to the ερκος οδοντων of Homer. These reasons may induce one to place this scene to Shakspeare." Here, however, arise DOUBTS: "On the other hand, the simile of a wild boar in chase to the Parthian archer, (who, by a bold poetic liberty, is called the Parthian quiver,) the bristles and darts sticking on his back to the arrows on the archer's shoulder, and the frequent and furious turnings of the boar to the Parthian's turning to shoot as he flies. This noble simile is a favourite of Fletcher's, and he uses it in another play that seems to have been wrote before this. And I believe it no where occurs in Shakspeare. As to the anachronism of making Parthian archers talked of in Theseus's time, it is an impropriety that both Shakspeare and Fletcher are equally guilty of.'

"III. Speaking of the Jailor's Daughter, 'The Aurora of Guido has not more strokes of the same hand which drew his Bacchus and Ariadne, than the sweet description of this pretty maiden's love-distraction has to the like distraction of Ophelia in Hamlet: That of Ophelia ending in her death, is, like the Ariadne, more moving, but the images here, like those in Aurora, are more numerous, and equally exquisite in grace and beauty. May we not then pronounce, that either this is Shakspeare's, or that Fletcher has here equalled him in his very BEST manner?'

"IV. In p. 147, the reader will find Mr Seward propose a mode of justification for Palamon's anger; after which he adds, 'This seems the whole that is wanting (which might be added in three lines) to render this play equal to Cymbeline, Measure for Mea-

sure, Twelfth-Night, As You Like it, and all the plays of the SECOND CLASS of Shakspeare; and to The Maid's Tragedy, The False One, The Bloody Brother, A King and No King, Philaster, The Double Marriage, and the rest of the FIRST-RATE plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.'

"V. The description of female friendship, p. 28, *et seq.* he says, 'was probably Shakspeare's, and in his SECOND, if not in his very BEST manner, which will evidently appear by its preference, which it may justly claim to the like description in Midsummer-Night's Dream, act iii. scene viii.—

'We, Hermia, like two artificial gods
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds
Had been incorporate; so we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
Or with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.'

"VI. Relative to the madness of the Jailor's Daughter, 'There are,' says Seward, 'such characterising strokes, and such strong features of both Ophelia and Lear in their phrensies, that one cannot but believe that the same pencil drew them all.'

"VII. We will now mention a DOUBT or two more. 'If the reader will please to consult the soliloquy of Richard II. in prison, he will find several strokes much resembling some in this scene, [the prison scene between Palamon and Arcite] and whilst he compares them, may be apt to ascribe them both to the same hand; but the following lines out of Fletcher's Lovers' Progress may again stagger our opinion, and make us as apt to ascribe the whole scene to Fletcher. Lidian, a young lover, in a fit of despair, turns hermit, and thus describes the happiness of solitude:

——— "These wild fields are my gardens;
The crystal rivers they afford their waters,
And grudge not their sweet streams to quench afflictions,
The hollow rocks their beds, which though they're hard
(The emblems of a doting lover's fortune)
Yet they are quiet, and the weary slumbers
The eyes catch there, softer than beds of down;
The birds my bell to call me to devotions;
My book the story of my wand'ring life,

In which I find more hours due to Repentance
Than Time hath told me yet.'
See the whole dialogue, act iv. scene iii.'

"VIII. Again, 'What was said of the difficulty of judging whether Shakspeare or Fletcher had the greatest hand in the scene of The Two Kinsmen in prison, is applicable to this, [the temple scene,] and indeed to all the scenes in which they appear. Fletcher frequently writes as well, and Shakspeare perhaps alone of all our dramatic poets can be said ever to have wrote better.'

"IX. Again, 'This Schoolmaster and his fellow-comedians seem very like the farcical clowns in Midsummer-Night's Dream, and other plays of Shakspeare; yet it seems probable that Fletcher had the greatest share of this, as the quotation from Tully's Oration against Catiline, and all the Latinisms of the Schoolmaster, seem wrote by one who was more ready in Latin quotations than Shakspeare; who, notwithstanding all the pains which learned men have taken to prove the contrary, seems to have had no more Latin than falls to the share of a very young school-boy, the Grammar and a little of Ovid.[1] At the same time, I allow him an excellent scholar in English, French, and Italian, which comprehend a vast extent in literature.'

"X. Shakspeare's supposed want of erudition, Mr Seward considers as an argument for some other particular parts being attributed to Fletcher: Thus, after observing that the method of concealing combats was an art well known to the Greek tragedians, he says, 'I don't remember either in Shakspeare or Fletcher any instance of this kind before this combat. As Fletcher was a scholar, and Shakspeare not one in Greek, the former was probably the author here.'

"XI. Again, speaking of Theseus's address to the First Queen, wherein he mentions Juno's mantle, Seward says, 'As there is more display of learning in this speech than is usually seen in Shakspeare's, may we not probably suppose this scene to have been Fletcher's, contrary to the received opinion?'

"XII. The modesty of the expression, 'Weak as we are,' in the prologue, makes Seward think it 'probable, that the play was acted before the death of Shakspeare, and that it was wrote in conjunction as much as those which Beaumont joined in.' And the modesty of promising, in the epilogue, 'many a better play,' says he, 'strengthens the probability of the two great authors having nearly an equal share of the play. Had Fletcher finished a

[1] Shakspeare had no more of Ovid than of any other Latin poet; the translations from that author in the spurious editions of his poems being known to have been written by Heywood.

work of Shakspeare's, he would probably have spoke in a different style.'

"I. Seward is rather unfortunate in his beginning; for Warburton does not even mention The Two Noble Kinsmen in the preface—Pope speaks of it in his preface in the following manner:—'If that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was, (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than some of those which have been received as genuine:') An assertion which that great man would not have made had he ever read Fletcher with attention—Mr Steevens ranks this play in the same list with Locrine, London Prodigal, Sir John Oldcastle, and the other plays ascribed to Shakspeare, by catalogues and editions whose authority has not been sufficient to gain the several pieces there mentioned a place among the dramas at present received as Shakspeare's; and, except the posthumous title-page of 1634, there is indeed no kind of authority.

"II. III. IV. Seward is very fond of the idea of Fletcher's BEST manner resembling Shakspeare's SECOND-BEST; but we cannot help thinking it childish to account the poetry of those scenes which he cites Shakspeare's SECOND-BEST. Whether they were his work or Fletcher's, they are most excellent; and might have been produced by either, or by Beaumont. That Shakspeare is, taken altogether, superior to our authors, is certain; but there often occur passages in their plays far beyond the promise of the subject, and equal to the pen of any writer ancient or modern, as may be evinced by numberless passages in Philaster, The Maid's Tragedy, King and No King, Bonduca, Wife for a Month, Cupid's Revenge, &c. &c. &c. notwithstanding what is above quoted from the preface of that great man, Mr Pope.

"V. In our opinion, there is more ease, spirit, and nature, in the description in The Midsummer-Night's Dream, than in that of The Two Noble Kinsmen. However, if it be otherwise, Fletcher has confessedly so much poetical merit, that to attribute his most exquisite beauties to Shakspeare, is doing him an injury. And in this injury we are sorry to find Dr Farmer has taken part, who, speaking of Emilia's fine comparison of a maid to a rose, which he highly praises, says, 'I have no doubt those lines were written by Shakspeare.' And because the speech of Theseus, p. 34, is particularly beautiful, Seward thinks that it 'looks extremely like the hand of Shakspeare.'

"VI. Though there is much poetical fancy in the phrensy of the Jailor's Daughter, we cannot with Mr Seward think it equal to the *natural* madness painted by Shakspeare. Like the assumed distraction of Hamlet and Edgar,

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in't;"

more *apparent* method than in the drawing of Ophelia and Lear.

"VII. VIII. IX. Nothing need be said of the DOUBTS.

"X. XI. What is here said, tending to invalidate Shakspeare's claim, is apart from the argument; but we may, however, just remark, that there are many speeches in Shakspeare as much abounding with learned allusions as any part of Theseus's address.

"XII. That the play was 'wrote in conjunction,' we will readily suppose; but no kind of information can be derived from either Prologue or Epilogue *who* the associate was.

"We have now gone through all that Mr Seward has said on this subject; wherein we cannot find one plausible argument for ascribing to Shakspeare any part of The Two Noble Kinsmen; which certainly abounds with the peculiar beauties and defects that distinguish the rest of this collection, and should, in our opinion, (if a joint work,) be attributed to the same authors. There are, too, many particular passages and expressions in this play, which bear a striking similarity to others wrote between them: Of this sort are TRACE, *and turn, boys!* p. 78: On the same mob-occasion, the same expression occurs in Philaster. In that play too, the Prince talks of discoursing from *a pyramid to all the under-world:* So here, p. 108, Emilia says, in one of the most beautiful passages of the play,

——— " Fame and Honour,
Methinks, from hence, as from *a promontory*
Pointed in Heaven, should clap their wings, and sing
To all the under-world,'———

and various others might be quoted. Writers often unknowingly copy themselves as well as other authors; and though it might here be answered, that Fletcher is allowed to have wrote in both, and the similar passages may be his, yet Beaumont (who had a great share in Philaster) is *as likely* to have produced them *in both* as his associate. And (what is rather remarkable) it will appear to any attentive reader, that the chief similarities are to pieces in which Beaumont is universally allowed to have been connected, not where his assistance is doubted.—Had Shakspeare been considered as one of the joint authors, is it not natural to suppose, that a play of so much excellence would have found a place in the collection of his dramas published by Hemings and Condell? but they have neither admitted the piece, nor taken the least notice of Shakspeare's being at all concerned in it. We must not, indeed, rest too much upon this, as it is certain they omitted Troilus and Cressida, a play, however, of much less eminence: on the whole, we think that there ought to be more authority than an uncertain tradition, to take the credit of this play from Beaumont and Fletcher, the joint authors of so many other excellent dramas, written very

much in the style and spirit of the play before us. Place Shakspeare's name before several other of the dramas, how many critics, like Seward, would labour to ascertain the particular passages that came from his hand!"—

Mr Steevens, in a note subjoined to Pericles, Prince of Tyre, has taken great pains to prove that The Two Noble Kinsmen was written by Fletcher alone, without the assistance of Shakspeare, and the great and deserved reputation of that critic renders it necessary to insert his observations in this place before venturing to combat his arguments:—" On Mr Pope's opinion, relative to this subject, no great reliance can be placed; for he who reprobated The Winter's Tale as a performance alien to Shakspeare, could boast of little acquaintance with the spirit or manner of the author whom he undertook to correct and explain.

" Dr Warburton expresses a belief, that our great poet wrote 'the first act, but in his worst manner.' The Doctor, indeed, only seems to have been ambitious of adding somewhat (though at random) to the decision of his predecessor.

" Mr Seward's inquiry into the authenticity of this piece has been fully examined by Mr Colman, who adduces several arguments to prove that our author had no concern in it. Mr Colman might have added more to the same purpose; but, luckily for the public, his pen is always better engaged than in critical and antiquarian disquisitions.

" As Dr Farmer[1] has advanced but little on the present occasion, I confess my inability to determine the point on which his conclusion is founded.

" This play was not, however, printed till eighteen years after the death of Shakspeare; and its title-page carries all the air of a canting bookseller's imposition. Would any one else have thought it necessary to tell the world that Fletcher and his pretended coadjutor were 'memorable worthies?' The piece, too, was printed for one John Waterson, a man who had no copy-right in any of our author's other dramas. It was equally unknown to the editors in 1623 and 1632; and was rejected by those in 1664 and 1685.—In 1661, Kirkman, another knight of the *rubrick post,* issued out The Birth of Merlin, by Rowley and Shakspeare. Are we to receive a part of this also as a genuine work of the latter? for the authority of Kirkman is as respectable as that of Waterson. I may add, as a similar instance of the craft or ignorance of these ancient *Curls,* that in 1640, the Coronation, claimed by Shirley, was printed in Fletcher's name, and (I know not why) is still permitted to hold a place among his other dramas.

[1] Dr Farmer seems to have been convinced of the co-operation of Shakspeare in this play. See his Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare, *apud* Reed's edition, vol. II. p. 80.

"That Shakspeare had the slightest connection with Beaumont and Fletcher has not been proved by evidence of any kind. There are no verses written by either in his commendation; but they both stand convicted of having aimed their ridicule at passages in several of his plays.[3] His imputed intimacy with one of them is therefore unaccountable Neither are the names of our great confederates enrolled with those of other wits who frequented the literary *symposia* held at the Devil Tavern in Fleet-street. As they were gentlemen of family and fortune, it is probable that they aspired to company of a higher rank than that of needy poets or mercenary players. Their dialogue bears abundant testimony to this supposition; while Shakspeare's attempts to exhibit such sprightly conversations as pass between young men of elegance and fashion are very rare, and almost confined (as Dr Johnson remarks) to the characters of Mercutio and his associates Our author could not easily copy what he had few opportunities of observing. So much for the unlikeliness of Fletcher's having united with Shakspeare in the same composition.

"But here it may be asked—Why was the name of our author joined with that of Beaumont's coadjutor in The Two Noble Kinsmen rather than in any other play of the same author that so long remained in manuscript? I answer—That this event might have taken its rise from the play-house tradition mentioned by Pope, and founded, as I conceive, on a singular occurrence, which it is my present office to point out and illustrate to my readers.

"The language and images of this piece coincide perpetually with those in the dramas of Shakspeare. The same frequency of coincidence occurs in no other individual of Fletcher's works; and how is so material a distinction to be accounted for? Did Shakspeare assist the survivor of Beaumont in his tragedy? Surely no; for if he had, he would not (to borrow a conceit from Moth, in Love's Labour's Lost) have written as *if he had been at a great feast of tragedies, and stolen the scraps.* It was natural that he should more studiously have abstained from the use of marked expressions in this than in any other of his pieces written without assistance. He cannot be suspected of so pitiful an ambition as that of setting his seal on the portions he wrote, to distinguish them from those of his colleague. It was his business to coalesce with Fletcher, and not to withdraw from him. But were our author convicted of this jealous artifice, let me ask where we are to look for any single dialogue in which these lines of separation are not drawn? If they are to be regarded as land-marks to ascertain our author's proper-

[3] It is wonderful to find Mr Steevens join with the last editors of Beaumont and Fletcher in accusing them of having sneered at Shakspeare, when they assumed the very innocent and common privilege of parody. See the preceding volumes *passim.*

ty, they stand so constantly in our way, that we must adjudge the whole literary estate to him. I hope no one will be found who supposes our duumvirate sat down to correct what each other wrote. To such an indignity Fletcher could not well have submitted; and such a drudgery Shakspeare would as hardly have endured. In Pericles, it is no difficult task to discriminate the scenes in which the hand of the latter is evident. I say again, let the critic try if the same undertaking is as easy in The Two Noble Kinsmen. The style of Fletcher on other occasions is sufficiently distinct from Shakspeare's, though it may mix more intimately with that of Beaumont.

> Ὅς τ' ἀποκιδνάμενος ποταμȣ κελάδοντος Ἀράξεω
> Φάσιδι συμφέρηται ἱερὸν ῥόον.—Apol. Rhod.

> From loud Araxes Lycus' streams divide,
> But roll with Phasis in a blended tide.

" But that my assertions relative to coincidence may not appear without some support, I proceed to insert a few of many instances that might be brought in aid of an opinion to which I am ready to subjoin.—The first passage hereafter quoted is always from The Two Noble Kinsmen :—

1—Dear *glass* of ladies.—p. 12, l. 10.
2—He was indeed the *glass*
Wherein the noble youths did dress themselves.—*King Henry IV.* P. II.

1—*blood-seized* field.—p. 12, l. 19.
2—o'er-*sized* with coagulate *gore*.—Hamlet.

1—as *ospreys* do the fish
Subdue before they touch —p. 14, l. 16.
2—as is the *osprey* to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature.—*Coriolanus*.

1 His *ocean* needs not my poor drops.—p. 26, l. 5.
2—as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on a myrtle-leaf
To his *grand sea*.—Antony and Cleopatra.

1 Their *intertangled roots* of love.—p. 28, l. 22.
2—Grief and patience, *rooted* in him both,
Mingle their spirits together.—Cymbeline.

1 Lord, lord, the difference of men!—p. 40, l. 10.
2 Oh, the difference of man and man.—*King Lear*.

1—like *lazy clouds*.—p.41, l. 9.
2—the *lazy*-pacing *clouds*.—Romeo and Juliet.

1—the angry swine
Flies like a *Parthian.*—p. 42, l. 17.
2 Or like the *Parthian* I shall *flying* fight.—*Cymbeline.*
Mr Seward observes that this comparison occurs no where in Shakspeare.

1 *Banished* the kingdom, &c.—p 52, l. 16.
2 See the speech of Romeo on the same occasion—*Romeo and Juliet.*

He has a tongue will tame
Tempests.—p. 53, l. 2.
2—She would sing the savageness out of a bear.—*Othello.*

1 *Theseus.*] To-morrow by the sun, to do *observance*
To flowery May.—p. 60, l. 20.
2 *Theseus.*]—they rose up early to *observe*
The rite of May.—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

1 Let all the dukes and all the *devils roar*,
He is at liberty.—p. 61, l. 11.
2 And if the *devil* come and *roar* for them,
He shall not have them.—*King Henry IV.* P. I.

1—*in thy rumination,*
That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between.—p. 63, l. 16.
2—Nymph, *in thy orisons*
Be all my sins remember'd!—*Hamlet.*

1 Dear *cousin* Palamon—
Pal. Cozener Arcite.—p. 65, l. 4.
2—Gentle Harry Percy, and kind *cousin*,—
The devil take such *cozeners.*—King Henry IV. P. I.

1—this question, sick between us,
By *bleeding* must be *cured.*—p. 68, l. 8.
2 *Let's purge* this choler without *letting blood.*—King Richard II.

1—swim with your *body*,
And *carry* it sweetly.—p. 80, l. 6.
2 *Bear* your *body* more seemly, Audrey.—*As You Like it.*

1 And *d*ainty *d*uke, whose *d*oughty *d*ismal fame.—p. 84, l. 4.
2 Whereat with *b*lade, with *b*loody *b*lameful *b*lade.—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

1—and then she sung
Nothing but *willow, willow,*—p. 103, l. 20.
2—sing *willow willow.*—Othello.

1 O who can find the bent of woman's fancy.—p. 109, l. 4.
2 O undistinguished space of woman's will.—*King Lear.*

1—like the *great-ey'd* Juno, but far *sweeter.*—p. 108, l. 12.
2—*sweeter* than lids of *Juno's eyes.*—The Winter's Tale.

1—better, o' my conscience,
Was never soldier's friend.—p. 112, l. 3.
2 A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh.—*Othello.*

1—his *tongue*
Sounds like a *trumpet.*—p. 113, l. 5.
2—Would plead like angels *trumpet-tongued.*—Macbeth.

1—they would shew bravely
Fighting about the titles of two kingdoms.—p. 114, l. 11.
2—Such a sight as this,
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss.—*Hamlet.*

1 Look, where she comes! *you shall perceive her behaviour.*—p. 115, l. 14.
2—Lo you where she comes! *This is her very guise.*—Macbeth.

1—The *burden* on't was *down-a down-a.*—p. 115, l. 16.
2 You must sing *down-a down-a:* oh, how the *wheel* becomes it.—*Hamlet.*

1 How her *brain coins!*—p. 117, l. 8.
2 This is the very *coinage* of your brain.—*Hamlet.*

1 *Doctor.*]—not an engrafted madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy.—p. 117, l. 17.
2 *Doctor.*]—not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies.—*Macbeth.*

1 *Doctor.*] I think she has a *perturbed mind* which I *cannot minister to.*—p. 117, l. 30.
2——*perturbed spirit!*—Hamlet.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?
Doctor.]—therein the patient
Must *minister* to himself.—*Macbeth.*

1—to him that makes the camp a cistern
Brimm'd with the blood of men.—p. 121, l. 21.
2 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood.—King Henry IV. P.

1——hast turned
Green Neptune into purple.—p. 122, l. 2.
2——the multitudinous *seas incarnardine,*
Making the *green* one *red.*—Macbeth.

1—*lover, never* yet made *sigh,*
Truer than I.—p. 125, l. 16.
2—never man
Sighed truer breath.—*Coriolanus.*

1——arms in assurance
My body to this *business.*—p. 126, l. 1.
2——bends up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.—Macbeth.

1—thy *female knights.*—p. 126, l. 19.
2—thy *virgin knight.*—Much Ado about Nothing.

1—with that thy rare *green* eye.—p. 127, l. 2.
2 Hath not so quick, so *green,* so fair an *eye.*—Romeo and Juliet.
His eyes were *green* as leeks.—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

1 His costliness of *spirit look'd through him.*—p. 139, l. 24.
2 Your *spirits shine through you.*—Macbeth.

1—to *dis-seat* his lord.—p. 146, l. 9.
2—or *dis-seat* me now.—*Macbeth.*
N. B. I have met with no other instances of the use of this word.

1 Disroot his rider *whence he grew.*—p. 146, l. 13.
2 This gallant *grew unto his seat.*—Hamlet.

1 And bear us *like the time.*—p. 149, l. 6.
2—to beguile the time
Look like the time.—Macbeth.

"It will happen on familiar occasions that diversity of expression is neither worth seeking, or easy to be found, as in the following instances:

Cer. *Look to the lady.*—Pericles.
Macd. *Look to the lady.*—Macbeth.
Cap. *Look to the* baked meats.—*Romeo and Juliet.*
Pal. *Look to* thy life well, Arcite.—*Two Noble Kinsmen.*

Dion. *How chance* my daughter is not with you?—*Pericles.*
K. Hen. *How chance* thou art not with the prince thy brother?—*King Henry IV.* P. II.

Dion. *How now,* Marina? *why do you* keep *alone?*—Pericles.
L. Macb. *How now,* my lord? *why do you* keep *alone.*—Macbeth.

Coun. —*have with you, boys!*—Two Noble Kinsmen.
Bel. *Have with you, boys!*—Cymbeline.

Daugh. Yours to command *i' th' way of honesty.*—Two Noble Kinsmen.
Faulc. For I was got *i' th' way of honesty.*—King John.

Thal.—if I can get him *within my pistol's length.*—Pericles.
Fang.—an if he come but *within my vice.*—K. Henry IV. P. II.

"All such examples I have abstained from producing; but the peculiar coincidence of many among those already given, suffers much by their not being viewed in their natural situation.

"Let the critics who can fix on any particular scenes which they conceive to have been written by Shakspeare, or let those who suppose him to have been so poor in language as well as ideas, that he was constrained to borrow, in the compass of *half* the Noble Kinsmen, from above a dozen entire plays of his own composition, advance some hypothesis more plausible than the following; and yet I flatter myself that readers may be found who will concur with me in believing this tragedy to have been written by Fletcher in silent imitation of our author's manner. No other circumstance could well have occasioned such a frequent occurrence of corresponding phrases, &c.; nor, in my opinion, could any particular but this have induced the players to propagate the report that our author was Fletcher's coadjutor in this piece.—There is nothing unusual in these attempts at imitation. Dryden, in his preface to All for Love, professes to copy the style of Shakspeare. Rowe, in his Jane Shore, arrogates to himself the merit of having pursued the same plan. How far these poets have succeeded it is not my business to examine; but Fletcher's imitation, like that of many others, is chiefly *verbal;* and yet (when joined with other circumstances) was perfect enough to have misled the judgment of the players. Those people, who in the course of their profession must have had much of Shakspeare's language recent in their memories, could easily discover traces of it in this performance. They could likewise observe, that the drama opens with the same characters as first enter in A Midsummer Night's Dream; that *Clowns* exert themselves for the entertainment of *Theseus* in both; that a *pedagogue* likewise directs the sports in Love's Labour's Lost; that a character of *female frenzy,* copied from Ophelia, is notorious in the Jailor's Daughter; and that this girl, like Lady Macbeth, is attended by a *physician,* who describes the difficulties of her case, and comments on it in almost similar terms. They might, therefore, conclude, that the play before us was in part a production of the same writer. Over this line the critics behind the scene were unable to proceed. Their sagacity was insufficient to observe that the general current of the style was even throughout the whole, and bore no marks of a divided hand. Hence, perhaps, the *sol geminus* and *duplices Thebæ*

of these very incompetent judges, who, like staunch match-makers, were desirous that the widowed muse of Fletcher should not long remain without a bed-fellow.

" Lest it should be urged that one of my arguments against Shakspeare's co-operation in The Two Noble Kinsmen would equally militate against his share in Pericles, it becomes necessary for me to ward off any objection to that purpose, by remarking, that the circumstances attendant on these two dramas are not exactly parallel. Shakspeare probably furnished his share in the latter at an early period of his authorship, and afterwards (having never owned it, or supposing it to be forgotten,) was willing to profit by the most valuable lines and ideas it contained. But he would scarce have been considered himself as an object of imitation before he had reached his meridian fame; and, in my opinion, The Two Noble Kinsmen could not have been composed till after 1611, nor perhaps antecedent to the death of Beaumont and our author, when assistance and competition ceased, and the poet who resembled the latter most had the fairest prospect of success. During the life of Beaumont, which concluded in 1615, it cannot well be supposed that Fletcher would have deserted him to write in concert with any other dramatist. Shakspeare survived Beaumont only by one year, and during that time is known to have lived in Warwickshire, beyond the reach of Fletcher, who continued to reside in London till he fell a sacrifice to the plague in 1625; so that there was no opportunity for them to have joined in personal conference relative to the Two Noble Kinsmen; and without frequent interviews between confederate writers, a consistent tragedy can hardly be produced. Yet such precautions will be sometimes inefficient in producing conformity of plan, even when confederate authors are within reach of each other. Thus Dryden, in the third act of Oedipus, has made Tiresias say to the Theban monarch,

——— if e'er we meet again, 'twill be
In mutual darkness; we shall feel before us
To reach each other's hand.———

But, alas! for want of adverting to this speech, Lee has counteracted it in the fourth act, where Tiresias has another interview with Oedipus before the extinction of his eyes, a circumstance that does not take place till the fifth act.

" But, at whatever time of Shakspeare's life Pericles was brought forth, it will not be found, on examination, to comprize a fifth part of the coincidences which may be detected in its successor; neither will a tenth division of the same relations be discovered in any one of his thirty-five dramas which have hitherto been published together.

" To conclude, it is peculiarly apparent, that this tragedy of The Two Noble Kinsmen was printed from a prompter's copy, as it ex-

hibits such stage directions as I do not remember to have seen in any other drama of the same period. We may likewise take notice, that there are fewer hemistichs in it than in any other of Shakspeare's acknowledged productions. If one speech concludes with an imperfect verse, the next in general completes it. This is some indication of a writer more studious of neatness in composition than the pretended associate of Fletcher.

"In the course of my investigation, I am pleased to find that I differ but on one occasion from Mr Colman; and that is, in my disbelief that Beaumont had any share in this tragedy. The utmost beauties that it contains were within the reach of Fletcher, who has a right to wear,

> Without corrival, all his dignities:
> But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

because there is no reason for supposing any poet but Chaucer has a right to dispute with him the reputation which the tale of Palamon and Arcite has so long and so indisputably maintained."
—*Reed's Shakspeare*, 1803. *vol.* XXI. p. 401.

Mr Lamb, in his Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakspeare, (Lond. 1808, 8vo,) has extracted three scenes from the present tragedy, and subjoined the following note, which, as it in general coincides with, and supports, the opinion of the present editor on this interesting question, has been inserted, before proceeding to a more detailed examination of the subject.

"This scene [the dialogue of Palamon and Arcite in prison, p. 40,] bears indubitable marks of Fletcher: The two which precede it, [*viz.* the first scene of the first act, and the description of female friendship in the second scene of the same, p. 28,] give strong countenance to the tradition that Shakspeare had a hand in this play. The same judgment may be formed of the death of Arcite, and some other passages not here given. They have a luxuriance in them, which strongly resembles Shakspeare's manner in those plays where, the progress of the interest being subordinate, the poet was at leisure for description. I might fetch instances from Troilus and Timon. That Fletcher should have copied Shakspeare's manner in so many entire scenes (which is the theory of Steevens,) is not very probable; that he could have done it with such facility, is, to me, not certain. His ideas moved slow; his versification, though sweet, is tedious; it stops every moment; he lays line upon line, making up one after the other; adding image to image so deliberately, that we see where they join: Shakspeare mingles every thing; he runs line into line, embarrasses sentences and metaphors; before one idea has burst its shell, another is hatched and clamorous for disclosure. If Fletcher wrote some scenes in imitation, why did he stop? Or shall we say that Shakspeare wrote the other scenes in imitation of Fletcher? That he

gave Shakspeare a curb and a bridle, and that Shakspeare gave him a pair of spurs; as Blackmore and Lucan are brought in exchanging gifts, in the Battle of the Books!"

As to Mr Colman's arguments, he seems to have been so little acquainted with the minute criticism which is required for a subject like the present, and the observations of Seward, which they are intended to refute, are so vague and indeterminate, so entirely hazarded by chance, and without due examination of correlative circumstances, that any examination would be wasted in the attempt to confute them. Besides, every thing which he has advanced of any moment is so much more accurately stated by Steevens, that the following observations may be confined to the strictures of the latter, without any injustice to Mr Colman.

The strongest argument to prove the co-operation of Shakspeare in The Two Noble Kinsmen, is, certainly, the entire difference between some scenes and others, in point of language, metaphor, and versification; which is so strong, that it is very wonderful how Steevens could fail to be struck with it. He calls upon any critic to select the scenes which they would be inclined to ascribe to Shakspeare, asserting that the general current of the style "is even throughout, and bears no marks of a divided hand." Now this was certainly said at random, without the usual critical sagacity of Mr Steevens. Nothing can be more distinct than the style, for instance, of the first and second act. In the first, the language is far more metaphorical and involved, so that the body of notes requisite to illustrate the text, is about three times the volume of those necessary in the latter. Another and a still more decisive variation appears in the versification. In the first act, the lines, as Mr Lamb observes, are run one into the other; in the second, the peculiarities of Fletcher's versification, which the same critic notices, are extremely apparent. Most of the lines finish a division of a sentence; a full point very rarely occurs in the midst of a verse; and, what Mr Lamb has not noticed, the number of double terminations of the verses is greater here, as well as in all the plays of Fletcher, than in the metre of any contemporary dramatist.[1] Another strong presumption that Shakspeare shared in this drama is, the number of uncommon words in the particular scenes which he may be supposed to have written,[2] whereas the remaining parts exhibit very few

[1] Taking an equal number of lines in the different parts which are attributed to Shakspeare and to Fletcher, the number of female, or double terminations in the former, is less than one to four; on the contrary, in the scenes attributed to Fletcher the number of double and triple terminations is nearly three times that of the single ones.

[2] For instance—*counter-reflect*, (a noun); *meditance; couch*, and *corslet*, (used as verbs); *operance: appointment*, for military accoutrements; *masoned; globy eyes; scurril; disroot; dis-seat* &c. &c.

indeed; and Fletcher's language is, in general, peculiarly free from such words, which Shakspeare is remarkably fond of. In short, an attentive reader will easily perceive that some of the scenes so strongly resemble the style of Shakspeare, and that of none of his contemporaries, and others bear the equally well-marked stamp of Fletcher, that no adventitious circumstances can overweigh this evidence, when combined with the authority of the title-page, and the play-house tradition, which is acknowledged by Steevens himself. The internal evidence, indeed, induced so judicious and even sceptical a critic as Dr Farmer to state his unqualified belief in Shakspeare's claim to a share in this tragedy.

But it is necessary to examine the rest of the evidence adduced by Steevens, to prove that Fletcher was the sole author of The Two Noble Kinsmen; and, though the well-known antiquarian learning of that commentator is of great weight, yet the task of refuting his argument is not altogether hopeless.

In the first place, the puff in the title-page, "those memorable worthies," offends Mr Steevens; but a slight acquaintance with the verbosity of the titles of the old quartos of Shakspeare's plays, in comparison of which this is remarkably modest, will easily excuse this epithet in a bookseller, who wished to dispose of the impression to the best advantage. The circumstance of John Waterson having no copyright in Shakspeare's plays is of little moment; he published several of Fletcher's dramas, and might have obtained the manuscript of the present play from the comedians at the Blackfriars, in the same manner as he procured the others after Fletcher's death. The omission of the tragedy in the folios of Shakspeare appears at first sight a weighty objection, which will, however, fall to the ground, when it is considered that Ben Jonson omitted several plays which he had wrote in conjunction with others, (such as Eastward-Hoe and the Widow,) in the folio which he published. Besides, the publishers of the folios of 1623 and 1632 might not have been able, from various circumstances, to obtain a copy of The Two Noble Kinsmen, which was not printed till 1634. Add to this, that they omitted The Yorkshire Tragedy, which Mr Steevens has taken great and successful means to prove the work of Shakspeare. As to the editors of the third and fourth folios, (printed in 1664 and 1685,) they have too clearly proved their ignorance of the subject to deserve any attention. Kirkman's ascribing The Birth of Merlin to Shakspeare and Rowley is not of equal authority with the title-page of our play, as he did not publish it till after the Restoration, when such an imposition might be practised with far less chance of detection, as the civil wars had almost obliterated all remembrance of the golden æra of the stage.

The next argument of Steevens is, that we do not know of any

intimacy having taken place between the two poets, and the little likelihood of a gentleman of fortune "associating with needy poets and mercenary players." With regard to the former, we know that the poetical friendships of the time were peculiarly wavering; that Ben Jonson quarrelled and fought with Marston, once his most intimate friend; and that the same poet received Shakspeare's active assistance in the composition of Sejanus, notwithstanding the rivalry which certainly took place between them. As to the latter objection, we know the contrary from direct evidence. Fletcher wrote in conjunction with Daborne, Massinger, and Field a player, who were so needy at the time, that they were compelled to request a loan of five pounds on the money they were to receive for the play in question, in order to bail them out of prison. Nor is there any proof that Fletcher was ever on bad terms with the bard of Avon.

In the next paragraph, Mr Steevens advances his theory, that Fletcher wrote this play in imitation of Shakspeare, without adverting to the inequality of the language in the different acts, which has been noticed before. He says, that the associates would have coalesced more completely; but when it is considered that the portions of any one play written by Beaumont and Fletcher are generally distinguishable, surely the much more distinct styles of the latter and Shakspeare must be still more so. Mr Steevens has not been able to adduce a single play where one poet imitated the style of another previous to the appearance of Dryden's All for Love, and Rowe's Jane Shore, and the ill success of these professed imitations proves the difficulty, if not impossibility, of the undertaking. In later times a female dramatist (Joanna Baillie) has succeeded much better; but none of her scenes approach to the very identity of Shakspeare's style exhibited in portions of the Noble Kinsmen.

We now come to the parallel passages selected by Steevens from the present play and the dramas of Shakspeare, which, instead of rendering the co-operation of the latter improbable, strongly support the likelihood of it. About two-thirds of them, and those in general the most striking, occur in those portions which exhibit so strongly the style and language of Shakspeare. Mr Steevens observes, that they are more numerous than the coincidences in any other plays of that poet, in the ratio of ten to one; but this assertion is made at random, and might be easily disproved. In the observations on Pericles, to which the remarks on the present play are subjoined, Mr Steevens himself proves the occurrence of the same metaphor, expressed in similar words, in five different places of Shakspeare's plays, and refers to another note of his own, where the metaphor, expressed with equal similarity, is traced to three different plays. Besides, the parallel passages he quotes are in general mere recurrences of the same words.

Mr Steevens takes it for granted, that the dramatic partnership,

if it did take place, must have happened in the year between the deaths of Beaumont and Shakspeare, on the supposition that Fletcher never wrote previously without the assistance of Beaumont. But the contrary of this is known. Fletcher wrote several plays before he associated himself with the latter,[3] and the drama mentioned above, which he wrote with Daborne, Field, and Massinger, was produced between the years 1612 and 1615, previous to Beaumont's decease. Mr Steevens's supposition, that The Noble Kinsmen was written after 1611, is unsupported by any evidence. It might be the case and it might not, as there is no circumstance which can determine the date of the play.

The quarto being printed from a prompter's copy proves nothing; and Mr Steevens might have found similar stage directions in the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher. Finally, the number of hemistichs may not be equal to that in some others of Shakspeare's plays, but they are far more numerous than in the acknowledged productions of Fletcher; and almost all which do occur are in those parts which are written in Shakspeare's style. That poet is peculiarly fond of finishing a scene with a hemistich, as in the first, second, and fourth scenes of the first act, and in the very conclusion of the drama. In the same manner the addresses of Palamon, Arcite, and Emilia, to Mars, Venus, and Diana, contain a great number of hemistichs, and are generally finished with one.

With regard to Beaumont's having no share in the composition, I entirely agree with Mr Steevens; but Fletcher must be content to resign part of the applause which this play deserves, to a corrival, by whose fellowship he gains additional glory.

It remains to enumerate those portions of The Noble Kinsmen, which, in the opinion of the editor, were furnished by Shakspeare. The supposition of Warburton, that the first act was his, is supported strongly by internal evidence; but few will agree with his *ipse dixit*, that it is written in Shakspeare's worst manner. The second act bears all the marks of Fletcher's style. Of the third, I should be inclined to ascribe the first scene to Shakspeare, and in the fourth, the third scene, which is written in prose; while the other scenes, in which the madness of the Jailor's Daughter is delineated, are in verse, according to the usual practice of Fletcher. The entire last act, perhaps with the exception of the fourth scene, strongly indicates that it was the composition of Fletcher's illustrious associate. Nothing can prove his co-operation more strongly, than the beautiful description of the accident which occasioned the death of Arcite.

[3] There is evidence to suppose that Fletcher wrote for the stage in 1596, when Beaumont was only eleven years of age.

THE

MAID IN THE MILL.

BY

FLETCHER & ROWLEY.

THE

MAID IN THE MILL.

We learn from the extracts made by Mr Malone, in his Historical Account of the English Stage, from Sir Henry Herbert's office-books, that this comedy was licensed and performed at the Globe, August 29, 1623; and that it was composed by Fletcher in conjunction with Rowley, no doubt William Rowley, a dramatic author of considerable reputation at the time, and of no mean poetical powers. In the same year it was performed three times at court, which strongly evinces a very favourable reception: the first time on Michaelmas night; again, with reformations, on All-hallow's night; and, lastly, on St Steven's day. It was first printed in the folio edition of 1647. After the Restoration, it was revived by the company at the Duke's Theatre with applause, but since that period seems to have been entirely neglected.

Amongst the second class of the comedies in the present collection, The Maid in the Mill holds a very distinguished place, being sprightly and entertaining, though evidently produced in haste, and without having undergone any very accurate revision. Indeed the circumstance of Fletcher having chosen to write in conjunction in his latter days, which he was perhaps induced to do in order to serve Rowley, who was a player, and who himself performed one of the characters, seems to preclude any severe scrutiny. There is no very accurate definition of character; and the poetry, without descending to meanness, never aspires to pre-eminent excellence. The combination of the two plots is, however, skilfully managed; and, upon the whole, the comedy will always amuse in the closet, while a skilful alteration could hardly fail to meet with success on the stage. From the unusually rugged versification in the second and fourth acts, I

should be inclined to ascribe them to the pen of Rowley, whose metre is seldom very harmonious; while the greater part of the three remaining acts exhibits all the beauties and defects of Fletcher's versification.

The plot, from which the play takes its name, is founded on the thirty-sixth novel of the second volume of Bandello, which also occurs in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques,* and in Goulart's *Histoires Admirables de notre temps.* The outline of Bandello's story is as follows:—"Pietro, one of the favourites of Alessandro de Medici, endeavoured in vain to gain the love of the beautiful daughter of a miller, who dwelt near his country-house. However, with the assistance of his friends, he forcibly brought her to his house, and there he gratified his desires. The miller proceeded to Florence, and complained of this violence to the duke, who, promising to redress his wrongs, advised him to return to his mill. Alessandro followed him, and then proceeded on a visit to Pietro, and inspected his house. The latter, however, excused himself from showing one of the smaller rooms, pretending that it was in great confusion, and that the steward had taken away the key. The duke, however, insisting to see the apartment, Pietro replied, laughing, 'that he had a young girl concealed there whom he did not wish to be seen.' The girl, however, at this moment cried out, the door was burst open, and the whole matter cleared up to the duke, who threatened to behead Pietro if he did not give her a portion of two thousand ducats, and each of his companions one thousand. The duke then adopted her as his daughter, gave her in marriage to him, and threatened vengeance if he did not use her well."

The second plot of Antonio, Martine, Ismenia, and Aminta, is taken from a novel then very popular. It was written in Spanish by Don Gonzalo de Cespedes y Meneces, and an English translation by Leonard Digges, under the title of Gerardo, or the Unfortunate Spaniard, was printed in 1622. The passage in question begins at p. 350 of the translation, and the following is an abridgement:

"Geraldo, the hero of the novel, having unexpectedly met his friend Don Jayme off the coast of Barbary, and related to him his own adventures, requested him to mention the causes which had led him to so remote a shore. Don Jayme hereupon narrated, that, during his residence at Zaragoza, a dispute arose at a public feast between his uncle Don Julio de Aragon and Don Lisauro; the latter conceiving himself offended by the former. The quarrel was followed by serious rencontres, and the nobles ranged themselves into factions on the sides of the disputants. Don Julio was obliged to take a journey out of the town, and his nephew, Don Jayme, accompanied him. They travelled about three leagues, when they were compelled by a violent storm to put up at a coun-

try-house. Entering the court-yard, they found a coach just arrived, driven thither by the same necessity. After remaining there some time, the old gentleman wished to pursue his journey, when Don Jayme, curious to view the females whom he supposed to be in the coach, lifted up one of the boot-lids and looked in. Suddenly two men issued out, who, laying their hands on their swords, 'as they jointly blamed this unmannerly act, obliged him to do the like, and the rather, he knowing them to be no other than Lisauro and his kinsman Thirso, his vowed enemies.' The affray extended to the servants of the parties, and a general scuffle ensued, accompanied by the outcries of the women in the carriage. Don Julio, too eager to revenge his quarrel upon Lisauro, was thrown down, and Thirso, the nephew of the latter, wishing to pursue the advantage, attacked the fallen man, who was effectually relieved by Don Jayme. The latter disarmed his adversary, and would have followed up his good success, had he not been prevented by the lamentations of the two ladies in the coach. At the intercession of one of them, who 'had her face all covered with tiffany, which, serving as a mask, only discovered two fair eyes, but at this time covered with some tears,' he put an end to the fray, and 'signified to the unknown dame, that her discreet and noble carriage gained him to be her servant.' He with difficulty persuaded his uncle to mount his horse, and, in the hurry, forgot to take leave of the gentlewomen. Upon their return to Zaragoza, he absented himself by the advice of his uncle, and spent twenty days in a neighbouring village. The officers of justice having with difficulty pacified the parties, he returned, and endeavoured to obtain information who the unknown ladies were. One evening, 'being to meet some friends at primero,' a masked servant delivered a letter to him, which contained thanks for his interference, and gave him some distant hints of the lady's affection for him. According to appointment he answered the letter, and expressed his desire to see her and 'submit himself to her.'—''Twas now about the gladsome time of Shrovetide, more solemnly kept in Zaragoza than any other city of Spain; at which time, with some friends and kinsmen of his own age and condition, clad in colours and vizards, Don Jayme marched up and down the streets, enjoying many a mirthful opportunity: for at this time of the year the women have full liberty, and dispense with their ordinary reservedness.' The youthful friends visited several houses where revels were kept, and at last entered that of sennor Bellides, one of the opposite faction. Don Jayme was immediately struck by the rare beauty of one of the ladies. She discovered him, and addressed him by name, expressing her satisfaction at seeing him, when she was interrupted by one of the gallants, who 'invited her out to a galliard.' The lover communicated the state of his heart to one of his friends, and was informed that she was

the daughter of Don Bellides, which still more perplexed and involved him in meditations how his purpose could be accomplished. During the merry Shrove-tide, he met the lady divers times, but could never obtain a moment's conversation with her. His passion for the daughter of Don Bellides did not blot out of the memory of Don Jayme the remembrance of the lady whom he had beheld in the country, and who sent him a letter full of jealous complaints. She 'particularized also the most singular acts and signs, even to the very phrase he used to the dame of the revels,' which astonished and greatly perplexed him. He resolved to deny all, and requested an interview. But she did not attend to his solicitations, and he, 'slackening the return of answers to her tickets,' resolved to 're-prosecute his amorous intents with the spritely dame of the revels,' and revealed them to her in a serenade, which was heard not only by her, but the whole neighbourhood. The following day he was upbraided for this want of fidelity by the supposed country-lady, and invited to an interview the ensuing night. He was accordingly conducted into a narrow lane, and left under a ruinous wall to expect further notice. After a long hour a woman appeared at a window, who bade him mount the wall, from whence he perceived that his inamorata was no other than the daughter of sennor Bellides. Having framed an address to the country-dame, he was unprepared for such a discovery, and stood mute till she informed him that she and the latter were the same, that her name was Ismenia, and that nothing but the enmity of their parents had prevented her hitherto from giving him an assignation. The thoughts of the lovers 'turned strait into mirthful pastime,' and the circumstances of their first meeting were mutually explained. Ismenia was on that day to set out with her mother, 'the fore-mentioned woman in the fray,' to a neighbouring village to visit her sick father. Day came on; the lovers parted, and appointed subsequent meetings in the same place. The next night, Don Jayme having again mounted the old wall, three or four persons entered the lane, whom he heard closely whispering. His confusion was increased by Ismenia appearing at the window, calling upon him to draw nearer. The men approached, and the lover suddenly 'let fly at them outrageously,' and killed one of them. The rest fled, others came to their assistance, and Don Jayme thought it prudent to retire. The following morning he understood that the persons whom he had assailed were in search of a criminal, and was warned by Ismenia to absent himself for some time from Zaragoza. On his return he again proceeded to the appointed place of meeting, accompanied by his friend Don Martin de Urrea. These visits were frequently repeated, and the passion of the lovers increased so violently, that a night was appointed for the final consummation of their wishes; Don Jayme taking 'Heaven and her true servant to

witness of his hand and faithful vow to be her spouse.' His uneasiness the next morning was perceived by Don Martin, who wrung the secret out of him, being considered by the lover as his most faithful friend. Don Martin resolved to accompany him, and, under pretence of a more complete disguise, persuaded Don Jayme to exchange his cloak with him. The latter having mounted the wall, two men came into the lane, and suddenly set upon his companion. Don Jayme leaped down and drove them off. On his return he perceived the window to be closely shut, which he supposed to be on account of Ismenia's having heard the clashing of swords, and her apprehending a discovery in consequence. The next morning her servant brought him a letter, expressing her eagerness to renew the transports of the former night. The lover, full of grief and perplexity, went to Don Martin's lodgings, but could obtain no admittance. He instantly flew to Ismenia, who upbraided him with his present sadness, and the utter silence he had preserved the preceding night. Don Jayme, hearing his suspicions confirmed, swooned in her arms; and a purse left by him, who 'possessed the place and her honour,' in which a little book bearing Don Martin's name was inclosed, led to a final disclosure of his treachery. The maid immediately confessed that he had frequently importuned her to awaken the jealousy of Ismenia, and to inform her of Don Jayme's infidelity, adding, that his only desire was to revenge himself upon the house of Bellides; at the same time declaring his own affection. When he perceived that these arts were unavailing, he pretended that his only purpose had been to try the fidelity of Ismenia to his friend. Don Jayme immediately resolved upon vengeance. He lay in wait for the traitor, but soon understood that he had absconded. He proceeded to the post-office, and looking through the letters, found one addressed to one of his kinsmen. Breaking it open he discovered that it came from Don Martin, and contained a request to his relation to send him certain monies and trunks of apparel to Oran, in Barbary. Having acquainted Ismenia with this welcome discovery, he set out for Oran, 'to kill his enemy.' After a short passage he arrived, in a small bark, at the port of Massalquibir, and was there informed, by a soldier, of Don Martin's arrival. He sent the soldier into the town to inform Don Martin that his trunks were landed, who promised to fetch them away that night. Don Jayme set out towards Oran, and waited two or three hours under some rocks, almost despairing of the fidelity of his messenger. At last a horseman appeared, and asked him whether he travelled towards the city or the port. Don Jayme, recognising his enemy, exclaimed, 'Thyself, false Don Martin, art the port and haven to which I go, at which the satisfaction of my revenge must safely

land.' He then bade him stand on his defence; and, when his treacherous friend endeavoured to excuse himself, he would not hear him, but attacked and killed him on the spot. Don Jayme concluded his relation to Gerardo, by declaring his resolution upon his return to espouse Ismenia."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Philippo, *king of Spain.*
Otrante, *a Spanish count, in love with Florimel.*
Julio, *a nobleman, uncle to Antonio.*
Bellides, *father to Ismenia, enemy to Julio.*
Lisauro, *brother to Ismenia, Bellides' son.*
Terzo, *kinsman to Lisauro, and friend to Bellides.*
Antonio, *in love with Ismenia, an enemy to Bellides.*
Martine,[1] *friend to Antonio, and his secret rival.*
Gerasto, *friend to Otrante.*
Pedro. } *two courtiers.*
Moncado, }
Gostanzo, }
Giraldo, } *three gentlemen, friends to Julio.*
Philippo, }
Vertigo, *a French tailor.*
Franio, *a miller, supposed father to Florimel.*
Bustopha, *Franio's son, a clown.*
Pedro, *a songster.*
Lords attending the king in progress.
Gentlemen, shepherd, constable, officers, servants, a boy, &c.

Ismenia, *daughter to Bellides, mistress of Antonio.*
Aminta, *cousin to Ismenia, and her private competitrix in Antonio's love.*
Florimel, *supposed daughter to Franio, daughter to Julio, stolen from him a child.*

[1] *Martine.*] This character has been called *Martino* in the modern copies, though he is called *Martine* in the first folio throughout, and though the measure is frequently spoiled by the alteration.

Gillian, *Franio's wife.*
Country maids.

SCENE,—Toledo and the neighbouring Country.

The principal Actors were,

Joseph Taylor.
John Lowin.
John Underwood.
William Rowley.
John Thomson.
Robert Benfield.
Tho. Polard.

THE

MAID IN THE MILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Country.

Enter LISAURO, TERZO, ISMENIA, *and* AMINTA.

Lisauro. Let the coach go round! we'll walk along these meadows,
And meet at port[1] again.—Come, my fair sister,
These cool shades will delight you.
Amin. Pray be merry:
The birds sing as they meant to entertain you;
Every thing smiles abroad; methinks the river,
As he steals by, curls up his head, to view you:
Every thing is in love.
Ism. You would have it so.
You, that are fair, are easy of belief, cousin;

[1] *At port.*] That is, at the gate of the city.—*Mason.*

The theme slides from your tongue——

Amin. I fair? I thank you!
Mine is but shadow when your sun shines by me.

Ism. No more of this; you know your worth, Aminta.
Where are we now?

Amin. Hard by the town, Ismenia.

Terzo. Close by the gates.

Ism. 'Tis a fine air.

Lis. A delicate;
The way so sweet and even, that the coach
Would be a tumbling trouble to our pleasures.
Methinks I am very merry.

Ism. I am sad.

Amin. You are ever so when we entreat you, cousin.

Ism. I have no reason. Such a trembling here,
Over my heart, methinks——

Amin. Sure you are fasting,
Or not slept well to-night; some dream, Ismenia?

Ism. My dreams are like my thoughts, honest and innocent;
Yours are unhappy.[2] Who are these that coast us?[3]
You told me the walk was private.

Enter ANTONIO *and* MARTINE.

Terzo. 'Tis most commonly.

[2] *Unhappy.*] That is, wicked. So in The Miseries of Inforced Marriage, by Wilkins—

—"I am sure they are great sinners
That made this match, and were *unhappy* men."

[3] *Coast us*, &c.] This passage supports the propriety of the following lines in The Loyal Subject, where Mr Reed wished to read *cote* for *coast*:—

——"Lord Burris,
Take you those horse and *coast* 'em."

Ism. Two proper men! It seems they have some business;
With me none sure. I do not like their faces;
They are not of our company.

Terzo. No, cousin.—
Lisauro, we are dogg'd.

Lis. I find it, cousin.

Ant. What handsome lady?

Mart. Yes, she's very handsome;
They are handsome both.

Ant. Martine, stay; we are cozen'd.

Mart. I will go up: A woman is no wildfire.

Ant. Now, by my life, she is sweet. Stay, good Martine!
They are of our enemies, the house of Bellides;
Our mortal enemies.

Mart. Let them be devils,
They appear so handsomely, I will go forward.
If these be enemies, I'll ne'er seek friends more.

Ant. Pr'ythee, forbear! the gentlewomen——

Mart. That's it, man,
That moves me like a gin.[4] Pray ye stand off.—Ladies——

Lis. They are both our enemies, both hate us equally;
By this fair day, our mortal foes!

Terzo. I know 'em.—
And come here to affront! How they gape at us!
They shall have gaping work. [*They draw.*

Ism. Why your swords, gentlemen?

Terzo. Pray you stand you off, cousin;—
And good now leave your whistling!—We are abused all!—
Back, back, I say!

Lis. Go back!

[4] *That moves me like a* gin.] That is, an engine or instrument.

Ant. We are no dogs, sir,
To run back on command.
Terzo. We'll make ye run, sir.
Ant. Having a civil charge of handsome ladies,
We are your servants! Pray ye no quarrel, gentlemen.
There's way enough for both.
Lis. We'll make it wider.
Ant. If you will fight, arm'd for this saint, have at ye! [*They fight.*
Ism. Oh, me unhappy! Are ye gentlemen,
Discreet and civil, and in open view thus——
Amin. What will men think of us! Nay, you may kill us.
Mercy o' me! through my petticoat? what bloody gentlemen!
Ism. Make way through me, ye had best, and kill an innocent!
Brother! why, cousin! by this light, I'll die too!
This gentleman is temperate; be you merciful!
Alas, the swords!
Amin. You had best run me through the belly![5]
'Twill be a valiant thrust.
Ism. I faint amongst ye.
Ant. Pray ye be not fearful! I have done, sweet lady;
My sword's already awed, and shall obey you.
I come not here to violate sweet beauty;
I bow to that.
Ism. Brother, you see this gentleman,
This noble gentleman—
Lis. Let him avoid then,
And leave our walk!
Ant. The lady may command, sir;

[5] *You had best run me through* the belly.] The two last words are omitted in the second folio and the modern copies.

She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon.
Ism. What a sweet nature this man has! Dear brother,
Put up your sword.
Terzo. Let them put up, and walk then.
Ant. No more loud words! there's time enough before us
For shame, put up! do honour to these beauties.
Mart. Our way is this; we will not be denied it.
Terzo. And ours is this, we will not be cross'd in it.
Ant. Whate'er your way is, lady, 'tis a fair one;
And may it never meet with rude hands more,
Nor rough uncivil tongues!
[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* MARTINE.
Ism. I thank you, sir,
Indeed I thank you nobly!—A brave enemy:
Here's a sweet temper now! This is a man, brother;
This gentleman's anger is so nobly seated,
That it becomes him; yours proclaim ye monsters.
What if he be your house-foe? we may brag on't;
We have ne'er a friend in all our house so honourable:
I had rather from an enemy, my brother,
Learn worthy distances and modest difference,[6]
Than from a race of empty friends loud nothings.
I am hurt between ye.
Amin. So am I, I fear too.
I am sure their swords were between my legs.[7] Dear cousin,
Why look you pale? where are you hurt?

[6] *And modest* difference.] Sympson and Seward suppose this a corruption of orthography, and read *deference*, which the last editors retain. The old text is, however, probably right, meaning a difference, or quarrel, modestly maintained

[7] *I'm sure their swords were between my legs.*] These words are retrieved from the first folio.—Ed. 1778.

Ism. I know not;
But here methinks.
Lis. Unlace her, gentle cousin.
Ism. My heart, my heart! and yet I bless the hurter.
Amin. Is it so dangerous?
Ism. Nay, nay, I faint not.
Amin. Here is no blood that I find; sure 'tis inward.
Ism. Yes, yes, 'tis inward; 'twas a subtle weapon;
The hurt not to be cured, I fear.
Lis. The coach there!
Amin. May be a fright.
Ism. Aminta, 'twas a sweet one;
And yet a cruel.
Amin. Now I find the wound plain:
A wond'rous handsome gentleman——
Ism. Oh, no deeper!
Pr'ythee be silent, wench; it may be thy case.
Amin. You must be search'd; the wound will rankle, cousin.—
And of so sweet a nature——
Ism. Dear Aminta,
Make it not sorer!
Amin. And on my life admires you.
Ism. Call the coach, cousin.
Amin. The coach, the coach!
Terzo. 'Tis ready. Bring the coach there!
Lis. Well, my brave enemies, we shall yet meet ye,
And our old hate shall testify——
Terzo. It shall, cousin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Toledo. A Room in the House of Antonio.

Enter ANTONIO *and* MARTINE.

Ant. Their swords! alas, I weigh 'em not, dear friend;
The indiscretion of the owners blunts 'em;
The fury of the house affrights not me,
It spends itself in words. Oh me, Martine!
There was a two-edged eye, a lady carried,
A weapon that no valour can avoid,
Nor art, the hand of spirit, put aside.
Oh, friend, it broke out on me, like a bullet
Wrapt in a cloud of fire; that point, Martine,
Dazzled my sense,[8] and was too subtle for me;
Shot like a comet in my face, and wounded
(To my eternal ruin) my heart's valour.
Mart. Methinks she was no such piece.
Ant. Blaspheme not, sir!
She is so far beyond weak commendation,
That Impudence will blush to think ill of her.
Mart. I see it not, and yet I had both eyes open,
And I could judge; I know there is no beauty
Till our eyes give it 'em, and make 'em handsome:

[8] Dazzled *my* sense.] Seward thinks it would be keeping closer to the metaphor to read, BAFFLED *my* FENCE; but the old reading carries on the metaphor best. *Dazzled* is much most applicable to the *point* of a *two-edged eye*, which he immediately after compares to a comet.—Ed. 1778.

What's red and white, unless we do allow 'em?
A green face else; and methinks such another—

Ant. Peace, thou lewd heretic! thou judge of beauties?
Thou hast an excellent sense for a sign-post, friend.
Didst thou not see, (I'll swear thou art stone-blind else,[9]
As blind as Ignorance) when she appear'd first,
Aurora breaking in the East? and through her face,
(As if the hours and graces had strew'd roses)
A blush of wonder flying? when she was frighted
At our uncivil swords, didst thou not mark
How far beyond the purity of snow
The soft wind drives, whiteness of innocence,
Or any thing that bears celestial paleness,
She appeared o' th' sudden? Didst thou not see her tears
When she entreated? Oh, thou reprobate!
Didst thou not see those orient tears flow'd from her,
The little worlds of love? A set, Martine,
Of such sanctified beads, and a holy heart to love,
I could live ever a religious hermit.

Mart. I do believe a little; and yet, methinks,
She was of the lowest stature.

Ant. A rich diamond,
Set neat and deep! Nature's chief art, Martine,
Is to reserve her models curious,
Not cumbersome and great; and such a one,
For fear she should exceed upon her matter,
Has she framed this. Oh, 'tis a spark of beauty!
And where they appear so excellent in little,
They will but flame in great;[1] extension spoils 'em.

[9] Dost *thou not see (I'll swear thou art* soon *blind else.)* Amended in 1750.

[1] *They will* but flame *in great.*] If this be genuine, *flame*, when

Martine, learn this; the narrower that our eyes
Keep way unto our object, still the sweeter
That comes unto us: Great bodies are like countries,
Discovering still, toil and no pleasure finds 'em.
Mart A rare cosmographer for a small island!
Now I believe she's handsome.
Ant. Believe heartily;
Let thy belief, though long a-coming, save thee.
Mart. She was, certain, fair.
Ant. But hark you, friend Martine!
Do not believe yourself too far before me;
For then you may wrong me, sir.
Mart. Who bid you teach me?
Do you shew me meat, and stitch my lips, Antonio?
Is that fair play?
Ant. Now if thou shouldst abuse me—
And yet I know thee for an arrant wencher,
A most immoderate thing; thou canst not love long.
Mart. A little serves my turn; I fly at all games;
But I believe——
Ant. How if we never see her more?
She is our enemy.
Mart. Why are you jealous then?
As far as I conceive, she hates our whole house.
Ant. Yet, good Martine——
Mart. Come, come; I have mercy on you:
You shall enjoy her in your dream, Antonio,

applied to beauty, must be a term of contempt, whereas it is, I believe, universally applied to it as a term of excellence. I verily think the original was, *not flame*, and then the reason that follows is just, *because extension spoils 'em.*—Seward.

This [the text] is the true reading, and Seward mistakes the meaning of the passage. The allusion, though rather obscurely expressed, is to the rays of light, which are infinitely more bright when collected in a small focus, (a spark of beauty,) than when dispersed; for then they only flame, but without brilliancy.—*Mason.*

And I'll not hinder. Though, now I persuade myself—

Ant. Sit with persuasion down, and you deal honestly;
I will look better on her.

Enter AMINTA *with a Letter.*

Mart. Stay; who's this, friend?

Ant. Is't not the other gentlewoman?

Mart. Yes. A letter!
She brings no challenge sure? If she do, Antonio,
I hope she'll be a second too; I am for her.

Amin. A good hour, gentlemen!

Ant. You are welcome, lady!
'Tis like our late rude passage has pour'd on us
Some reprehension.

Amin. No, I bring no anger;
Though some deserved it.

Ant. Sure we are all to blame, lady:
But for my part, in all humility,
And with no little shame, I ask your pardons!
Indeed I wear no sword to fright sweet beauties.

Amin. You have it; and this letter, pray you, sir, view it,
And my commission's done.

Mart. Have you none for me, lady?

Amin. Not at this time.

Mart. I am sorry for't; I can read too.

Amin. I am glad: But, sir, to keep you in your exercise,
You may chance meet with one ill written.

Mart. Thank you!
So it be a woman's, I can pick the meaning;
For likely they have but one end.

Amin. You say true, sir. [*Exit.*

Ant. Martine, my wishes are come home and loaden,
Loaden with brave return; most happy, happy!
I am a blessed man!—Where's the gentlewoman?

Mart Gone, the spirit's gone; what news?

Ant. 'Tis from the lady;
From her we saw; from that same miracle!
I know her name now. Read but these three lines;
Read with devotion, friend! the lines are holy.

Mart. [*Reading.*] " I dare not chide you in my letter, sir;
'Twill be too gentle: If you please to look me
In the West-street, and find a fair stone window
Carved with white Cupids, there I'll entertain you:
Night and discretion guide you. Call me Ismenia."

Ant. Give it me again! Come, come; fly, fly!
I am all fire!

Mart. There may be danger.

Ant. So there is to drink,
When men are thirsty; to eat hastily,
When we are hungry; so there is in sleep, friend,
Obstructions then may rise and smother us;
We may die laughing-choak'd; even at devotions,
An apoplexy,[a] or a sudden palsy,
May strike us down.

Mart. May be, a train to catch you.

Ant. Then I am caught; and let Love answer for it!
'Tis not my folly, but his infamy;
And if he be adored, and dare do vile things——

Mart Well, I will go.

Ant. She is a lady, sir,
A maid, I think, and where that holy spell

[a] *We may die* laughing, choak'd *even at devotions:*
An apoplexy, &c.] Corrected by Seward.

Is flung about me, I ne'er fear a villainy.
'Tis almost night; away, friend!
Mart. I am ready:
I think I know the house too.
Ant. Then we are happy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Night. A Street before the House of Bellides.

Enter ISMENIA *and* AMINTA.

Ism. Did you meet him?
Amin. Yes.
Ism. And did you give my letter?
Amin. To what end went I?
Ism. Are you sure it was he?
Was it that gentleman?
Amin. Do you think I was blind?
I went to seek no carrier, nor no midwife.
Ism. What kind of man was he? Thou may'st be deceived, friend.
Amin. A man with a nose on's face; I think he had eyes too;
And hands, for sure he took it.
Ism. What an answer!
Amin. What questions are these to one that's hot and troubled!
Do you think me a babe? Am I not able, cousin,
At my years and discretion, to deliver
A letter handsomely? is that such a hard thing?
Why every wafer-woman[3] will undertake it:

[3] *Wafer-woman.*] A woman who sells cakes. See vol. X. p. 41.

A sempster's girl, or a tailor's wife, will not miss it:
A puritan hostess, cousin, would scorn these questions.
My legs are weary.
Ism. I'll make 'em well again.
Amin. Are they at supper?
Ism. Yes, and I am not well,
Nor desire no company. Look out, 'tis darkish.
Amin. I see nothing yet. Assure yourself, Ismenia,
If he be a man, he will not miss.
Ism. It may be he is modest,
And that may pull him back from seeing me;
Or has made some wild construction of my easiness:
I blush to think what I writ.
Amin. What should you blush at?
Blush when you act your thoughts, not when you write 'em;
Blush soft between a pair of sheets, sweet cousin.
Though he be a curious-carried gentleman, I cannot think
He's so unnatural to leave a woman,
(A young, a noble, and a beauteous woman)
Leave her in her desires: Men of this age
Are rather prone to come before they are sent for.
Hark! I hear something: Up to th' chamber, cousin!
You may spoil all else.

Enter ANTONIO *and* MARTINE.

Ism. Let me see! They are gentlemen;
It may be they.
Amin. They are they. Get you up,

And like a load-star draw him![4]
Ism. I am shame-faced!
[*Exeunt* ISMENIA *and* AMINTA *into the House.*
Ant This is the street.
Mart. I am looking for the house.
Close, close, pray you close!—Here.
Ant. No; this is a merchant's;
I know the man well.
Mart. And this is a 'pothecary's: I have lain here many times,
For a looseness in my hilts.
Ant. Have you not past it?
Mart. No sure;
There is no house of mark that we have 'scaped yet.
Ant. What place is this?
Mart. Speak softer! 'may be spies.
If any, this; a goodly window too,
Carved fair above![5] that I perceive. 'Tis dark;
But she has such a lustre——

ISMENIA *and* AMINTA *appear at the Window with a Taper.*

Ant. Yes, Martino;
So radiant she appears——
Mart. Else we may miss, sir.
The night grows vengeance black: Pray Heaven she shine clear!
Hark, hark! a window, and a candle too!
Ant. Step close. 'Tis she! I see the cloud disperse;
And now the beauteous planet——
Mart. Ha! 'tis indeed.

[4] *And like a* land-*star.*] Amended in 1750.
[5] *Carved* far *above.*] Varied in 1750.

Now, by the soul of love, a divine creature!

Ism. Sir, sir!

Ant. Most blessed lady!

Ism. Pray you stand out.

Amin. You need not fear; there's nobody now stirring.

Mart. Beyond his commendation I am taken,
Infinite strangely taken. [*Aside.*

Amin. I love that gentleman;
Methinks he has a dainty nimble body:
I love him heartily.

Ism. 'Tis the right gentleman;
But what to say to him?—Sir——

Amin. Speak.

Ant. I wait still;
And will do till I grow another pillar,
To prop this house, so it please you.

Ism. Speak softly;
And pray you speak truly too.

Ant. I never lied, lady.

Ism. And do not think me impudent to ask you—
I know you are an enemy, (speak low!)
But I would make you a friend.

Ant. I am friend to beauty;
There is no handsomeness I dare be foe to.

Ism. Are you married?

Ant. No.

Ism. Are you betrothed?

Ant. No, neither.

Ism. Indeed, fair sir?

Ant. Indeed, fair sweet, I am not.
Most beauteous virgin, I am free as you are.

Ism. That may be, sir; then you are miserable,
For I am bound.

Ant. Happy the bonds that hold you!
Or do you put them on yourself for pleasure?
Sure they be sweeter far than liberty:

There is no blessedness but in such bondage.
Give me that freedom, madam, I beseech you,
(Since you have questioned me so cunningly)
To ask you whom you are bound to; he must be certain
More than human, that bounds in such a beauty:
Happy that happy chain! such links are heavenly.

Ism. Pray you do not mock me, sir.

Ant. Pray you, lady, tell me.

Ism. Will you believe? and will you keep it to you?
And not scorn what I speak?

Ant. I dare not, madam;
As oracle, what you say I dare swear to.

Ism. I'll set the candle by, for I shall blush now—
Fy, how it doubles in my mouth! It must out.—
'Tis you I am bound to.

Ant. Speak that word again!
I understand you not.

Ism. 'Tis you I am bound to.

Ant. Here is another gentleman.

Ism. 'Tis you, sir.

Amin. He may be loved too.

Mart. Not by thee; first curse me! [*Aside.*

Ism. And if I knew your name——

Ant. Antonio, madam.

Ism. Antonio, take this kiss; 'tis you I am bound to.

Ant. And when I set you free, may Heaven forsake me!
Ismenia——

Ism. Yes, now I perceive you love me;
You have learned my name.

Ant. Hear but some vows I make to you;
Hear but the protestations of a true love.

Ism. No, no, not now: Vows should be cheerful things,

Done in the clearest light, and noblest testimony:
No vow, dear sir! tie not my fair belief
To such strict terms; those men have broken credits,
Loose and dismember'd faiths, my dear Antonio,
That splinter 'em with vows. Am I not too bold?
Correct me when you please.
Ant. I had rather hear you,
For so sweet music never struck mine ears yet.
Will you believe now?
Ism. Yes.
Ant. I am yours.
Ism. Speak louder;
If you answer the priest so low, you'll lose your wedding.
Mart. Would I might speak! I would holloa.
Ant. Take my heart;
And if it be not firm and honest to you,
Heaven——
Ism. Peace; no more! I'll keep your heart, and credit it:
Keep you your word. When will you come again, friend?
For this time we have woo'd indifferently:
I would fain see you, when I dare be bolder.
Ant. Why, any night. Only, dear noble mistress,
Pardon three days! My uncle Julio
Has bound me to attend him upon promise,
Upon expectation too: We have rare sports there,
Rare country sports; I would you could but see 'em!
Dare you so honour me?
Ism. I dare not be there;
You know I dare not; no, I must not, friend.
Where I may come with honourable freedom—
Alas, I am ill too; we in love——
Ant. You flout me.

Ism. Trust me, I do not; I speak truth, I am sickly,
And am in love; but you must be physician.

Ant. I'll make a plaister of my best affection.[6]

Ism. Be gone! we have supp'd: I hear the people stir.
Take my best wishes! Give me no cause, Antonio,
To curse this happy night.

Ant. I'll lose my life first.
A thousand kisses!

Ism Take ten thousand back again!

Mart. I am dumb with admiration!—Shall we go, sir? [*Exeunt* Antonio *and* Martine.

Ism. Dost thou know his uncle?

Amin. No, but I can ask, cousin.

Ism. I'll tell thee more of that. Come, let's to bed both;
And give me handsome dreams, Love, I beseech thee!

Amin. He has given you a handsome subject.

Ism. Pluck-to the windows.[7] [*Exeunt.*

[6] *I'll make a plaister of my best affection.*] This is a vile phrase, and would damn any modern play.—*Mason.*

[7] This scene naturally reminds us of a similar one in Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet; to which this, with all its beauties, must be allowed to be much inferior.—Ed. 1778.

The following direction at the close of this act proves the play to have been printed from a prompter's copy—"Six chairs placed at the arras."

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Country. Before the Mill of Franio.

Enter Bustopha.

Bust. [*Reading.*] *The thund'ring seas, whose wat'ry*
fire
Washes the whiting-mops,[8]
The gentle whale, whose feet so fell
Flies o'er the mountains' tops——

Fra. [*Within.*] Boy!
Bust. *The thund'ring*——
Fra. [*Within.*] Why, boy Bustopha!

Enter Franio.

Bust. Here I am. *The gentle whale*——
Fra. Oh, are you here, sir? where's your sister?

[8] *Whiting-mops.*] A sort of fish so called; our authors have the same term in the Martial Maid, act ii. scene ii.—

——— "*They will tread you their measures like*
Whiting-mops," *&c.*

So, in the Guardian of Philip Massinger, Camillo says,

"If 'twere a fish-day, though you like it not, I could say
I have a stomach, and would content myself
With this pretty *whiting-mop;*"

meaning Mirtilla.—*Sympson.*

This "sort of fish so called" is, as Mr Gifford observes, a young whiting. Puttenham informs us, that little fishes "that be not come to their full growth" are called "*moppes; as whiting-moppes,* gurnard-moppes," &c.

Bust. *The gentle whale flies o'er the mountains' tops*—
Fra. Where's your sister, man?
Bust. *Washes the whiting-mops*——
Fra. Thou liest! she has none to wash. Mops?
The boy is half way out of his wits sure.
Sirrah, who am I?
Bust. *The thund'ring seas*——
Fra. Mad, stark mad!
Bust. Will you not give a man leave to con?
Fra. Yes, and 'fess too,
Ere I have done with you, sirrah. Am I your father?
Bust. The question is too hard for a child; ask me any thing
That I have learned, and I will answer you.
Fra. Is that a hard question? Sirrah, am not I your father?
Bust. If I had my mother-wit I could tell you.
Fra. Are you a thief?
Bust. So far forth as the son of a miller.
Fra. Will you be hang'd?
Bust. Let it go by eldership.
The gentle whale——
Fra. Sirrah, lay by your foolish study there,
And beat your brains about your own affairs; or—
Bust. I thank you!
You'd have me go under the sails, and beat
My brains about your mill? a natural father you are!
Fra. I charge you go not to the sports to-day:
Last night I gave you leave; now I recant.
Bust. Is the wind turn'd since last night?
Fra. Marry is it, sir:
Go no further than my mill; there's my command upon you.
Bust. I may go round about then as your mill does.
I will see your mill gelded, and his stones fried

In steaks, ere I deceive the country so!
Have I not my part to study? How shall
The sports go forward, if I be not there?
Fra. They'll want their fool indeed, if thou be'st not there.
Bust. Consider that, and go yourself.
Fra. I have fears, sir, that I cannot utter:
You go not, nor your sister; there's my charge.
Bust. The price of your golden thumb[9] cannot hold me. [*Hounds in full cry within.*
Fra. Ay, this was sport that I have tightly loved!
I could have kept company with the hounds——
Bust. You are fit for no other company yet.
Fra. Run with the hare,
And been in the whore's tail, i'faith!
Bust. That was
Before I was born: I did ever mistrust
I was a bastard, because *lapis* is
In the singular number with me.

Enter OTRANTE *and* GERASTO.

Otr. Leave thou that game, Gerasto, and chase here;
Do thou but follow it with my desires,
Thou'lt not return home empty.
Ger. I am prepared,
My lord, with advantages: And see,

[9] *Golden-thumb.*] In Chaucer's character of the Miller are the following lines:—

"Wel coude he stele corn, and tolle it twye,
And yit he had a *thumb of gold*, parde!"

Dr Morell and Mr Tyrwhit both suppose that Chaucer alluded to the old proverb, "Every honest miller has a *thumb of gold*," to which they reply in Somersetshire, "None but a cuckold can see it." To the same proverb our author evidently refers in Bustopha's speech. See Ray's Proverbs.—*Reed.*

Bustopha refers again to the same proverb farther on, p. 203, l. 26

Yonder's the subject I must work upon.
Otr. Her brother? 'tis: Methinks it should be
easy:
That gross compound cannot but diffuse
The soul, in such a latitude of ease,
As to make dull her faculties, and lazy.
What wit, above the least, can be in him,
That reason ties together?
Ger. I have proved it, sir,
And know the depth of it: I have the way
To make him follow me a hackney-pace,
With all that flesh about him: yes, and drag
His sister after him. [*Cry of hounds.*
This baits the old one;
Rid you him, and leave me to the other. [*Exit.*
Otr. 'Tis well.—Oh, Franio, the good day to you!
You were not wont to hear this music standing;
The beagle and the bugle you have loved,
In the first rank of huntsmen.
Bust. The dogs cry out of him now.[1]
Fra. Sirrah, leave your barking; I'll bite you else.
Bust. *Cur! cur!*
Fra. Slave, dost call me dog?
Otr. Oh fy, sir!

[1] Bust *The dogs cry out of him now*] I read *for:* Without this trifling change, I see no humour in Bustopha's answer. *The very dogs cry out* against *him*, does not suit the rest of his drolleries; but *the dogs cry out for him as carrion proper for them*, is quite in his style.—*Seward.*

Franio's answer, *leave your* BARKING, seems to confirm the old reading, *out* OF *him.*—Ed. 1778.

I think we should read with Seward. If Franio had spoken before in the scene the present reading might be sense; but as he has been hitherto silent, I cannot reconcile myself to it.—*Mason.*

Franio has certainly spoken in this scene, though not since the entrance of Otrante. I have no doubt the old text is right. *Of him* is continually used in these plays for *on him*, and this makes perfect sense of Bustopha's speech.

He speaks Latin to you; he would know
Why you'll bite him

Bust. *Responde, cur!* You see his understanding, my lord.

Fra. I shall have a time to curry you for this!—
But, my lord, to answer you; the days have been
I must have footed it before this hornpipe,
Though I had hazarded my mill a-fire,
And let the stones grind empty: But those dancings
Are done with me: I have good will to't still,
And that's the best I can do.

Otr. Come, come, you shall be horsed;
Your company deserves him; though you kill him,
Run him blind, I care not.

Bust. He will do it
O' purpose, my lord, to bring him up to the mill.

Fra Do not tempt me too far, my lord.

Otr. There is
A foot i' th' stirrop; I'll not leave you now.
You shall see the game fall once again.

Fra. Well, my lord, I will make ready
My legs for you, and try 'em once a-horseback.—
Sirrah! my charge; keep it! [*Exit.*

Bust. Yes;
When you pare down your dish for conscience sake,
When your thumb's coin'd into *bonæ et legalis*,
When you're a true man-miller.

Otr. What's the matter, Bustopha?

Bust. My lord, if you
Have e'er a drunken jade that has the staggers,
That will fall twice the height of our mill with him,
Set him o' th' back on him; a galled jennet
That will winch him out o' th' saddle, and break one on's necks,
Or a shank of him (there was a fool
Going that way, but the ass had better luck;

Or one of your brave Barbaries, that would pass
The Straits, and run into his own country with him:
The first Moor he met would cut his throat
For complexion's sake; there's as deadly feud between
A Moor and a miller, as between black and white.

Otr. Fy, fy! this is unnatural, Bustopha,
Unless on some strong cause.

Bust. Be judge, my lord: I am studied in my part;
The Julian feast's to-day, the country expects me;
I speak all the dumb-shows; my sister chosen
For a nymph. "*The gentle whale, whose feet so fell.*"
'Cry mercy! that was some of my part; but his charge is,
To keep the mill, and disappoint the revels.

Otr. Indeed, there it speaks shrewdly for thee, the country
Expecting.

Bust. Ay, and for mine own grace too.

Otr. Yes, and being studied too, and the main speaker too.

Bust. The main? why, all my speech lies in the main,
And the dry ground together: "*The thund'ring seas, whose*——"

Otr. Nay, then thou must go; thou'lt be much condemn'd else.
But then, o' th' other side, obedience.

Bust. Obedience? But speak your conscience now, my lord;
Am not I past asking blessing at these years?
Speak as you're a lord; if you had a miller to your father——

Otr. I must yield to you, Bustopha;
Your reasons are so strong, I cannot contradict.
This I think, if you go, your sister ought
To go along with you.

Bust. There I stumble now:
She is not at age.
Otr. Why, she's fifteen, and upwards.
Bust. Thereabouts.
Otr. That's woman's ripe age; as full as thou art
At one-and-twenty: She's manable, is she not?
Bust. I think not: Poor heart, she was never tried,
In my conscience. 'Tis a coy thing; she will not
Kiss you a clown, not if he would kiss her——
Otr. What, man?
Bust. Not if he would kiss her, I say.
Otr. Oh, 'twas cleanlier than I expected.—Well, sir,
I'll leave you to your own; but my opinion is,
You may take her along.—This is half way;
The rest, Gerasto;—and I hunt my prey.[2] [*Exit.*
Bust. Away with the old miller, my lord!
And the mill strikes sail presently.

Enter PEDRO, *with* GERASTO *disguised as a blind Ballad-Singer.*

SONG.

Ger. *Come follow me, you country lasses!*
And you shall see such sport as passes:
You shall dance, and I will sing;
Pedro, he shall rub the string;
Each shall have a loose-bodied gown
Of green, and laugh till you lie down.
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

[2] —— *This is half way;*
The rest, Gerasto, and I hunt my prey.] The punctuation is Mason's, who explains the passage thus—"My business is half accomplished; the rest I leave to Gerasto, with whose aid I shall hunt down the object of my pursuit."

Enter FLORIMEL.

Bust. Oh, sweet Diego, the sweetest Diego! Stay.
—Sister Florimel!
Flor. What's that, brother?
Bust. Didst not hear Diego? Hear him, and thou'lt be ravish'd.
Flor. I have heard him sing, yet unravish'd, brother.
Bust. You had the better luck, sister. I was ravish'd
By my own consent. Come away: for the sports!
Flor. I have the fear of a father on me, brother.
Bust. Out! the thief is as safe as in his mill;
He's hunting with our great landlord, the Don Otrante.—
Strike up, Diego.
Flor. But say he return before us, where's our excuse?
Bust. Strike up, Diego! Hast no strings to thy apron?
Flor. Well, the fault lie upon your head, brother.
Bust. My faults never mount so high, girl; they rise
But to my middle at most.—Strike up, Diego.
Ger. Follow me by the ear; I'll lead thee on,
Bustopha, and pretty Florimel thy sister.
Oh, that I could see her!
Bust. Oh, Diego, there's two pities upon thee:
Great pity thou art blind; and as great a pity,
Thou canst not see.

SONG.

Ger. *You shall have crowns of roses, daisies,*
Buds, where the honey-maker grazes: [3]

[3] *Honey-maker* gazes.] Corrected in 1750.

You shall taste the golden thighs,
Such as in wax-chamber lies.
What fruits please you, taste, freely pull,
Till you have all your bellies full.
Come follow me, &c.

Bust. Oh, Diego! the don
Was not so sweet when he perfumed the steeple.[*]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the House of Julio.

Enter ANTONIO *and* MARTINE.

Mart. Why, how now, friend? thou art not lost again?

Ant. Not lost? Why, all the world's a wilderness;
Some places peopled more by braver beasts
Than others are; but faces, faces, man;
May a man be caught with faces?

Mart. Without wonder,
'Tis odds against him: May not a good face
Lead a man about by the nose? Alas,
The nose is but a part against the whole.

Ant. But is it possible that two faces

* *Oh, Diego! the don was not so sweet When he perfumed the steeple.*] In commenting on old plays, we must of course expect to meet with allusions to contemporary town talk, which we cannot explain, and of this nature Bustopha's speech seems to be an instance.

Should be so twinn'd in form, complexion,
Figure, aspéct, that neither wen, nor mole,
The table of the brow, the eyes' lustre,
The lips' cherry, neither the blush nor smile,
Should give the one distinction from the other?
Does Nature work in moulds?
Mart. Altogether;
We are all one mould, one dust.
Ant. Thy reason's mouldy:
I speak from the form, thou the matter. Why?
Was it not ever one of Nature's glories,
Nay, her great piece of wonder, that amongst
So many millions millions of her works
She left the eye distinction, to cull out
The one from other; yet all one name, the face?
Mart. You must compare'em by some other part
Of the body, if the face cannot do't.
Ant. Didst ask her name?
Mart. Yes, and who gave it her;
And what they promised more, besides a spoon,
And what apostle's picture:[5] She is christen'd too,
In token whereof she's call'd Isabella;
The daughter of a country plow-swain by:
If this be not true, she lies.
Ant. She cannot:
It would be seen, a blister on her lip,

[5] *And what they promised more, besides a* spoon,
And what apostle's picture.] Mr Steevens, in a note on Henry VIII. (ed. 1803, XV. 197.) gives the following note, which will also serve to explain the text:—

" It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare, for the sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle-spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal escaped at the expence of the four evangelists; or even contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint in honour of whom the child received its name."

Should falsehood touch it, it is so tender.
Had her name held, 't had been Ismenia,
And not another of her name.
Mart. Shall I speak?
Ant. Yes, if thou wilt speak truth.
Is she not wond'rous like?
Mart. As two garments of the same fashion,
Cut from the same piece; yet, if any excel,
This has the first; and in my judgment 'tis so.
Ant. 'Tis my opinion.
Mart. Were it the face
Where mine eyes should dwell, I would please both
With this, as soon as one with the other.
Ant. And yet the other is the cause of this.[6]
Had I not look'd upon Ismenia,
I ne'er had stray'd beyond good-morrow's time
In view of this.
Mart. 'Would I could leave him here! [*Aside.*
'Twere a free passage to Ismenia.
I must now blow, as to put out the fire;
Yet kindle't more.—You not consider, sir,
The great disparity is in their bloods,
Estates and fortunes: There is the rich beauty,
Which this poor homeliness is not endow'd with;
There's difference enough.
Ant. The least of all;
Equality is no rule in Love's grammar.
That sole unhappiness is left to princes,
To marry blood: We are free disposers,
And have the power to equalize their bloods
Up to our own; we cannot keep it back:

[6] *And yet the other is the* case *of this.*] I agree with Seward in reading *cause* for *case*; as Antonio says, that had he not looked upon Ismenia before, he should not have dwelt upon the view of Isabella. So that his love for Ismenia was the cause of his attachment to Isabella.—*Mason.*

'Tis a due debt from us.
Mart. Ay, sir, had you
No father, nor uncle, nor such hinderers,
You might do with yourself at your pleasure;
But as it is——
Ant. As it is? It is nothing:
Their powers will come too late, to give me back
The yesterday I lost.
Mart. Indeed, to say sooth,
Your opposition from the other part
Is of more force; there you run the hazard
Of every hour a life, had you supply;
You meet your dearest enemy in love
With all his hate about him: 'Twill be more hard
For your Ismenia to come home to you,
Than you to go to country Isabel.
Ant. Tush! 'Tis not fear removes me.
Mart. No more! your uncle.

Enter Julio.

Julio. Oh, the good hour upon you, gentlemen!
Welcome, nephew! speak it to your friend, sir;
It may be happier received from you,
In his acceptance.
Ant. I made bold, uncle,
To do it before; and I think he believes it.
Mart. 'Twas never doubted, sir.
Julio. Here are sports, dons,
That you must look on with a loving eye,
And without censure, unless it be giving
My country neighbours' loves their yearly offerings,
That must not be refus'd; though't be more pain
To the spectator, than the painful actor;
It will abide no more test than the tinsel
We clad our masks in for an hour's wearing,
Or the livery lace sometimes on the cloaks
Of a great don's followers: I speak no further

Than our own country, sir.
Mart. For my part, sir,
The more absurd, 't shall be the better welcome.
Julio. You'll find the guest you look for.—I heard, cousin,
You were at Toledo the other day.
Ant. Not late, sir.
Julio. Oh fy! must I be plainer? You changed the point
With Terzo and Lisauro, two of the stock
Of our antagonists, the Bellides.
Ant. A mere proffer, sir; the prevention
Was quick with us: We had done somewhat else.
This gentleman was engaged in't.
Julio. I am the enemy
To his foe for it. That wildfire will crave
More than fair water to quench it, I suspect:
Whence it will come, I know not.
Ant. I was about a gentle reconcilement;
But I do fear I shall go back again.
Jul. Come, come; the sports are coming on us.

Enter GOSTANZO, GIRALDO, *and* PHILIPPO.

Nay, I have more guests to grace it: Welcome, don
Gostanzo, Giraldo, Philippo! Seat, seat all!
[*Music.*

Enter a Boy, as Cupid, blinded.

Cupid. "Love is little, and therefore I present him;
Love is a fire, therefore you may lament him." [7]

[7] *Therefore you may* lament *him.*] The rhyme by this reading is preserved it is true, but I am afraid the sense is lost; for where is the congruity between *Love's being a fire*, and our *lamenting of him*? Besides, the next line contradicts this, which runs so:

Mart. Alas, poor Love! who are they that can quench him?

Julio. He's not without those members; fear him not.

Cupid. "Love shoots; therefore I bear his bow about;
And love is blind; therefore my eyes are out."

Mart. I ne'er heard Love give reason for what he did before.

Enter BUSTOPHA, *for Paris.*

Cupid. "Let such as can see, see such as cannot. Behold
Our goddesses all three strive for the ball of gold:
And here fair Paris comes, the hopeful youth of Troy,
Queen Hecuba's darling son, king Priam's only joy."[8]

Mart. Is this Paris?

Alas, poor Love, who are they that can quench *him?*

I imagine, therefore, that we should read as the line quoted gives us licence,

——— *Therefore you may* quench him.—*Sympson.*

No amendment is necessary in this passage. A quibble is intended upon the word *a-fire*, which is commonly used to express *on fire.* The presenter of Cupid is supposed to blunder; and instead of saying that *Love is on fire*, says, that *Love is a-fire*, which rendered him an object of lamentation, and makes Martine ask, who are they that can quench him?—*Mason.*

8 Theobald supposes this and the preceding line to be a quotation from the same old ballad which is quoted in All's Well that Ends Well; and Mr Malone supposes that the ballad was The Lamentation of Hecuba and the Ladyes of Troy, entered on the Stationers' books. If the two lines of the text are actually a quotation, it is not improbable that the whole of the verses in rhyme are a burlesque on some contemporary ballad.

I should have taken him for Hector rather.
Bust. Paris at this time: Pray you hold your prating!
Ant. Paris can be angry.
Julio. Oh, at this time
You must pardon him; he comes as a judge.
Mart. God's mercy on all that look upon him, say I.

Bust. "The thund'ring seas, whose watery fire washes the whiting-mops,
The gentle whale, whose feet so fell flies o'er the mountain tops,
No roars so fierce, no throats so deep, no howls can bring such fears,
As Paris can, if garden from he call his dogs and bears."[9]

Mart. Ay, those they were that I feared all this while.
Bust. "Yes, Jack-an-apes"——
Mart. I thank you, good Paris!
Bust. You may hold your peace, and stand further out o' th' way then:
The lines will fall where they light.

"Yes, Jack-an-apes he hath to sport, and faces make[1] like mirth,
Whilst bellowing bulls the horned beasts do toss from ground to earth.
Blind bear there is, as Cupid blind"——

[9] *As* Paris *can, if* garden *from he call his dogs and* bears.] A burlesque allusion to Paris-garden on the Bankside, then celebrated for bear-beating.

[1] *Yes, Jack-an-apes, he hath to* sports, *and faces make.*] We should read *sport*, meaning, that he hath an ape [rather *apes*] to sport and make faces.—*Mason.*

Ant. That bear would be whipp'd for losing of his eyes.

Bust. "Be-whipped man may see,
But we present no such content, but nymphs such as they be."

Ant. These are long lines.

Mart. Can you blame him, leading bulls and bears in 'em?

Enter Shepherd singing, with Ismenia, Aminta, Florimel, (*as* Juno, Pallas, Venus,) *and three Nymphs attending.*

Bust. "Go, Cupid blind, conduct the dumb; for ladies must not speak here.
Let shepherds sing with dancing feet, and cords of music break here! [*Song.*

Now, ladies, fight, with heels so light; by lot your luck must fall,
Where Paris please, to do you ease, and give the golden ball." [*Dance.*

Mart. If you play'd Paris now, Antonio,
Where would you bestow it?

Ant. I pr'ythee, friend,
Take the full freedom of thought, but no words.

Mart. 'Protest there is a third, which by her habit
Should personate Venus, and, by consequence
Of the story, receive the honour's prize:
And were I a Paris, there it should be.
Do you note her?

Ant. No; mine eye is so fix'd, I cannot move it.

Cupid. The dance is ended; now to judgment, Paris!

Bust. "Here, Juno, here!—But stay; I do espy
A pretty gleek coming from Pallas' eye:

Here, Pallas, here!—Yet stay again; methinks
I see the eye of lovely Venus winks:
Oh, close them both; shut in those golden ey'n!
And I will kiss those sweet blind cheeks of thine.
Juno is angry; yes, and Pallas frowns:
'Would Paris now were gone from Ida's downs!
They both are fair; but Venus has the mole,
The fairest hair, and sweetest dimple-hole:
To her, or her, or her, or her, or neither;
Can one man please three ladies all together?
No; take it, Venus! toss it at thy pleasure;
Thou art the lover's friend beyond his measure."
[*Gives her the apple.*

Julio. Paris has done what man can do, pleased one:
Who can do more?

Mart. Stay; here's another person.

Enter GERASTO, *as* Mars.

Ger. "Come, lovely Venus; leave this lower orb,
And mount with Mars up to his glorious sphere."

Bust. How now? what's he?

Flor. I'm ignorant what to do, sir.

Ger. "Thy silver yoke of doves are in the team,
And thou shalt fly thorough Apollo's beam:
I'll see thee seated in thy golden throne,
And hold with Mars a sweet conjunction."
[*Exit with* FLORIMEL.

Bust. Ha! what fellow's this has carried away my sister Venus?
He ne'er rehearsed his part with me before.

Julio. What follows now, Prince Paris?

Flor. [*Within.*] Help, help, help!

Bust. Hue and cry! I think, sir, this is Venus' voice,
Mine own sister Florimel's.
Mart. What, is there some tragic act behind?
Bust. No, no; altogether comical; Mars and Venus
Are in the old conjunction, it seems.
Mart. 'Tis very improper then; for Venus
Never cries out when she conjoins with Mars.
Bust. That's true indeed; they are out of their parts sure:
It may be 'tis the book-holder's fault; I'll go see. [*Exit.*
Julio. How like you our country revels, gentlemen?
All Gent. Oh, they commend themselves, sir.
Ant. Methinks now
Juno and Minerva should take revenge on Paris;
It cannot end without it.
Mart. I did expect,
Instead of Mars, the storm-gaoler Æolus;
And Juno proffering her deiopeia
As satisfaction to the blust'ring god,
To send his tossers forth.
Julio. It may so follow;
Let's not prejudicate the history!

Enter BUSTOPHA.

Bust. Oh, oh, oh, oh!
Julio. So here's a passion[2] towards.
Bust. Help, help, if you be gentlemen! my sister,

[2] *So here's a passion towards.*] That is, a pathetic speech. In the Old Law, by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley, Lysander, after the mock-tragic speech of Gnotho, exclaims—" This *passion* hath given some satisfaction yet."

My Venus! she's stol'n away.
Julio. The story changes
From our expectation.
Bust. Help! my father
The miller will hang me else: God Mars
Is a bawdy villain! he said he should ride upon doves:
She's hors'd, she's hors'd, whether she will or no.
Mart. Sure, I think he's serious.
Bust. She's hors'd upon
A double gelding, and a stone-horse in
The breech of her: The poor wench cries *help*,
And I cry *help*, and none of you will help.
Julio. Speak, is it the show? or dost thou bawl?
Bust. A pox on the ball! my sister bawls, and I bawl!
Either bridle horse and follow, or give me a halter
To hang myself: I cannot run so fast
As a hog.
Julio. Why, follow me! I'll fill
The country with pursuit, but I will find
The thief! My house thus abused? [*Exit.*
Bust. 'Tis my house that's abused;
The sister of my flesh and blood! Oh, oh! [*Exit.*
1 *Wench.* 'Tis time we all shift for ourselves, if this
Be serious.
2 *Wench.* However, I'll be gone.
3 *Wench.* And I. [*Exeunt.*
Ant. You need not fright your beauties, pretty souls,
With the least pale complexion of a fear.
Mart. Juno has better courage, and Minerva's more discreet.
Ism. Alas, my courage was so counterfeit,
It might have been struck from me with a feather:
Juno ne'er had so weak a presenter.
Amin. Sure I was ne'er the wiser for Minerva;

That I find yet about me.

[ANTONIO *whispers* ISMENIA.

Ism. My dwelling, sir?
'Tis a poor yeoman's roof, scarce a league off,
That never shamed me yet.

Ant. Your gentle pardon!
I vow my erring eyes had almost cast you
For one of the most mortal enemies
That our family has.

Ism. I am sorry, sir,
I am so like your foe: 'Twere fit I hasted
From your offended sight.

Ant. Oh, mistake not;
It was my error, and I do confess it.
You'll not believe you're welcome; nor can I speak it;
But there's my friend can tell you; pray hear him!

Mart. Shall I tell her, sir? I'm glad of the employment.

Ant. A kinswoman to that beauty?

Amin. A kin to her, sir;
But nothing to her beauty.

Ant. Do not wrong it;
It is not far behind her.

Amin. Her hinder parts
Are not far off, indeed, sir.

Mart. Let me but kiss you with his ardour now,
You shall feel how he loves you.

Ism. Oh, forbear!
'Tis not the fashion with us. But would you
Persuade me that he loves me?

Mart. I'll warrant you
He dies in't; and that were witness enough on't.

Ism. Love me, sir? Can you tell me for what reason?

Mart. Fy! will you ask me? That which you have about you.

Ism. I know nothing, sir.

Mart. Let him find it then!
He constantly believes you have the thing
That he must love you for; much is apparent,
A sweet and lovely beauty.

Ism. So, sir; pray you
Shew me one thing: Did he ne'er love before?
(I know you are his bosom counsellor.)
Nay, then, I see your answer is not ready;
I'll not believe you, if you study farther.

Mart. Shall I speak truth to you?

Ism. Or speak no more.

Mart. There was a smile thrown at him, from a lady,
Whose deserts might buy him treble, and lately
He received it, and I know where he lost it;
In this face of yours: I know his heart's within you.

Ism. May I know her name?

Mart. In your ear you may,
With vow of silence. [*They walk apart.*

Amin. He'll not give over, sir;
If he speak for you, he'll sure speed for you.

Ant. But that is not the answer to my question.

Amin. You are the first, in my virgin-conscience,
That ever spoke love to her: Oh, my heart!

Ant. How do you?

Amin. Nothing, sir; but 'would I had
A better face! How well your pulse beats!

Ant. Healthfully;
Does it not?

Amin. It thumps prettily, methinks.—

Ism. Alack, I hear it with much pity: How great
Is your fault too, in wrong to the good lady!

Mart. You forget the difficult passage he has to her;
A hell of feud's between the families.

Ism. And that has often Love wrought by advantage
To peaceful reconcilement.
Mart. There impossible.
Ism. This way 'tis worser; it may seed again
In her unto another generation:
For where, poor lady, is her satisfaction?
Mart. It comes in me. To be truth, I love her
(I'll go no farther for comparison)
As dear as he loves you.
Ism. How if she love not?
Mart. Tush, be that my pains! You know not what art
I have those ways.
Ism. Beshrew you! you have practised upon me;
Well, speed me here, and you with your Ismenia.
Mart. Go, the condition's drawn, ready dated;
There wants but your hand to't.
Amin. Truly you have taken
Great pains, sir.
Mart. A friendly part, no more, sweet beauty.
Amin. They are happy, sir, have such friends as you are:
But do you know you have done well in this?
How will his allies receive it? She, though I say't,
Is of no better blood than I am.
Mart. There
I leave it; I am at farthest that way.
Ism. You shall extend your vows no larger now:
My heart calls you mine own, and that's enough.
Reason, I know, would have all yet conceal'd.
I shall not leave you unsaluted long,
Either by pen or person.
Ant. You may discourse
With me, when you think you're alone; I shall
Be present with you.

Ism. Come, cousin, will you walk?

Amin. Alas, I was ready long since. In conscience,
You would with better will yet stay behind.

Ism. Oh, Love! I never thought thou hadst been so blind. [*Exeunt.*

Mart. You'll answer this, sir.

Ant. If e'er it be spoke on:
I purpose not to propound the question.

Enter JULIO.

Julio. 'Tis true the poor knave said: Some ravisher,
Some of Lust's blood-hounds, have seized upon her;
The girl is hurried, as the devil were with 'em
And help'd their speed.

Mart. It may be not so ill, sir.
A well-prepared lover may do as much
In hot blood as this, and perform it honestly.

Julio. What? steal away a virgin 'gainst her will?

Mart. It may be any man's case; despise nothing:
And that's a thief of a good quality,
Most commonly he brings his theft home again,
Though with a little shame.

Julio. There's a charge by't
Fall'n upon me: Paris (the miller's son)
Her brother, dares not venture home again,
Till better tidings follow of his sister.

Ant. You are the more beholding to the mischance, sir:
Had I gone a boot-haling,[3] I should as soon
Have stol'n him as his sister: Marry then,
To render him back in the same plight he is
May be costly; his flesh is not maintain'd with little.

[3] *Boot-haling.*] See the Chances, vol. VII. p. 19.

Julio. I think the poor knave will pine away; he cries
All-to-be-pitied yonder.

Mart. Pray you, sir, let's go see him: I should laugh
To see him cry, sure.

Julio. Well, you are merry, sir.—
Antonio, keep this charge; (I have fears
Move me to lay it on you) pray forbear
The ways of your enemies, the Bellides.
I have reason for my injunction, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter AMINTA *as a Page, with a Letter.*

Ant. To me, sir? from whom?

Amin. A friend, I dare vow, sir,
Though on the enemies' part: The lady Ismenia.

Mart. Take heed; blush not too deep. Let me advise you
In your answer; it must be done heedfully.

Ant. I should not see a masculine, in peace,
Out of that house.

Amin. Alas, I am a child, sir;
Your hates cannot last 'till I wear a sword.

Ant. Await me for your answer.

Mart. He must see her,
To manifest his shame; 'tis my advantage:
While our blood's under us, we keep above;
But then we fall, when we do fall in love.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the same.

Enter JULIO *and* FRANIO.

Fra. My lord, my lord, your house hath injured
me,
Robb'd me of all the joys I had on earth.
Julio. Where wert thou brought up, fellow?
Fra. In a mill;
You may perceive it by my loud exclaims,
Which must rise higher yet.
Julio. Obstreperous carle,[4]
If thy throat's tempest could o'er-turn my house,
What satisfaction were it for thy child?
Turn thee the right way to thy journey's end:
Wilt have her where she's not?
Fra. Here was she lost,
And here must I begin my footing after;
From whence, until I meet a power to punish,
I will not rest. You are not quick to grief;
Your hearing's a dead sense! Were your's the loss,
Had you a daughter stol'n, perhaps be-whored,
(For to what other end should come the thief?)
You'd play the miller then, be loud and high;
But, being not a sorrow of your own,
You have no help nor pity for another.

[4] *A carle.*] A churl, a clown.—*Percy.*

Julio. Oh, thou hast oped a sluice was long shut up,
And let a flood of grief in; a buried grief
Thy voice hath waked again, a grief as old
As likely 'tis thy child is! Friend, I tell thee,
I did once lose a daughter.

Fra. Did you, sir?
Beseech you then, how did you bear her loss?

Julio. With thy grief trebled.

Fra. But was she stolen from you?

Julio. Yes, by devouring thieves, from whom cannot
Ever return a satisfaction:
The wild beasts had her in her swathing clothes.

Fra. Oh, much good do 'em with her!

Julio. Away, tough churl!

Fra. Why, she was better eaten, than my child,
Better by beasts, than beastly men devoured:
They took away a life, no honour, from her;
Those beasts might make a saint of her; but these
Will make my child a devil. But was she, sir,
Your only daughter?

Julio. I ne'er had other, friend.

Enter Gillian.

Gil. Where are you, man? Your business lies not here!
Your daughter's in the pound; I have found where:
'Twill cost you dear, her freedom.

Fra. I'll break it down, and free her without pay!
Horse-locks nor chains shall hold her from me.
[Gillian *whispers him.*

Julio. I'll take this relief:
I now have time to speak alone with grief. [*Exit.*

Fra. How! my landlord? he is lord of my lands,
But not my cattle: I'll have her again, Gil.

Gil. You are not mad upon the sudden now?
Fra. No, Gil;
I have been mad these five hours! I'll sell my mill
And buy a roaring—I'll batter down his house,
And make a stews on't.
Gil. Will you gather up your wits
A little, and hear me? The king's near by, in progress;
Here I have got our supplication drawn,
And there's the way to help us.
Fra. Give it me, Gil:
I will not fear to give it to the king:
To his own hands, God bless him, will I give it;
And he shall set the law upon their shoulders,
And hang 'em all that had a hand in it.
Gil. Where is your son?
Fra. He shall be hang'd in flitches!
The dogs shall eat him in Lent; there's cats' meat
And dogs' meat enough about him.
Gil. Sure the poor girl is the count's whore by this time.
Fra. If she be the count's whore, the whore's count
Shall pay for't; he shall pay for a new maidenhead!
Gil. You are so violous!—This I'm resolved;
If she be a whore once, I'll renounce her.
You know, if every man had his right,
She's none of our child, but a mere foundling;
(And I can guess the owner for a need too)
We have but foster'd her.
Fra. Gil, no more of that!
I'll cut your tongue out, if you tell those tales.
[*A Flourish within.*
Hark, hark! these toaters tell us the king's coming.
Get you gone; I'll see if I can find him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter LISAURO, TERZO, PEDRO, *and* MONCADO.

Lis. Does the king remove to-day?
Terzo. So say the harbingers,
And keeps his way on to Valentia;
There ends the progress.
Pedro. He hunts this morning, gentlemen,
And dines i' th' fields: The court is all in readiness.
Lis. Pedro, did you send for this tailor? or you, Moncado?
This light French demi-lance that follows us?
Pedro. No, I assure ye on my word, I am guiltless;
I owe him too much to be inward[5] with him.
Monc. I am not quit, I am sure: There is a reckoning
(Of some four scarlet cloaks, and two laced suits,)
Hangs on the file still, like a fearful comet,
Makes me keep off.
Lis. I am in too, gentlemen,
I thank his faith, for a matter of three hundred.
Terzo. And I for two. What a devil makes he this way?
I do not love to see my sins before me.

[5] *Inward.*] i. e. Intimate. So in Richard III.—
"Who is most *inward* with the noble duke?"

Pedro. 'Tis the vacation, and these things break out
To see the court and glory in their debtors.
Terzo. What do you call him ?[6] for I never love
To remember their names that I owe money to;
'Tis not genteel: I shun 'em like the plague ever.
Lis. His name's Vertigo, (hold your heads, and wonder!)
A Frenchman, and a founder of new fashions:
The revolutions of all shapes and habits
Run madding through his brains.

Enter VERTIGO.

Monc. He's very brave!
Lis. The shreds of what he steals from us, believe it,
Make him a mighty man. He comes; have at ye!
Vert. Save ye together, my sweet gentlemen!
I have been looking——
Terzo. Not for money, sir?
You know the hard time.
Vert. Pardon me, sweet signor!
'Good faith, the least thought in my heart; your love, gentlemen,
Your love's enough for me. Money? hang money!
Let me preserve your love.
Lis. Yes, marry shall you,
And we our credit. You would see the court?
Monc. He shall see every place.
Vert. Shall I, i'faith, gentlemen?
Pedro. The cellar, and the buttery, and the kitchen,

6 *What* did *you call him for? I never love.*] Corrected by Sympson.

The pastry, and the pantry.
Terzo. Ay, and taste too
Of every office, and be free of all too;
That he may say, when he comes home in glory—
Vert. And I will say, i'faith, and say it openly,
And say it home too. Shall I see the king also?
Lis. 'Shalt see him every day; 'shalt see the ladies
In their French clothes; shalt ride a-hunting with him;
Shalt have a mistress too.—We must fool handsomely
To keep him in belief we honour him;
He may call on us else.
Pedro. A pox upon him!
Let him call at home in's own house for salt butter.
Vert. And when the king puts on a new suit—
Terzo. Thou shalt see it first,
And dissect his doublets, that thou may'st be perfect.
Vert. The wardrobe I would fain view, gentlemen,
Fain come to see the wardrobe.
Lis. Thou shalt see it,
And see the secret of it, dive into it;
Sleep in the wardrobe, and have revelations
Of fashions five years hence.
Vert. Ye honour me,
Ye infinitely honour me!
Terzo. Any thing i' th' court, sir,
Or within the compass of a courtier——
Vert. My wife shall give ye thanks.
Terzo. You shall see any thing!
The privat'st place, the stool, and where 'tis emptied.
Vert. Ye make me blush, ye pour your bounties, gentlemen,
In such abundance.

Lis. I will shew thee presently
The order that the king keeps when he comes
To open view, that thou may'st tell thy neighbours
Over a shoulder of mutton, thou hast seen something;
Nay, thou shalt present the king for this time—
Vert. Nay, I pray, sir!
Lis. That thou mayst know what state there does belong to't.
Stand there, I say! and put on a sad[7] countenance,
Mingled with height! Be covered and reserved;
Move like the sun, by soft degrees, and glorious.
Into your order, gentlemen, uncovered!
The king appears.—We'll sport with you a while, sir; [*Aside.*
I'm sure you're merry with us all the year long, tailor.—
Move softer still; keep in that fencing leg, monsieur;
Turn to no side.

Enter FRANIO *out of breath.*

Terzo. What's this that appears to him?
Lis. He has a petition, and he looks most lamentably.
Mistake him, and we are made.
Fra. This is the king sure,
The glorious king! I know him by his gay clothes.
Lis. Now bear yourself, that you may say hereafter——
Fra. I have recover'd breath; I'll speak unto him presently.

[7] *Sad.*] i. e. Serious. In the same manner *sadness* was used in the sense of seriousness. So in Alexander Brome's Cunning Lovers—" Come, let's leave talking of this counterfeit sleep, and see if we can take a nap in *sadness.*"

May it please your gracious majesty to consider
A poor man's case? [*Kneels.*

Vert. What's your will, sir?

Lis. You must accept, and read it.

Terzo. The tailor will run mad upon my life for't.

Pedro. How he mumps and bridles! He will ne'er cut clothes again.

Vert. And what's your grief?

Monc. He speaks i' th' nose like his goose.

Fra. I pray you read there; I am abused and frump'd, sir,
By a great man, that may do ill by authority:
Poor honest men are hang'd for doing less, sir.
My child is stol'n, the Count Otrante stole her!
A pretty child she is, although I say it,
A handsome mother;[8] he means to make a whore of her,
A silken whore; his knaves have filched her from me;
He keeps lewd knaves, that do him beastly offices.
I kneel for justice: Shall I have it, sir?

Enter PHILIPPO *and Lords.*

Phil. What pageant's this?

Lis. The king!—
Tailor. stand off! Here ends your apparition.—
Miller, turn round, and there address your paper;
There, there's the king indeed.

Fra. May it please your majesty!——

Phil. Why didst thou kneel to that fellow?

Fra. In good faith, sir,

[8] *A handsome* mother.] Mr Theobald proposes changing *mother* for *mauther*, a word used now in Suffolk for a *girl.* But there is no occasion at all for this change. Sir Henry Spelman, in his Glossary, tells us *mother* is a corruption of the Danish word *moer*, which signifies a *girl.* *Vide in voce* moer.—*Sympson.*

I thought he had been a king, he was so gallant;
There's none here wears such gold.
Phil. So foolishly?
You have golden business sure! Because I am homely
Clad, in no glittering suit, I am not looked on.
Ye fools, that wear gay clothes, love to be gaped at,
What are you better when your end calls on you?
Will gold preserve ye from the grave? or jewels?
Get golden minds, and fling away your trappings;
Unto your bodies minister warm raiments,
Wholesome and good; glitter within, and spare not!
Let my court have rich souls! their suits I weigh not.—
And what are you that took such state upon you?
Are you a prince?
Lis. The prince of tailors, sir:
We owe some money to him, an't like your majesty!
Phil. If it like him, 'would ye owed more! Be modester:—
And you less saucy, sir; and leave this place:
Your pressing-iron will make no perfect courtier.
Go stitch at home, and cozen your poor neighbours:
Shew such another pride, I'll have you whipt for't!
And get worse clothes; these but proclaim your felony.—
And what's your paper?
Fra. I beseech you read it.
Phil. What's here? the Count Otrante task'd for a base villainy?
For stealing of a maid?
Lord. The Count Otrante?
Is not the fellow mad, sir?
Fra. No, no, my lord;
I am in my wits: I am a labouring man,
And we have seldom leisure to run mad:
We have other business to employ our heads in;

We have little wit to lose too. If we complain,
And if a heavy lord lie on our shoulders,
Worse than a sack of meal, and oppress our poverties,
We are mad straight, and whoop'd,[9] and tied in fetters,
Able to make a horse mad, as you use us.
You are mad for nothing, and no man dare proclaim it;
In you a wildness is a noble trick,
And cherished in ye, and all men must love it;
Oppressions of all sorts sit like new clothes,
Neatly and handsomely, upon your lordships:
And if we kick, when your honours spur us,
We are knaves and jades, and ready for the justice.
I am a true miller.

Phil. Then thou art a wonder.

2 *Lord.* I know the man reputed for a good man,
An honest and substantial fellow.

Phil. He speaks sense,
And to the point: Greatness begets much rudeness.—
How dare you, sirrah, 'gainst so main a person,
A man of so much noble note and honour,
Put up this base complaint? must every peasant
Upon a saucy will affront great lords?
All fellows, miller?

9 *We are mad straight, and* whop'd.] Sympson reads—

We are mad straight, and whip'd.

The last editors say, "*Whop'd*, in vulgar language, such as the Miller might use, might mean *beaten*." This Mr Mason endeavours to refute, and says, that "when the word *hooped* is used to signify beaten, it is spelt without a *w*, and is derived from *hoop*." Similar words, as, for instance, hubbub, are, however, frequently spelt with a *w* in these plays. But, in the present case, I agree with the last-mentioned commentator, that we must read *whooped*; that is, cried out upon, hooted, insulted with shouts.

Fra. I have my reward, sir;
I was told, one greatness would protect another,
As beams support their fellows; now I find it.
If't please your grace to have me hang'd, I am ready;
'Tis but a miller, and a thief dispatched.
Though I steal bread, I steal no flesh to tempt me.
I have a wife; an't please him to have her too,
With all my heart; 'twill make my charge the less, sir;
She'll hold him play a-while. I have a boy too;
He's able to instruct his honour's hogs,
Or rub his horse heels; when it please his lordship,
He may make him his slave too, or his bawd:
The boy is well bred, can exhort his sister.
For me, the prison, or the pillory,
To lose my goods, and have mine ears cropt off,
Whipt like a top, and have a paper stuck
Before me, for abominable honesty
To his own daughter! I can endure, sir; the miller
Has a stout heart, tough as his toll-pin.

Phil. I suspect this shrewdly!
Is it his daughter that the people call
The miller's fair maid?

2 Lord. It should seem so, sir.

Phil. Be sure you be i' th' right, sirrah.

Fra. If I be i' th' wrong, sir,
Be sure you hang me; I will ask no courtesy.
Your grace may have a daughter, (think of that, sir)
She may be fair, and she may be abused too,
(A king is not exempted from these cases)
Stol'n from your loving care——

Phil. I do much pity him.

Fra. But Heaven forbid that she should be in that venture

That mine is in at this hour. I'll assure your grace,
The lord wants a water-mill, and means to grind with her:
'Would I had his stones to set! I would fit him for't.

Phil. Follow me, miller, and let me talk with you further;
And keep this private all, upon your loyalties!
To-morrow morning, though I am now beyond him,
And the less look'd for, I'll break my fast with the good count.
No more; away! all to our sports; be silent!

[*Exeunt* Philippo, Franio, *and Lords.*

Vert. What grace shall I have now?

Lis. Chuse thine own grace,
And go to dinner when thou wilt, Vertigo;
We must needs follow the king.

Terzo. You heard the sentence.

Monc. If you stay here, I'll send thee a shoulder of venison.
Go home, go home; or, if thou wilt disguise,
I'll help thee to a place to feed the dogs.

Pedro. Or thou shalt be special tailor to the king's monkey;
'Tis a fine place. We cannot stay.

Vert. No money,
Nor no grace, gentlemen?

Terzo. 'Tis too early, tailor;
The king has not broke his fast yet.

Vert. I shall look for you
The next term, gentlemen.

Pedro. Thou shalt not miss us:
Pr'ythee provide some clothes. And, dost thou hear, Vertigo?
Commend me to thy wife: I want some shirts too.

Vert. I have chambers for you all.

Lis. They are too musty;

When they are clear, we'll come.
Vert. I must be patient
And provident; I shall never get home else.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the House of Otrante.

Enter OTRANTE *and* FLORIMEL.

Otr. Pr'ythee be wiser, wench! thou canst not 'scape me:
Let me with love and gentleness enjoy that,
That may be still preserved with love, and longed for.
If violence lay rough hold, I shall hate thee;
And after I have enjoyed thy maidenhead,
Thou wilt appear so stale and ugly to me,
I shall despise thee, cast thee off——
Flor. I pray you, sir,
Begin it now, and open your doors to me.
I do confess I am ugly; let me go, sir!
A gipsey-girl; why would your lordship touch me?
Fy, 'tis not noble! I am homely bred,
Coarse, and unfit for you; why do you flatter me?
There be young ladies many, that will love you,
That will dote on you: You are a handsome gentleman.
What will they say when once they know your quality?
" A lord, a miller? Take your toll-dish with you!

You that can deal with gurgeons,[1] and coarse flour,
'Tis pity you should taste what manchet means."
Is this fit, sir, for your repute and honour?
Otr. I'll love thee still.
Flor. You cannot; there's no sympathy
Between our births, our breeding, arts, conditions;
And where these are at difference, there's no liking.
This hour it may be I seem handsome to you,
And you are taken with variety
More than with beauty; to-morrow, when you have enjoyed me,
Your heat and lust assuaged, and come to examine,
Out of a cold and penitent condition,
What you have done, whom you have shared your love with,
Made partner of your bed, how it will vex you,
How you will curse the devil that betrayed you!
And what shall become of me then?
Otr. Wilt thou hear me?
Flor. As hasty as you were then to enjoy me,
As precious as this beauty shewed unto you,
You'll kick me out of doors, you'll whore, and ban me;
And if I prove with child with your fair issue,
Give me a pension of five pound a-year
To breed your heir withal, and so God speed me!
Otr. I'll keep thee like a woman.
Flor. I'll keep myself, sir,
Keep myself honest, sir; there's the brave keeping!
If you will marry me——
Otr. Alas, poor Florimel!
Flor. I do confess I am too coarse and base, sir,

[1] *Gudgeons.*] Seward would read *cutlins*, "a word used in the west for *greets* or *oats* cleared of the husks;" and Sympson, *gurgeons*, "which is explained by the words that immediately follow." We think the latter right.—Ed. 1778.

To be your wife; and it is fit you scorn me;
Yet such as I have crown'd the lives of great ones:
To be your whore I am sure I am too worthy,
(For, by my troth, sir, I am truly honest)
And that's an honour equal to your greatness!
Otr. I'll give thee what thou wilt.
Flor. Tempt me no more then:
Give me that peace, and then you give abundance.
I know you do but try me; you are noble;
All these are but to try my modesty:
If you should find me easy, and once coming,
I see your eyes already, how they would fright me;
I see your honest heart, how it would swell,
And burst itself into a grief against me;
Your tongue in noble anger, now, even now, sir,
Ready to rip my loose thoughts to the bottom,
And lay my shame unto myself wide open.
You are a noble lord; you pity poor maids.
The people are mistaken in your courses:
You, like a father, try 'em to the uttermost;
As they do gold, you purge the dross from them,
And make them shine.
Otr. This cunning cannot help you!
I love you to enjoy you; I have stol'n you,
To enjoy you now, not to be fool'd with circumstance.
Yield willingly, or else——
Flor. What?
Otr. I will force you:
I will not be delay'd! A poor base wench,
That I in courtesy make offer to,
Argue with me?
Flor. Do not; you'll lose your labour:
Do not, my lord; it will become you poorly.
Your courtesy may do much on my nature,
For I am kind as you are, and as tender.

If you compel, I have my strengths to fly to,
My honest thoughts, and those are guards about me:
I can cry too, and noise enough I dare make,
And I have curses, that will call down thunder;
For all I am a poor wench, Heaven will hear me.
My body you may force, but my will never!
And be sure I do not live, if you do force me,
Or have no tongue to tell your beastly story;
For if I have, and if there be a justice——

Otr. Pray ye go in here! I'll calm myself for this time,
And be your friend again.

Flor. I am commanded. [*Exit.*

Otr. You cannot 'scape me yet; I must enjoy you!
I'll lie with thy wit, though I miss thy honesty.
Is this a wench for a boor's hungry bosom?
A morsel for a peasant's base embraces?
And must I starve, and the meat in my mouth?
I'll none of that.

Enter GERASTO.

Ger. How now, my lord? how sped you?
Have you done the deed?

Otr. No, pox upon't, she's honest.

Ger. Honest! what's that? You take her bare denial?
Was there ever wench brought up in a mill, and honest?
That were a wonder worth a chronicle.
Is your belief so large? What did she say to you?

Otr. She said her honesty was all her dowry;
And preached unto me, how unfit, and homely,
Nay, how dishonourable, it would seem in me

To act my will; popt me i' th' mouth with modesty—

Ger. What an impudent quean was that! That's their trick ever.

Otr. And then discoursed to me very learnedly,
What fame and loud opinion would tell of me.
A wife she touched at——

Ger. Out upon her, varlet!
Was she so bold? These home-spun things are devils!
They'll tell you a thousand lies, if you'll believe 'em,
And stand upon their honours like great ladies;
They'll speak unhappily too good words to cozen you,
And outwardly seem saints; they'll cry downright also,
But 'tis for anger that you do not crush 'em.
Did she not talk of being with child?

Otr. She touch'd at it.

Ger. The trick of an errant whore, to milk your lordship!
And then a pension named?

Otr. No, no, she scorned it:
I offer'd any thing; but she refused all,
Refused it with a confident hate.

Ger. You thought so;
You should have ta'en her then, turn'd her, and tewed her
I' th' strength of all her resolution, flatter'd her,
And shaked her stubborn will; she would have thank'd you,
She would have loved you infinitely: They must seem modest,
It is their parts; if you had play'd your part, sir,
And handled her as men do unmann'd hawks,
Cast her, and mail'd her up in good clean linen,

And there have coy'd her,[a] you had caught her
heart-strings.
These tough virginities, they blow like white thorns,
In storms and tempests.
Otr. She's beyond all this;
As cold, and harden'd, as the virgin crystal.
Ger. Oh, force her, force her, sir! she longs to
be ravish'd;
Some have no pleasure but in violence;
To be torn in pieces is their paradise:
'Tis ordinary in our country, sir, to ravish all;
They will not give a penny for their sport
Unless they be put to't, and terribly;
And then they swear they'll hang the man comes
near 'em,
And swear it on his lips too.
Otr. No, no forcing;
I have another course, and I will follow it.
I command you, and do you command your fellows,
That when ye see her next, disgrace and scorn her;
I'll seem to put her out o' th' doors o' th' sudden,
And leave her to conjecture, then seize on her.
Away! be ready straight.
Ger. We shall not fail, sir. [*Exit.*
Otr. Florimel!

Enter FLORIMEL.

Flor. My lord.
Otr. I am sure you have now consider'd,

[a] *And handled her as men do* unmann'd *hawks,*
Cast *her, and* mail'd *her up in good clean linen,*
And there have coy'd *her.*] These are metaphors taken from falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not yet brought to endure company. *Mailed* refers to the hood used to reclaim hawks. The other terms are self-evident.

And like a wise wench weigh'd a friend's displeasure,
Repented your proud thoughts, and cast your scorn off.

Flor. My lord, I am not proud; I was never beautiful,
Nor scorn I any thing that's just and honest.

Otr. Come, to be short, can you love yet? You told me
Kindness would far compel you: I am kind to you,
And mean to exceed that way.

Flor I told you too, sir,
As far as it agreed with modesty,
With honour, and with honesty, I would yield to you.
Good my lord, take some other theme; for love,
Alas, I never knew yet what it meant,
And on the sudden, sir, to run through volumes
Of his most mystic art, 'tis most impossible;
Nay, to begin with lust, which is an heresy,
A foul one too; to learn that in my childhood—
Oh, good my lord!

Otr. You will not out of this song?
Your modesty, and honesty? is that all?
I will not force you.

Flor. You are too noble, sir.

Otr. Nor play the childish fool, and marry you.
I am yet not mad.

Flor. If you did, men would imagine——

Otr. Nor will I woo you at that infinite price
It may be you expect.

Flor. I expect your pardon,
And a discharge, my lord; that's all I look for.

Otr. No, nor fall sick for love.

Flor. 'Tis a healthful year, sir.

Otr. Look ye; I'll turn ye out o' doors, and scorn ye.

Flor. Thank you, my lord.
Otr. A proud slight peat[4] I found ye,
A fool, it may be too——
Flor. An honest woman,
Good my lord, think me.
Otr. And a base I leave you;
So, fare you well! [*Exit.*
Flor. Blessing attend your lordship!—
This is hot love, that vanisheth like vapours;
His ague's off, his burning fits are well quench'd,
I thank Heaven for't.—His men! They will not force me?

Enter GERASTO *and Servants.*

Ger. What dost thou stay for? dost thou not know the way,
Thou base unprovident whore?
Flor. Good words, pray ye, gentlemen!
1 *Serv.* Has my lord smoked ye over, good-wife miller?
Is your mill broken that you stand so useless?
2 *Serv.* An impudent quean! upon my life, she's unwholesome!
Some base discarded thing my lord has found her;
He would not have turn'd her off o' th' sudden else.
Ger. Now against every sack, my honest sweet-heart,
With every Smig and Smug[5]——

[4] *Peat.*] We now say *pet*, a word of endearment. So in Lingua, or the Combat of the Five Senses:

"The Gordian knot, which Alexander great
Did whilom cut with his all-conquering sword,
Was nothing like thy busk-point, pretty *peat*,
Nor could so fair an augury afford."

[5] —— *Smig and Smug.*] The copy of 1679, and the octavo, read

Flor. I must be patient.
Ger. And every greasy guest, and sweaty rascal,
For his royal hire between his fingers,[6] gentlewoman!
1 *Serv.* I fear thou hast given my lord the pox, thou damned thing.
2 *Serv.* I have seen her in the stews.
Ger. The knave her father
Was bawd to her there, and kept a tipling-house.
You must even to't again: A modest function!
Flor. If ye had honesty, ye would not use me
Thus basely, wretchedly, though your lord bid ye;
But he that knows——
Ger. Away, thou carted impudence,
You meat for every man! A little meal
Flung in your face, makes ye appear so proud—
Flor. This is inhuman. Let these tears persuade you
(If ye be men) to use a poor girl better!
I wrong not you, I am sure; I call you gentlemen.

Enter OTRANTE.

Otr. What business is here? Away! [*Exeunt Servants.*] Are not you gone yet?
Flor. My lord, this is not well, although you hate me,
(For what I know not) to let your people wrong me,
Wrong me maliciously, and call me——
Otr. Peace,
And mark me what we say, advisedly,
Mark, as you love that, that you call your credit!

so, but the oldest folio, *Sim and Smug:* Perhaps the reader might not think the various reading worth a note.—*Sympson.*

[6] *For his* royal *hire between his fingers.*] Alluding to a denomination of a coin called a *royal.*—Mason.

Yield now, or you're undone; your good name's perish'd;
Not all the world can buoy your reputation;[7]
'Tis sunk for ever else: These people's tongues will poison you;
Though you be white as innocence, they'll taint you;
They will speak terrible and hideous things;
And people in this age are prone to credit;
They'll let fall nothing that may brand a woman:
Consider this, and then be wise and tremble!
Yield yet, and yet I'll save you.

Flor. How?

Otr. I'll shew you;
Their mouths I'll seal up, they shall speak no more
But what is honourable and honest of you,
And saint-like they shall worship you: They are mine,
And what I charge them, Florimel——

Flor. I am ruined!
Heaven will regard me yet, they are barbarous wretches.
Let me not fall, my lord!

Otr. You shall not, Florimel:
Mark how I'll work your peace, and how I honour you.—
Who waits there? come all in.

Enter GERASTO *and Servants.*

Ger. Your pleasure, sir?

Otr. Who dare say this sweet beauty is not heavenly?
This virgin, the most pure, the most untainted,
The holiest thing——

[7] *Can* buy *my reputation.*] Corrected by Sympson.

Ger. We know it, my dear lord:
We are her slaves; and that proud impudence
That dares disparage her, this sword, my lord——

1 *Serv.* They are rascals base, the sons of common women,
That wrong this virtue, or dare own a thought
But fair and honourable of her: When we slight her,
Hang us, or cut's in pieces; let's tug i' th' gallies——

2 *Serv.* Brand us for villains!

Flor. Why, sure I dream! these are all saints.

Otr. Go, and live all her slaves.

Ger. We are proud to do it.

[*Exeunt* GERASTO *and Servants.*

Otr. What think you now? Am not I able, Florimel,
Yet to preserve you?

Flor. I am bound to your lordship;
You are all honour! And, good my lord, but grant me,
Until to-morrow, leave to weigh my fortunes,
I'll give you a free answer, perhaps a pleasing;
Indeed I'll do the best I can to satisfy you.

Otr. Take your good time. This kiss! Till then, farewell, sweet! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Grove.

Enter ANTONIO, MARTINE, *and* BUSTOPHA.

Mart. By all means discharge your follower.
Ant. If we can get him off.—Sirrah, Bustopha,
Thou must needs run back.
Bust. But I must not, unless you send a bier,
Or a lictor at my back: I do not use
To run from my friends.
Ant. Well, go! will serve turn; I have forgot—
Bust. What, sir?
Ant. See, if I can think on't now!
Bust. I know what 'tis now.
Ant. A pistolet of that!
Bust. Done! You have forgot a device to send me away.
You are going a-smocking perhaps?
Mart. His own! due, due i'faith, Antonio;
The pistolet's his own!
Ant. I confess it:
There 'tis! Now if you could afford out of it
A reasonable excuse to mine uncle——
Bust. Yes, I can;
But an excuse will not serve your turn: It must be
A lie, a full lie; 'twill do no good else.
If you'll go to the price of that——
Ant. Is a lie
Dearer than an excuse?
Bust. Oh, treble; this is
The price of an excuse; but a lie is two more.

Look, how many foils go to a fair fall,
So many excuses to a full lie; and less
Cannot serve your turn, let any tailor i' th' town
make it.

Mart. Why, 'tis reasonable; give him his price:
Let it be large enough now!

Bust. I'll warrant you;
Cover him all over.

Ant. I would have proof of one now.

Bust. What? stale[8] my invention beforehand?
you shall pardon me
For that! Well, I'll commend you to your uncle,
And tell him you'll be at home at supper with him.

Ant. By no means; I cannot come to-night, man.

Bust. I know that too: You do not know a lie
When you see it.

Mart. Remember
It must stretch for all night.

Bust. I shall want stuff:
I doubt 'twill come to the other pistolet.

Ant. Well, lay out; you shall be no loser, sir.

Bust. It must be faced, you know; there will
be a yard
Of dissimulation at least, city-measure,
And cut upon an untroth or two; lined with fables,
That must needs be, cold weather's coming; if it
had a galloon
Of hypocrisy, 'twould do well; and hook'd together

[8] Scale *my invention.*] Sympson proposes to read *stale,* which the last editors rejected. The phrase is, however, so common in old plays that I have restored it, though the old text is certainly capable of being explained. To *scale,* or *skale,* means to scatter, and is still a common phrase in the north of England; and Bustopha may mean—"Shall I proclaim or spread out my invention before the promised reward?" The word occurs in Shakspeare, Dekkar, and other poets, their contemporaries.

With a couple of conceits, that's necessity.
Well, I'll bring in my bill: I'll warrant you
As fair a lie by that time I have done with it,
As any gentleman i' th' town can swear to,
If he would betray his lord and master. [*Exit.*

Ant. So, so, this necessary trouble's over.

Mart. I would you had bought an excuse of him
Before he went; you'll want one for Ismenia.

Ant. Tush, there needs none, there's no suspicion yet;
And I'll be arm'd before the next encounter,
In a fast tie with my fair Isabel.

Enter Bustopha.

Mart. Yes,
You'll find your errand is before you now.

Bust. Oh, gentlemen, look to yourselves! ye are
Men of another world else: Your enemies
Are upon you! the old house of the Bellides
Will fall upon your heads. Signor Lisauro——

Ant. Lisauro?

Bust. And don what call you him? he's a gentleman,
Yet he has but a yeoman's name. Don Tarso,
Tarso, and a dozen at their heels.

Ant. Lisauro, Terzo, nor a dozen more,
Shall fright me from my ground, nor shun my path,
Let 'em come on in their ablest fury.

Mart. 'Tis worthily resolved; I'll stand by you, sir.
This way! I am thy true friend.

Bust. I'll be gone, sir,
That one may live to tell what is become of you.—
Put up, put up! Will you never learn to know a lie
From an Æsop's fables? There's a taste for you now!
[*Exit.*

Enter ISMENIA *and* AMINTA.

Mart. Look, sir! what time of day is it?
Ant. I know not;
My eyes go false, I dare not trust 'em now!
I pry'thee tell me, Martine, if thou canst,
Is that Ismenia or Isabella?
Mart. This is the lady; forget not Isabella.
Ant. If this face may be borrowed and lent out,
If it can shift shoulders, and take other tires,
So, 'tis mine where'er I find it——
Ism. Be sudden:
I cannot hold out long. [*Exit* AMINTA.
Mart., Believe't, she frowns.
Ant. Let it come, she cannot frown me off on't.
How prettily it wooes me to come nearer!—
How do you, lady, since yesterday's pains?
Were you not weary? of my faith——
Ism. I think you were.
Ant. What, lady?
Ism. Weary of your faith; it is a burthen
That men faint under, though they bear little of it.
Mart. So! this is to the purpose.
Ant. You came home
In a fair hour, I hope.
Ism. From whence, sir?

Enter AMINTA.

Amin. Sir, there's a gentlewoman without desires
To speak with you.
Ant. They were pretty homely toys; but your presence
Made them illustrious.
Ism. My cousin speaks to you.
Amin. A gentlewoman, sir; Isabella

She names herself.

Mart. So, so! it hits finely now.

Ant. Name yourself how you please, speak what you please,
I'll hear you chearfully.

Ism. You are not well;—
Request her in, she may have more acquaintance
With his passions, and better cure for 'em.

Amin. She's nice in that, madam: Poor soul, it seems
She's fearful of your displeasure.

Ism. I'll quit her
From that presently, and bring her in myself. [*Exit.*

Mart. How carelessly do you behave yourself,
When you should call all your best faculties
To counsel in you! How will you answer
The breach you made with fair Ismenia?
Have you forgot the retrograde vow you took
With her, that now is come in evidence?
You'll die upon your shame; you need no more
Enemies of the house, but the lady now:
You shall have your dispatch.

Enter ISMENIA *habited like* Juno.

Ant. Give me that face,
And I am satisfied, upon whose shoulders
Soe'er it grows. Juno, deliver us
Out of this amazement!—Beseech you, goddess,
Tell us of our friends; how does Ismenia?
And how does Isabella? Both in good health,
I hope, as you yourself are.

Ism. I am at furthest [*Aside.*
In my counterfeit.—My Antonio,
I have matter against you may need pardon,
As I must crave of you.

Ant. Observe you, sir,

What evidence is come against me! What think you
The Hydra-headed jury will say to't?

Mart. 'Tis I am fool'd; [*Aside.*
My hopes are pour'd into the bottomless tubs.
'Tis labour for the house of Bellides;[9]
I must not seem so yet.—But in sooth, lady,
Did you imagine your changeable face
Hid you from me? By this hand, I knew you!

Ant. I went by the face: And by these eyes I might
Have been deceived.

Ism. You might indeed, Antonio;
For this gentleman did vow to Isabella,
That he it was that loved Ismenia,
And not Antonio.

Mart. Good! and was not that
A manifest confession that I knew you?
I else had been unjust unto my friend.
'Twas well remembered! there I found you out;
And speak your conscience now.

Ant. But did he so protest?

Ism. Yes, I vow to you, had Antonio
Wedded Isabella, Ismenia
Had not been lost; there had been her lover.

Ant. Why much good do you, friend! take her to you;
I crave but one; here have I my wish full:
I am glad we shall be so near neighbours.

[9] *My hopes are pour'd into the bottomless tubs,*
'Tis labour for the house of Bellides.] In this passage, Martine alludes not only to the family of his adversaries, but to the ancient story of the Bellides, the fifty daughters of Belus, who all, except Hypermnestra, murdered their husbands on their wedding-night; for which crime, as the poets feign, they were condemned in Tartarus to draw water eternally in sieves.—*Mason.*

Mart. Take both, sir; Juno to boot, three parts in one
Saint Hilarie bless you![1]—Now opportunity,
Beware to meet with falsehood! if thou canst,
Shun it. My friend's faith's turning from him.
Ism. Might I not justly accuse Antonio
For a love-wanderer? You know no other
But me, for another, and confess troth now?
Ant. Here was my guide; where-e'er I find this face
I am a lover. Marry, I must not miss
This freckle then, (I have the number of 'em)
Nor this dimple; not a silk from this brow;
I carry the full idea ever with me.
If nature can so punctually parallel,
I may be cozened.
Ism. Well, all this is even:
But now, to perfect all, our love must now
Come to our enemies' hands, where neither part
Will ever give consent to it.
Ant. Most certain:
For which reason it must not be put to 'em.
Have we not prevention in our own hands?

[1] *St Hilarie bless you.*] Here I think Martine's speech should end, and Antonio speak the remainder.

My friend's faith's turning from him,

plainly appears to be Antonio's upbraidings to Martine.—*Seward.*
The old regulation of the speeches is right. Martine is endeavouring to prevent the gradual aberration from his friend going on at the time in his mind. The pointing of the text, which is very obvious, was proposed by Mason, who observes, that the words "My friend's faith's turning from him," mean, that he was about to lose the fidelity he owed to his friend. Hitherto the text was thns ignorantly pointed:

—— Now opportunity
Beware to meet with falsehood, if thou canst
Shun it, my friend's faith's turning from him.

Shall I walk by the tree, desire the fruit,
Yet be so nice[a] to pull, 'till I ask leave
Of the churlish gardener, that will deny me?
Ism. Oh, Antonio!
Ant. 'Tis manners to fall to
When grace is said.
Ism. That holy act's to come.
Mart. You may ope an oyster or two before grace.
Ant. Are there not double vows as valuable
And as well spoke as any friar utters?
Heaven has heard all.
Ism. Yes; but stays the blessing,
'Till all dues be done: Heaven is not served by halves:
We shall have ne'er a father's blessing here;
Let us not lose the better from above!
Ant. You take up weapons of unequal force;
It shews you cowardly. Hark in your ear!
Amin. Have I lost all employment? 'Would this proffer [*Aside.*
Had been made to me, though I had paid it with
A reasonable penance!
Mart. Have I past
All thy fore-lock, Time? I'll stretch a long arm
But I'll catch hold again, (do but look back
Over thy shoulder) and have a pull at thee.
Ism. I hear you, sir; nor can I hear too much
While you speak well: You know th' accustom'd place
Of our night-parley; if you can ascend,
The window shall receive you; you may find there
A corrupted churchman to bid you welcome.
Ant. I would meet no other man.

[a] *Yet be so nice to pull.*] Sympson thinks we should read, *Yet be so nice* as not *to pull.* *So nice to pull,* means to *scruple pulling, be so nice about it;* and is right.—Ed. 1778.

Ism. Aminta, you hear this.
Amin. With joy, madam, because it pleases you:
It may be mine own case another time.
Now you go the right way, ask the banns out;
Put it past father, or friends, to forbid it,
And then you're sure.—Sir, your Hymen taper
I'll light up for you; the window shall shew you
The way to Sestos.
Ant. I will venture drowning.
Mart. The simile holds not; 'tis hanging rather.
You must ascend your castle by a ladder;
To the foot I'll bring you.
Ant. Leave me to climb it.
Mart. If I do turn you off?
Ant. Till night, fare well, then better.
Ism. Best it should be;[3]
But peevish hatred keeps back that decree. [*Exeunt.*
Mart. I never look'd so smooth as now I purpose:
And then, beware! Knave is at worst of knave
When he smiles best, and the most seems to save.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Julio's *House.*

Enter JULIO.

Julio. My mind's unquiet; while Antonio

[3] *Till night fare-well: then better.*
Ism. Best *it should be.*] The pointing in the text is Mason's. *Best* in the last line refers to *fare* in the preceding one.

My nephew's abroad, my heart is not at home;
Only my fears stay with me; bad company!
But I cannot shift 'em off. This hatred
Betwixt the house of Bellides and us
Is not fair war; 'tis civil, but uncivil.
We are near neighbours; were of love as near,
Till a cross misconstruction ('twas no more,
In conscience) put us so far asunder:
I would 'twere reconciled! it has lasted
Too many sun-sets. If grace might moderate,
Man should not lose so many days of peace,
To satisfy the anger of one minute.
I could repent it heartily. I sent
The knave to attend my Antonio too,
Yet he returns no comfort to me neither.

Enter BUSTOPHA.

Bust. No, I must not——
Julio. Ha! he is come.
Bust. I must not;
'Twill break his heart to hear it.
Julio. How! there's bad tidings: [*Steps aside.*
I must obscure and hear it; he'll not tell me,
For breaking of my heart; 'tis half split already.
Bust. I have spied him: Now to knock down a don
With a lie, a silly harmless lie! 'twill be
Valiantly done, and nobly perhaps.
Julio. I cannot hear him now.
Bust. Oh, the bloody days that we live in!
The envious, malicious, deadly days
That we draw breath in!
Julio. Now I hear too loud.
Bust. The children that never shall be born may rue it;
For men, that are slain now, might have lived

To have got children, that might have cursed
Their fathers.

Julio. Oh, my posterity is ruined!

Bust. Oh, sweet Antonio!

Julio. Oh, dear Antonio!

Bust. Yet it was nobly done of both parts:
When he and Lisauro met——

Julio. Oh, death has parted 'em!

Bust. "Welcome, my mortal foe," says one! "Welcome,
My deadly enemy," says th' other! Off go their doublets,
They in their shirts, and their swords stark naked;
Here lies Antonio, here lies Lisauro;
He comes upon him with an *embroccado,*
That he puts by with a *punta reversa;* Lisauro
Recoils me two paces, and some six inches back,
Takes his career, and then, oh——

Julio. Oh!

Bust. Runs Antonio
Quite through——

Julio. Oh, villain!

Bust. Quite through between the arm and the body;
So that he had no hurt at that bout.

Julio. Goodness be praised!

Bust. But then, at next encounter,
He fetches me up Lisauro; Lisauro
Makes out a lunge at him, which he thinking
To be a *passado,* Antonio's foot
Slipping down, oh, down——

Julio. Oh, now thou art lost!

Bust. Oh, but the quality of the thing, both gentlemen,
Both Spanish Christians: Yet one man to shed—

Julio. Say his enemies' blood.

Bust. His hair, may come
By divers casualties, though he never go

Into the field with his foe; but a man
To lose nine ounces and two drams of blood
At one wound, thirteen and a scruple at another,
And to live till he die in cold blood—Yet the surgeon,
That cur'd him, said if *pia mater* had not
Been perished, he had been a lives man
Till this day.

Julio. There he concludes he is gone.

Bust. But all this is nothing: Now I come to the point——

Julio. Ay the point, that's deadly; the ancient blow
Over the buckler ne'er went half so deep.

Bust. Yet pity bids me keep in my charity;
For me to pull an old man's ears from his head
With telling of a tale—Oh, foul tale! No; be silent, tale.
Furthermore, there is the charge of burial;
Every one will cry *blacks, blacks*,[3] that had
But the least finger dipt in his blood, though ten
Degrees removed when it was done. Moreover,
The surgeon (that made an end of him) will be paid;
Sugar-plums and sweet-breads! yet, I say,
The man may recover again, and die in his bed.

Julio. What motley stuff is this? Sirrah, speak truth,
What hath befallen my dear Antonio?
Restrain your pity in concealing it!
Tell me the danger full; take off your care
Of my receiving it; kill me that way,

[3] *Blacks.*] The common term for mourning clothes at that time. So in A Mad World my Masters, by Middleton:

"I'll pay him again when he dies in so many *blacks*."

I'll forgive my death! what thou keep'st back from truth
Thou shalt speak in pain; do not look to find
A limb in his right place, a bone unbroke,
Nor so much flesh unbroil'd of all that mountain,
As a worm might sup on; dispatch, or be dispatched!

Bust. Alas, sir. I know nothing, but that Antonio
Is a man of God's making to this hour:
'Tis not two since I left him so.

Julio. Where didst thou leave him?

Bust. In the same clothes he had on when he went from you.

Julio. Does he live?

Bust. I saw him drink.

Julio. Is he not wounded?

Bust. He may have a cut i' th' leg by this time for Don Martine
And he were at whole slashes.

Julio. Met he not with Lisauro?

Bust. I do not know her.

Julio. Her? Lisauro is a man, as he is.

Bust. I saw
Ne'er a man like him.

Julio. Didst thou not discourse
A fight betwixt Antonio and Lisauro?

Bust. Ay, to myself;
I hope a man may give himself the lie
If it please him.

Julio. Didst thou lie then?

Bust. As sure as you live now.

Julio. I live
The happier by it. When will he return?

Bust. That he sent me to tell you; within these
Ten days at furthest.

Julio. Ten days? he's not wont
To be absent two.

Bust. Nor I think he will not;
He said he would be at home to-morrow; but I love
To speak within my compass.
Julio. You shall speak within mine, sir, now.
Within there!

Enter Servants.

Take this fellow into custody!
Keep him safe, I charge you!
Bust. Safe? Do you hear? take notice
What plight you find me in; if there want but a collop,
Or a steak o' me, look to't!
Julio. If my nephew
Return not in his health to-morrow, thou goest
To the rack.
Bust. Let me go to th' manger first;
I had rather eat oats than hay.
[*Exit, with Servants.*

Enter BELLIDES *with a Letter.*

Bel. By your leave, sir.
Julio. For aught I know yet, you are welcome, sir.
Bel. Read that, and tell me so; or if thy spectacles
Be not easy, keep thy nose unsaddled, and ope
Thine ears: I can speak thee the contents; I made 'em.
'Tis a challenge, a fair one, I'll maintain't:
I scorn to hire my second to deliver't,
I bring't myself. Dost know me, Julio?
Julio. Bellides?
Bel. Yes; is not thy hair on end now?
Julio. Somewhat amazed at thy rash hardiness.
How durst thou come so near thine enemy?

Bel. Durst?
I dare come nearer: Thou art a fool, Julio.
Julio. Take it home to thee, with a knave to boot.
Bel. Knave to thy teeth again! and all that's quit.
Give me not a fool more than I give thee,
Or, if thou dost, look to hear on't again.
Julio. What an encounter's this!
Bel. A noble one!
My hand is to my words; thou hast it there:
There I do challenge thee, if thou dar'st, be
Good friends with me; or I'll proclaim thee coward.
Julio. Be friends with thee?
Bel. I'll shew thee reasons for't:
A pair of old coxcombs, (now we go together)
Such as should stand examples of discretion,
The rules of grammar to unwilling youth
To take out lessons by; we, that should check
And quench the raging fire in others' bloods,
We strike the battle to destruction?
Read 'em the black art? and make 'em believe
It is divinity? Heathens, are we not?
Speak thy conscience; how hast thou slept this month,
Since this fiend haunted us?
Julio. Sure some good angel
Was with us both last night! Speak thou truth now;
Was it not last night's motion?
Bel. Dost not think
I would not lay hold of it at first proffer,
Should I ne'er sleep again?
Julio. Take not all from me;
I'll tell the doctrine of my vision.
" Say that Antonio, best of thy blood,
Or any one, the least allied to thee,
Should be the prey unto Lisauro's sword,
Or any of the house of Bellides"——

Bel. Mine was the just inversion; on, on!
Julio. "How would mine eyes have emptied thee in sorrow,
And left the conduit[4] of Nature dry!
Thy hands have turn'd rebellious to the balls,
And broke the glasses; with thine own curses
Have torn thy soul, left thee a statue
To propagate thy next posterity!"
Bel. "Yes, and thou causer!" so it said to me,
"They fight but your mischiefs; the young men were friends,
As is the life and blood coagulate,
And curdled in one body; but this is yours,
An inheritance that you have gather'd for 'em,
A legacy of blood to kill each other
Throughout your generations." Was't not so?
Julio. Word for word.
Bel. Nay, I can go farther yet.
Julio. 'Tis far enough: Let us atone it here,
And in a reconciled circle fold
Our friendship new again.
Bel. The sign's in Gemini;
An auspicious house! 'thas join'd both ours again.
Julio. You cannot proclaim me coward now, Don Bellides.
Bel. No; thou'rt a valiant fellow; so am I:
I'll fight with thee at this hug, to the last leg
I have to stand on, or breath or life left.
Julio. This is the salt unto humanity,
And keeps it sweet.
Bel. Love! oh, life stinks without it.—
I can tell you news.
Julio. Good has long been wanting.

[4] *Condiment.*] So the first folio reads, which is, however, utter nonsense, though the metre is better than in the second, from which the text is taken.

Bel. I do suspect, and I have some proof on't,
(So far as a love-epistle comes to)
That Antonio (your nephew) and my daughter
Ismenia, are very good friends before us.

Julio. That were a double wall about our houses,
Which I could wish were builded.

Bel. I had it from
Antonio's intimate, Don Martine:
And yet, methought, it was no friendly part
To shew it me.

Julio. Perhaps 'twas his consent:
Lovers have policies as well as statesmen;
They look not always at the mark they aim at.

Bel. We'll take up cudgels, and have one bout with 'em.
They shall know nothing of this union;
And, till they find themselves most desperate,
Succour shall never see 'em.

Julio. I'll take your part, sir.

Bel. It grows late; there's a happy day past us.

Julio. The example, I hope, to all behind it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Night. Before the House of Bellides.

Aminta *appears at the Window with a Taper.*

Amin. Stand fair, light of love![5] which epithet and place

[5] *Light* of *love.*] Theobald is for reading, *light love.*—Ed. 1778.

Adds to thee honour, to me it would be shame.
We must be weight in love, no grain too light;
Thou art the land-mark; but if Love be blind,
(As many that can see have so reported)
What benefit canst thou be to his darkness?
Love is a jewel (some say) inestimable,[6]
But hung at the ear, deprives our own sight,
And so it shines to others, not ourselves.
I speak my skill; I have only heard on't,
But I could wish a nearer document.
Alas, the ignorant desire to know!
Some say, Love's but a toy, and with a but——
Now, methinks, I should love it ne'er the worse;
A toy is harmless sure, and may be play'd with;
It seldom goes without his adjunct, *pretty*,
" A pretty toy," we say; 'tis metre to *joy* too.[7]
Well, here may be a mad night yet, for all this!
Here's a priest ready, and a lady ready;
A chamber ready, and a bed ready;

Theobald might have known that *light of love* was the name of a tune alluded to in the Chances and other plays of our authors, as well as in Shakspeare's.

[6] *Love is a jewel (some say) inestimable,*
But hung at the ear, deprives *our own sight.*] What the poets designed to say seems to be this, viz. *That the jewel of love being hung at the ear, is unseen by them that affixed it there;* but as this is not possible to be made of the words as they stand, I imagine the line might originally run thus:

Love is a jewel——
But hung at th' ear is deprived *our own sight.*—Sympson.

We think the poets designed to compare love to a jewel, whose lustre is seen by the rest of the world, and not by the *wearer*. The mode of phrase in the text is peculiar, but we believe genuine; and what editor has a right to alter it?—Ed. 1778.
The last editors are clearly right.

[7] —— *'tis* metre *to joy too.*] *Metre* is here somewhat singularly used for *rhyme*.

'Tis then but making unready,[8] and that's soon done.
My lady is my cousin; I myself;
Which is nearest then? My desires are mine;
Say they be hers too, is't a hanging matter?
It may be ventured in a worser cause.
I must go question with my conscience:
I have the word; centinel, do thou stand;
Thou shalt not need to call, I'll be at hand.
[*Exit.*

Enter below, Antonio *and* Martine.

Ant. Are we not dogg'd behind us, think'st thou, friend?
Mart. I heard not one bark, sir.
Ant. There are that bite
And bark not, man; methought I spied two fellows,
That through two streets together walk'd aloof,
And wore their eyes suspiciously upon us.
Mart. Your jealousy, nothing else; or such perhaps
As are afraid as much of us; who knows
But about the like business? but, for your fears' sake,
I'll advise and entreat one courtesy.
Ant. What is that, friend?
Mart. I will not be denied, sir;
Change your upper garments with me.
Ant. It needs not.
Mart. I think so too; but I will have it so,
If you dare trust me with the better, sir.
Ant. Nay then——
Mart. If there should be danger towards,

[8] *Making unready.*] In the language of the time this meant *undressing.*

There will be the main mark, I'm sure.
Ant. Here thou takest from me——
Mart. Tush! the general
Must be safe, howe'er the battle goes.
[*They change cloaks.*
See you the beacon yonder?
Ant. Yes; we are near shore.

Enter two Gentlemen, with weapons drawn; they set upon MARTINE; ANTONIO *pursues them out in rescue of* MARTINE.

Mart. Come, land, land! you must clamber by the cliff;
Here are no stairs to rise by.
Ant. Ay! are you there? [*Fight, and exeunt.*

Enter AMINTA *above, and* MARTINE, *returned again, ascends.*

Amin. Antonio?
Mart. Yes. Ismenia?
Amin. Thine own.
Mart. Quench the light; thine eyes are guides illustrious.
Amin. 'Tis necessary. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Your legs have saved your lives,[9] whoe'er ye are.
Friend! Martine! where art thou? not hurt, I hope!
Sure I was farthest i' th' pursuit of 'em.
My pleasures are forgotten through my fears!

[9] Mart. *Your legs have saved,* &c.] The error of giving this speech to *Martine* corrected by Sympson.—Ed. 1778.

The light's extinct! it was discreetly done;
They could not but have notice of the broil,
And, fearing that might call up company,
Have carefully prevented, and closed up:
I do commend the heed. Oh, but my friend,
I fear he's hurt!—Friend! friend! It cannot be
So mortal, that I should lose thee quite, friend!
A groan! any thing that may discover thee!
Thou art not sunk so far, but I might hear thee.
I'll lay mine ear as low as thou canst fall:
Friend! Don Martine! I must answer for thee,
('Twas in my cause thou fell'st) if thou be'st down.
Such dangers stand betwixt us and our joys,
That, should we forethink ere we undertake,
We'd sit at home, and save.—What a night's here!
Purposed for so much joy, and now disposed
To so much wretchedness! I shall not rest in't!
If I had all my pleasures there within,
I should not entertain 'em with a smile.
Good-night to you! Mine will be black and sad;
A friend cannot, a woman may be had.[1] [*Exit.*

[1] *A friend cannot, a woman may be* bad.] The alteration in the text was made by Sympson silently, and, though rejected by the last editors, has been retained as the preferable reading.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of Bellides.

Enter Ismenia *and* Aminta.

Ism. Oh, thou false-
Amin. Do your daring'st! he's mine own,
Soul and body mine, church and chamber mine,
Totally mine.
Ism. Darest thou face thy falsehood?
Amin. Shall I not give a welcome to my wishes,
Come home so sweetly? Farewell, your company,
Till you be calmer, woman! [*Exit.*
Ism. Oh, what a heap
Of misery has one night brought with it!

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Where is he? Do you turn your shame from me?
You're a blind adulteress! you know you are.
Ism. How's that, Antonio?
Ant. Till I have vengeance,
Your sin's not pardonable! I will have him,
If hell hide him not! you have had your last of him. [*Exit.*
Ism. What did he speak? I understood him not!
He call'd me a foul name; it was not mine;
He took me for another, sure.

Enter Bellides.

Bel. Ha! are you there?
Where is your sweetheart? I have found you, traitor
To my house! wilt league with mine enemy?
You'll shed his blood, you'll say: Ha! will you so?
And fight with your heels upwards? No, minion;
I have a husband for you, (since you're so rank)
And such a husband as thou shalt like him,
Whether thou wilt or no: Antonio?
Ism. It thunders with the storm now.
Bel. And to-night
I'll have it dispatch'd; I'll make it sure, I!
By to-morrow this time thy maidenhead
Shall not be worth a chequin,[2] if it were
Knock'd at an out-cry. Go! I'll ha' you before me:
Shough, shough! up to your coop, pea-hen!

[2] *Shall not be worth a* chicken.] In this place the unknown gentleman reads thus,

——— *worth a* chequin,

and adds, that Sir Isaac Newton, in his tables of gold and silver coins, says, *sequin, chequin*, or *zacheen*, is a gold Venetian coin, worth nine and sixpence. It may be so, but yet my friend will, I hope, pardon me if I have not altered the line according to his direction; for I am not sure, that there is not a double entendre couched under this word, which will be lost by his proposed correction of the text.—*Sympson.*

We apprehend the old man's meaning is, "Thy maidenhead shall not be worth a *chicken*, which (on a great demand for viands) has been killed without fatting."—Ed. 1778.

There is not the least doubt that Sympson's unknown gentleman is right, and that the Italian coin chequin is alluded to. The word *outcry*, which anciently meant an auction, is sufficient to prove it. Besides, the word is spelt with a capital letter in the folio, and I have frequently met with it in old plays in a corrupt state. The explanation of the last editors is worth preserving for its ludicrous absurdity.

Ism. Then I'll try my wings. [*Exit.*

Bel. Ay? are you good at that? stop, stop, thief! stop there! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the House of Otrante.

Enter OTRANTE, *and* FLORIMEL *singing.*

SONG.

Flor. *Now having leisure, and a happy wind,*
Thou mayst at pleasure cause the stones to grind;
Sails spread, and grist here ready to be ground;
Fy, stand not idly, but let the mill go round!

Otr. Why dost thou sing and dance thus? why so merry?
Why dost thou look so wantonly upon me?
And kiss my hands?

Flor. If I were high enough,
I would kiss your lips too.

Otr. Do, this is some kindness;
This tastes of willingness; nay, you may kiss still.
But why o' th' sudden now does the fit take you,
Unoffer'd, or uncompell'd? why these sweet curtesies?
Even now you would have blush'd to death to kiss thus:

Pr'ythee, let me be prepared to meet thy kindness!
I shall be unfurnish'd else to hold thee play, wench:
Stay now a little, and delay your blessings!
If this be love, methinks it is too violent:
If you repent you of your strictness to me,
It is so sudden, it wants circumstance.
Flor. Fy, how dull!

SONG.

How long shall I pine for love?
How long shall I sue in vain?
How long, like the turtle-dove,
Shall I heavily thus complain?
Shall the sails of my love stand still?
Shall the grist of my hopes be unground?
Oh fy, oh fy, oh, fy!
Let the mill, let the mill go round!

Otr. Pr'ythee be calm a little!
Thou makest me wonder; thou that wert so strange,
And read such pious rules to my behaviour
But yesternight; thou that wert made of modesty,
Shouldst in a few short minutes turn thus desperate!
Flor. You are too cold.
Otr. I do confess I freeze now!
I am another thing all over me.
It is my part to woo, not to be courted.
Unfold this riddle; 'tis to me a wonder,
That now o' th' instant, ere I can expect,
Ere I can turn my thoughts, and think upon
A separation of your honest carriage
From the desires of youth, thus wantonly,
Thus beyond expectation——
Flor. I will tell you,

And tell you seriously, why I appear thus,
To hold you no more ignorant and blinded:
I have no modesty; I am truly wanton;
I am that you look for, sir: Now, come up roundly!
If my strict face and counterfeited stateliness[3]
Could have won on you, I had caught you that way,
And you should ne'er have come to have known
who hurt you.
Pr'ythee, sweet count, be more familiar with me!
However we are open in our natures,
And apt to more desires than you dare meet with,
Yet we affect to lay the gloss of good on't.
I saw you touch'd not at the bait of chastity,
And that it grew distasteful to your palate
To appear so holy; therefore I take my true shape:
Is your bed ready, sir? you shall quickly find me.

SONG

On the bed I'll throw thee, throw thee down;
Down being laid,
Shall we be afraid
To try the rites that belong to love?
No, no; there I'll woo thee with a crown,
Crown our desires;
Kindle the fires,
When love requires we should wanton prove,
We'll kiss, we'll sport, we'll laugh, we'll play;
If thou comest short, for thee I'll stay;
If thou unskilful art, on the ground[4]
I'll kindly teach—we'll have the mill go round.

[3] *Stateliness.*] So the first folio. The text is from the second

[4] *If thou unskilful art, the ground.*] So the first folio. The text is from the second.

Otr. Are you no maid?
Flor. Yes, my lord, no certain;
I am sorry you're so innocent to think so.
Is this an age for silly maids to thrive in?
It is so long too since I lost it, sir,
That I have no belief I ever was one:
What should you do with maidenheads? you hate 'em;
They are peevish, pettish things, that hold no game up,
No pleasure neither; th y are sport for surgeons;
I'll warrant you I'll fit you beyond maidenhead:
A fair and easy way men travel right in,
And with delight, discourse, and twenty pleasures,
They enjoy their journey; madmen creep through hedges.

Otr. I am metamorphosed! Why do you appear,
I conjure you, beyond belief thus wanton?

Flor. Because I would give you pleasure beyond belief.

SONG.

Think me still in my father's mill,
Where I have oft been found-a
Thrown on my back,
On a well-fill'd sack,
While the mill has still gone round-a:
Pr'ythee, sirrah, try thy skill;
And again let the mill go round-a!

Otr. Then you have traded?

Flor. Traded? how should I know else how to live, sir,
And how to satisfy such lords as you are,
Our best guests and our richest?

Otr. How I shake now!

You take no base men?

Flor. Any that will offer;
All manner of men, and all religions, sir,
We touch at in our time; all states and ages
We exempt none.

SONG.

The young one, the old one,
The fearful, the bold one,
The lame one, though ne'er so unsound,
The Jew or the Turk,
Have leave for to work,
The whilst that the mill goes round.

Otr. You are a common thing then?

Flor. No matter, since you have your private pleasure,
And have it by an artist excellent,
Whether I am thus, or thus; your men can tell you.

Otr. My men? defend me! how I freeze together,
And am on ice! Do I bite at such an orange?
After my men? I am preferr'd!

Flor. Why stay you?
Why do we talk, my lord, and lose our time?
Pleasure was made for lips, and sweet embraces;
Let lawyers use their tongues!—Pardon me, Modesty! [*Apart.*
This desperate way must help; or I am miserable.

Otr. She turns, and wipes her face; she weeps for certain!
Some new way now; she cannot be thus beastly;
She is too excellent fair to be thus impudent:
She knows the elements of common looseness;

The art of lewdness[9]—that, that, that—How now, sir?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The king, an't please your lordship, is alighted
Close at the gate.
Otr. The king?
Serv. And calls for you, sir;
Means to breakfast here too.
Flor. Then I am happy!
Otr. Stolen so suddenly? Go, lock her up;
Lock her up where the courtiers may not see her;
Lock her up closely, sirrah, in my closet.
Serv. I will, my lord. What, does she yield yet?
Otr. Peace!
She's either a damn'd devil, or an angel.—
No noise, upon your life, dame, but all silence!
[*Exeunt* Florimel *and Servant.*

Enter King, Lords, Vertigo, Lisauro, *and* Terzo.

Otr. Your majesty heaps too much honour on me,

[9] *The art of lewdness: that, that, that, &c.*] However Florimel's language shews that she had heard of the elements at least of looseness, yet I think Otrante should say, that he did not believe she knew the practical part of it, and so I would read,

Not th' art of lewdness——

Or rather thus,

Not th' act *of lewdness.*

Art and *act* being often confounded both in Shakspeare and our authors.—*Seward.*

Seward's proposition is very specious, but not absolutely necessary, if the pointing is rectified as in the text. Otrante means to say, that he believes "she knows the elements of lewdness, but not

With such delight to view each several corner
Of a rude pile; there's no proportion in't, sir.

Phil. Methinks 'tis handsome, and the rooms along
Are neat. and well contrived; the gallery
Stands pleasantly and sweet. What rooms are these?

Otr. They are sluttish ones.

Phil. Nay, I must see.

Otr. Pray you do, sir:
They are lodging-chambers o'er a homely garden.

Phil. Fit still, and handsome; very well!—and those?

Otr. Those lead to the other side o' th' house, an't like you.

Phil. Let me see those.

Otr. You may; the doors are open.—
What should this view mean? I am half suspicious. [*Aside.*

Phil. This little room?

Otr. 'Tis mean; a place for trash, sir,
For rubbish of the house.

Phil. I would see this too:
I will see all.

Otr. I beseech your majesty!
The savour of it, and the coarse appearance——

Phil. 'Tis not so bad; you would not offend your house with it:
Come, let me see.

Otr. 'Faith, sir——

Phil. I'faith, I will see.

Otr. My groom has the key, sir; and 'tis ten to one——

Phil. But I will see it.—Force the lock, my lords

the act," without finishing the sentence. *Art* certainly means *act* in the present case, as it does in many other places of these plays. See vol. II. p. 406, III. 142, VI. 468, VII. 129.

There be smiths enough to mend it:—I perceive
You keep some rare things here, you would not
shew, sir.

Florimel *discovered.*

Terzo. Here's a fair maid indeed!
Phil. By my faith is she;
A handsome girl!—Come forward! do not fear,
wench.—
Ay, marry, here's a treasure worth concealing.
Call in the miller.
Otr. Then I am discover'd!—
I'll confess all before the miller comes, sir:
'Twas but intention; from all act I am clear yet.

Enter Franio.

Phil. Is this your daughter?
Fra. Yes, an't please your highness,
This is the shape of her; for her substance, sir,
Whether she be now honourable or dishonourable,
Whether she be a white rose, or a canker, is the
question.
I thank my lord, he made bold with my filly:
If she be for your pace, you had best preserve her,
sir;
She's tender-mouth'd; let her be broken hand-
somely!
Phil. Maid, were you stol'n?
Flor. I went not willingly,
An't please your grace; I was ne'er bred so boldly.
Phil. How has he used you?
Flor. Yet, sir, very nobly.
Phil. Be sure you tell truth.—And be sure, my
lord,

You have not wrong'd her; if you have, I tell you,
You have lost me, and yourself too!—Speak again, wench.

Flor. He has not wrong'd me, sir; I am yet a maid:
By all that's white and innocent, I am, sir!
Only I suffer'd under strong temptations,
The heat of youth; but Heaven deliver'd me.—
My lord, I am no whore, for all I feign'd it,
And feign'd it cunningly, and made you loath me:
'Twas time to out-do you; I had been robb'd else,
I had been miserable; but I forgive you.

Phil. What recompense for this?

Otr. A great one, sir;
First a repentance, and a hearty one.—
Forgive me, sweet!

Flor. I do, my lord.

Otr. I thank you!
The next, take this, and these; all I have, Florimel! [*Offers jewels.*

Flor. No, good my lord, these often corrupt maidens;
I dare not touch at these, they are lime for virgins;
But if you'll give me——

Otr. Any thing in my power,
Or in my purchase.

Flor. Take heed, noble sir!
You'll make me a bold asker.

Otr. Ask me freely.

Flor. Ask you? I do ask you, and I deserve you;
I have kept you from a crying sin would damn you
To men and time; I have preserved your credit,
That would have died to all posterity:
Curses of maids shall never now afflict you,
Nor parents' bitter tears make your name barren.
If he deserves well that redeems his country,

And as a patriot be remember'd nobly,
Nay, set the highest; may not I be worthy
To be your friend, that have preserved your honour?
Otr. You are, and thus I take you; thus I seal you
Mine own, and only mine.
Phil. Count, she deserves you:
And let it be my happiness to give you!
[*Gives her to* Otrante.
I have given a virtuous maid now, I dare say it;
'Tis more than blood. I'll pay her portion, sir;
And it shall be worthy you.
Fra. I'll sell my mill,
I'll pay some too! I'll pay the fiddlers,
And we'll have all i' th' country at this wedding.
Pray let me give her too:—Here, my lord, take her,
Take her with all my heart, and kiss her freely:
'Would I could give you all this hand has stol'n too,
In portion with her! 'twould make her a little whiter.
The wind blows fair now; get me a young miller!
Vert. She must have new clothes.
Terzo. Yes.
Vert. Yes, marry must she.—
If't please ye, madam, let me see the state of your body;
I'll fit you instantly.
Phil. Art not thou gone yet?
Vert. An't please your grace, a gown, a handsome gown now,
An orient gown——
Phil. Nay, take thy pleasure of her.
Vert. Of cloth of tissue—I can fit you, madam:
(My lords, stand out o' th' light!) a curious body!
The neatest body in Spain this day—with embroider'd flowers,

A clinquant[6] petticoat of some rich stuff,
To catch the eye: I have a thousand fashions.
Oh, sleeve, oh, sleeve! I'll study all night, madam,
To magnify your sleeve.

Otr. Do, superstitious tailor,
When you have more time.

Flor. Make me no more than woman, and I am thine.

Otr. Sir, happily my wardrobe, with your help,
May fit her instantly; will you try her?

Vert. If I fit her not, your wardrobe cannot:
But if the fashion be not there, you mar her.

Enter ANTONIO, *Constable, and Officers.*

Ant. Is my offence so great, ere I be convict,
To be torn with rascals? If it be law,
Let 'em be wild horses rather than these.

Phil. What's that?

Con. This is a man suspected of murder, if it please your grace.

Phil. It pleases me not, friend. But who suspects him?

Con. We that are your highness' extraordinary officers, we that have taken our oaths to maintain you in peace.

Phil. 'Twill be a great charge to you.

Con. 'Tis a great charge indeed; but then we call our neighbours to help us. This gentleman

[6] *Clinquant.*] That is, glittering, shining. So in Henry VIII.—

——"To-day the French,
All *clinquant*, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English."

Again in Brome's Sparagas Garden:—"These are courtiers *clinquant*, and no counterfeit stuff upon 'em."

and another were fallen out (yet that is more than I am able to say, for I heard no words between 'em, but what their weapons spoke, clash, and clatter) which we seeing, came with our bills of government, and first knock'd down their weapons, and then the men.

Phil. And this you did to keep the peace?

Con. Yes, an't like your grace, we knock'd 'em down, to keep the peace: This we laid hold on, the other we set in the stocks. That I could do by mine own power, without your majesty.

Phil. How so, sir?

Con. I am a shoemaker by my trade.

Enter Aminta.

Amin. Oh, my husband!
Why stands my husband as a man endanger'd?
Restore him me, as you are merciful!
I'll answer for him.

Ant. What woman's this? What husband?—Hold thy bawling!
I know thee for no wife.

Amin. You married me last night.

Ant. Thou liest! I neither was
In church nor house last night, nor saw I thee.
A thing that was my friend, I scorn to name now,
Was with Ismenia, like a thief, and there
He violated a sacred trust: This thou may'st know, Aminta.

Amin. Are not you he?

Ant. No, nor a friend of his:
'Would I had killed him! I hope I have.

Amin. That was my husband, royal sir, that man,
That excellent man!

Ant. That villain, that thief!

Enter BELLIDES.

Bel. Have I caught you, sir? Well overtaken!
This is mine enemy.—Pardon, my sovereign!
Phil. Good charity, to crave pardon for your enemy!
Bel. Mine own pardon, sir, for my joy's rudeness.
In what place better could I meet my foe,
And both of us so well provided too?
He with some black blood-thirsty crime upon him,
That (ere the horse-leech burst) will suck him dry;
I with a second accusation,
Enough to break his neck, if need should be;
And then to have even Justice' self to right us!
How should I make my joys a little civil,
They might not keep this noise?
Ant. Here is some hope:
Should the axe be dull, the halter is preparing.
Phil. What is your accusation, sir? We have heard
The former.

Enter JULIO.

Bel. Mine, my lord? A strong one.
Julio. A false one, sir,
At least malicious; an evidence
Of hatred and despite: He would accuse
My poor kinsman of that he never dreamed of,
Nor, waking, saw,—the stealing of his daughter;
She whom, I know, he would not look upon.—
Speak, Antonio, didst thou ever see her?
Ant. Yes, sir; I have seen her.
Bel. Ah, ha, friend Julio!
Julio. He might; but how? With an unheedful eye,

An accidental view, as men see multitudes,
That the next day dare not precisely say
They saw that face, or that, amongst 'em all.—
Didst thou so look on her?
Bel. Guilty, guilty!
His looks hang themselves.
Phil. Your patience, gentlemen!
I pray you tell me if I be in error;
I may speak often when I should but hear:
This is some show you would present us with,
And I do interrupt it. Pray you speak,
(It seems no more) is't any thing but a show?
Bel. My lord, this gentlewoman can shew you all,
So could my daughter too, if she were here:
By this time they are both immodest enough.
She is fled me, and I accuse this thief for't.
Don Martine, his own friend, 's my testimony;
A practised night-work!
Phil. That Martine's the other
In your custody; he was forgotten:
Fetch him hither.
Con. We'll bring the stocks and all else,
An't please your grace!
Amin. That man's my husband certain, instead
Of this: Both would have deceived, and both beguiled.[7]

[7] *Both would have deceived, and both beguiled.*] What, *deceived* and *beguiled* too? Aminta purposed no such tautology, but only that she and Martine were two designing cheats, and had been as well fitted for their purposed knavery. But as the old reading does not, nay cannot, make out this sense, I suspect we should write thus,

Both (i. e. *of us*) *would have deceived, and both are beguiled.*—Sympson.

The old reading bears the same sense.—Ed. 1778.

Enter BUSTOPHA *and* ISMENIA *as* Juno.

Bust. So ho, miller, miller! look out, miller! Is there ne'er a miller amongst you here, gentlemen?

Terzo. Yes, sir, here is a miller amongst gentlemen,
A gentleman miller.

Bust. I should not be far off then; here went but a pair of sheers and a bodkin between us.—Will you to work, miller? Here's a maid has a sack full of news for you: Shall your stones walk? Will you grind, miller?

Phil. This your son, Franio?

Fra. My ungracious, my disobedient,
My unnatural, my rebel son, my lord.

Bust. Fy! your hopper runs over, miller.

Fra. This villain
(Of my own flesh and blood) was accessary
To the stealing of my daughter.

Bust. Oh mountain, shalt thou call a molehill a scab upon the face of the earth? Though a man be a thief, shall a miller call him so? Oh, egregious!

Julio. Remember, sirrah, who you speak before.

Bust. I speak before a miller, a thief in grain; for he steals corn: He that steals a wench, is a true man to him.

Phil. Can you prove that?
You may help another cause that was in pleading.

Bust. I'll prove it strongly. He that steals corn, steals the bread of the commonwealth; he that steals a wench, steals but the flesh.

Phil. And how
Is the bread-stealing more criminal than the flesh?

Bust. He that steals bread, steals that which is lawful every day; he that steals flesh, steals no-

thing from the fasting day: *ergo*, to steal the bread is the arranter theft.

Phil. This is to some purpose.

Bust. Again, he that steals flesh, steals for his own belly full; he that steals bread, robs the guts of others: *Ergo*, the arranter thief the bread-stealer. Again, he that steals flesh, steals once, and gives over; yes, and often pays for it; the other steals every day, without satisfaction. To conclude, bread-stealing is the more capital crime; for what he steals, he puts it in at the head; he that steals flesh (as the Dutch author says) puts it in at the foot (the lower member).—Will you go as you are now, miller?

Phil. How has this satisfied you, Don Bellides?

Bel. Nothing, my lord; my cause is serious!
I claim a daughter from that loving thief there.

Ant. I would I had her for you, sir!

Bel. Ah, ha, Julio!

Julio. How said you, Antonio! Wish you, you had his daughter?

Ant. With my soul I wish her; and my body
Shall perish, but I will enjoy my soul's wish.
I would have slain my friend for his deceit,
But I do find his own deceit hath paid him.

Julio. Will you vex my soul forth? no other choice
But where my hate is rooted?—Come hither, girl!
Whose pretty maid art thou?

Ism. The child of a poor man, sir.

Julio. The better for it. With my sovereign's leave,
I will wed thee to this man, will he, nill he.

Phil. Pardon me, sir, I'll be no love-enforcer;
I use no power of mine unto those ends.

Julio. Wilt thou have him?

Ism. Not unless he love me.

Ant. I do love thee: Farewell all other beauties!
I settle here.—You are Ismenia?
[*Aside to* ISMENIA.

Ism. The same I was; better, nor worse, Antonio.

Ant. I shall have your consent here, I am sure, sir.

Bel. With all my heart, sir; nay, if you accept it,
I'll do this kindness to mine enemy,
And give her as a father.

Ant. She'll thank you as a daughter;—
Will you not, Ismenia?

Bel. How! Ismenia?

Ism. Your daughter, sir.

Bel. Is't possible?—
Away, you feeble-witted things! You thought
You had caught the old ones! You wade, you wade
In shallow fords; we can swim, we: Look here!
We made the match; we are all friends, good friends:
Thin, thin! Why, the fool knew all this, this fool.

Bust. Keep that to yourself, sir; what I knew I knew: This sack is a witness.—Miller, this is not for your thumbing: Here's gold lace;[8] you may see her in the holiday clothes if you will; I was her wardrobe-man.

Enter MARTINE, AMINTA, *Constable and Officers.*

Ant. You beguiled me well, sir. [*To* JULIO.

Mart. Did you speak to me, sir?

Ant. It might seem to you, Martine;
Your conscience has quick ears.

Mart. My sight was

8 —— *miller, this is not for your* thumbing: *Here's* gold *lace.*] See above, p. 201.

A little dim i' th' dark indeed; so was
My feeling cozen'd; yet I am content:
I am the better understander now;
I know my wife wants nothing of a woman!
There you're my junior.

Ant. You are not hurt?

Mart. Not shrewdly hurt;
I have good flesh to heal, you see, good round flesh.
These cherries will be worth chopping, crack stones and all;
I should not give much to boot to ride in your new,
And you in my old ones now.

Ant. You mistake the weapon: Are you not hurt?

Mart. A little scratch; but I shall claw it off well enough.

Enter Gillian.

Gil. I can no longer own what is not mine,
With a free conscience—My liege, your pardon.

Phil. For what?—Who knows this woman?

Fra. I best, my lord; I have been acquainted with her
These forty summers, and as many winters,
Were it spring again: She's like the gout; I can get
No cure for her.

Phil. Oh, your wife, Franio?

Fra. 'Tis "oh, my wife" indeed, my lord;
A painful stitch to my side; 'would it were pick'd out!

Phil. Well, sir, your silence!

Bust. Will you be older and older every day than other? The older you live the older still? Must his majesty command your silence, ere you'll hold your tongue?

Phil. Your reprehension runs into the same fault:
Pray, sir, will you be silent?

Bust. I have told him of this before now, my liege; but age will have his course, and his weaknesses—

Phil. Good sir, your forbearance.

Bust. And his frailties, and his follies, as I may say, that cannot hold his tongue ere he be bidden——

Phil. Why, sirrah!

Bust. But I believe your majesty will not be long troubled with him: I hope that woman has something to confess will hang 'em both.

Phil. Sirrah, you'll pull your destiny upon you,
If you cease not the sooner.

Bust. Nay, I have done, my liege; yet it grieves me that I should call that man father, that should be so shameless, that, being commanded to hold his tongue——

Phil. To the porter's lodge with him.[9]

Bust. I thank your grace! I have a friend there.

Phil. Speak, woman!
If any interruption meet thee more, it shall
Be punish'd sharply.

Gil. Good my liege, (I dare not)
Ask you the question why that old man weeps.

Phil. Who? Count Julio? I observed it not.—
You hear the question, sir; will you give the cause?

Julio. Oh, my lord, it hardly will get passage,
(It is a sorrow of that greatness grown)
'Less it dissolve in tears, and come by parcels.

Gil. I'll help you, sir, in the delivery,
And bring you forth a joy: You lost a daughter.

Julio. 'Twas that recounted thought brought
forth these sorrows.

[9] *To the* porter's lodge *with him.*] It has been before observed, that servants who had transgressed against their masters were anciently whipped at the porter's lodge.

Gil. She's found again. Know you this mantle, sir?

Julio. Ha!

Gil. Nay, leave your wonder, I'll explain it to you.
This did enwrap your child, whom ever since
I have call'd mine, when nurse Amaranta,
In a remove from Mora to Corduba,
Was seized on by a fierce and hungry bear;
She was the ravin's prey,[1] as Heaven so would!
He, with his booty fill'd, forsook the babe:
All this was in my sight; and so long I saw,
Until the cruel creature left my sight;
At which advantage I adventured me
To rescue the sweet lamb: I did it, sir;
And ever since I have kept back your joy,
And made it mine. But age hath wearied me,
And bids me back restore unto the owner
What I unjustly kept these fourteen years.

Julio. Oh, thou hast ta'en so many years from me,
And made me young as was her birth-day to me.
Oh, good my liege, give my joys a pardon!
I must go pour a blessing on my child,
Which here would be too rude and troublesome.
[*Exit.*

Phil. Franio, you knew this before?

Bust. Oh, oh! *Item* for you, miller!

Fra. I did, my liege; I must confess I did:
And I confess, I ne'er would have confess'd,
Had not that woman's tongue begun to me.
We poor ones love, and would have comforts, sir,
As well as great. This is no strange fault, sir;
There's many men keep other men's children,
As though they were their own.

[1] *She was the* ravin's *prey.*] That is, the ravenous creature's prey; not the *raven's*, as the modern editors read.

Bust. It may stretch farther yet; I beseech you, my liege, let this woman be a little farther examined; let the wards of her conscience be search'd:[a] I would know how she came by me; I am a lost child, if I be theirs: Though I have been brought up in a mill, yet I had ever a mind, methought, to be a greater man.

Phil. She will resolve you sure.

Gil. Ay, ay, boy; thou art mine own flesh and blood,
Born of mine own body.

Bust. 'Tis very unlikely that such a body should bear me! There's no trust in these millers. Woman, tell the truth! My father shall forgive thee, whatsoever he was, were he knight, squire, or captain; less he should not be.

Gil. Thou art mine own child, boy.

Bust. And was the miller my father?

Gil. Wouldst thou make thy mother a whore, knave?

Bust. Ay, if she make me a bastard.—The rack must make her confess, my lord; I shall never come to know who I am else. I have a worshipful mind in me, sure; methinks I do scorn poor folks.

Enter OTRANTE, FLORIMEL, JULIO, *&c.*

Phil. Here comes the brightest glory of the day;
Love yoked with love, the best equality,
Without the level of estate or person.

Julio. You both shall be rewarded bountifully;

[a] *Let the words of her conscience be search'd.*] Sympson reads *wounds* for *words.* We think *wards* is as much more congruous to the sense as it is nearer the trace of the letters.—Ed. 1778.

We'll be a-kin too; brother and sister shall
Be changed with us ever.

Bust. Thank you, uncle! My sister is my cousin yet, at the last cast: Farewell, sister-foster; if I had known the civil law would have allowed it, thou hadst had another manner of husband than thou hast; but much good do thee! I'll dance at thy wedding, kiss the bride, and so—

Julio. Why, how now, sirrah?

Bust. 'Tis lawful now, she's none of my sister. [*Sings.*

It was a miller and a lord
That had a scabbard and a sword,
He put it up, in the country word;
The miller and his daughter.

She has a face, and she can sing,
She has a grace, and she can spring,
She has a place with another thing,
Tradoodle.

Fra. A knavish brother of yours, my lord.

Bust. 'Would I were acquainted with your tailor, noble brother.

Otr. You may; there he is! mine, newly entertain'd.

Vert. If you have any work for me, I can fit you, sir;
I fitted the lady.

Bust. My sister, tailor? What fits her will hardly fit me.

Vert. Who fits her
May fit you, sir; the tailor can do both.

Bust. You have a true yard, tailor?

Vert. Ne'er a whit too long, I warrant you.

Bust. [Sings.] *Then, tailor, march with me away!*
I scorn these robes, I must be gay;
My noble brother he shall pay
Tom Tailor. [Exeunt.

Phil. Your recovered friendships are sound, gentlemen?

Bel. At heart, at heart, my lord: The worm shall not
Beyond many ages find a breach to enter at.

Phil. These lovers' unities I will not doubt of.
How happy have you made our progress then,
To be the witness of such fair accords!
Come, now we'll eat with you, my lord Otrante:
'Tis a charge saved; you must not grudge your guest;
'Tis both my welcome, and your wedding-feast.
[*Exeunt.*

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

This comedy was first printed in the folio of 1647. The prologue speaks of more than one author; and it has been generally supposed, that, having been left imperfect at the death of Fletcher, it was put into the hands of Shirley, and by him finished and brought on the stage. Among the entries by the master of the revels is the following:—"Received of Balgrove from the King's Company, for the renewing of Love's Pilgrimage, the 16th of September, 1635, £. 1 : 0 : 0." It was probably at this time, that the scene from Ben Jonson's unsuccessful comedy of the New Inn was introduced; but there is no reason to suppose that Shirley had any hand in this interpolation, and in the general introduction the editor has hazarded some conjectures that Massinger was the assistant of Fletcher on this occasion.

Though this comedy has not been revived nor altered, to the editor's knowledge, for more than a century, it is notwithstanding one of the most lively and attractive productions in these volumes; the incidents are romantic and full of interest, and though the unity of place and time is violated in a more considerable degree than in the greater part of these plays, probability is seldom set at defiance. The characters are in general well delineated and contrasted. The two ladies disguised as boys, and both in pursuit of one unfaithful object of affection, are drawn with all the masterly delicacy and truth so peculiar to Fletcher. Few readers can fail to be struck with the exquisite beauty of the scenes in which Leocadia discovers her sex to Theodosia, and acquaints her with her misfortunes; or with the manner in which the latter receives the news of Marc Antonio's infidelity. It is, however, peculiarly necessary, in perusing the present comedy, to divest ourselves of our present ideas of female delicacy, and to identify our feelings with the demi-chivalrous notions of the romantic, and in some mea-

sure the actual, manners of Fletcher's time, otherwise the conduct of Leocadia and Theodosia will not strike us in the same favourable light in which it was certainly intended to affect us by Cervantes and Fletcher. Again, the scene in which Philippo makes an avowal of his passion to Leocadia, and the manner in which he gradually overcomes her affection for Marc-Antonio, may safely be compared with the most finished specimens of the same kind which can be produced from any other dramatic poet. On the other hand, some of the scenes wherein Alphonso and Sancho give loose to the extravagant violence of their temper, are conceived in the true spirit of comedy; and the scenes of low-life in the inns are replete with the vivacious and droll humour, which we have had such frequent occasion to notice, as the peculiar talent of Fletcher.

The comedy is in fact a pretty close dramatization of one of the most delightful novels of the inimitable author of Don Quixote. It is the seventh of his *Novelas Exemplares*, and is entitled *Las dos Donzellas*. The chief incidents may be related shortly, and as follows;—" In one of the inns of Castelblanco, five leagues from Seville, a handsome stranger arrived towards night without any attendant. On dismounting he fell into a swoon, and when recovered by the attentions of the hostess, demanded a bed-room. On hearing that there was only one in the house, which contained two beds, he immediately engaged it, and, refusing any refreshment, he locked the door, and laid down. The hostess and her neighbours were conversing on his beauty, when another traveller equally handsome appeared, who was informed that he could not be accommodated with lodging. He however dismounted and ordered supper, when an alguazil of the village entered, and, sitting down by his side, partook of the good chear provided, and asked innumerable questions. The host joined the conversation, and launched out in praises of the traveller who had previously arrived. The cavalier wished to see him, and offered a crown of gold if he could procure him the other bed, but the host pleaded the pre-engagement, and the door being locked on the inside. The alguazil, however, undertook to get it opened, and, pretending the authority of the alcayde, at last effected his purpose. The second traveller excused his intrusion, but the first did not answer, and turned his face to the wall to prevent his being discovered. The former then laid down; but towards midnight heard the most profound sighs and a pitiable soliloquy from his companion, in which he bitterly reproached one Marc-Antonio. When these lamentations, which plainly discovered the stranger to be a lady in disguise, ceased, the cavalier heard him get up, and, opening the door, oring the palfrey to be saddled. The host replied, that it was only midnight, and the lady returned to her bed, renewing her

sighs. The cavalier now addressed her, and, on his promise not to approach her bed, she related her misfortunes. She informed him, that she was Theodosia, daughter of a gentleman of Andalusia, that her brother had been sent to the university of Salamanca, and that in an evil hour she had become enamoured of Marc-Antonio Adorno, the son of a neighbour, who, promising marriage, had prevailed upon her to elope with him, and, after having obtained his desires, had suddenly disappeared. She had immediately resolved to search for him at Salamanca, in constant fear, however, of being pursued by her parents, or discovered by her brother. In token of the promise of marriage, she had obtained from her lover a diamond ring, with the inscription, 'Marc-Antonio is the husband of Theodosia.' She concluded her relation by requesting the cavalier to counsel her respecting the course she should adopt to find her husband, and induce him to acknowledge her as his wife. The stranger promised not only advice but assistance, begging her to repose the rest of the night, which he, however, himself prevented by the sighs which he uttered. The morning sun at last broke into the apartment, when, to the surprise of Theodosia, she discovered the stranger to be her brother, Don Rafael de Villavicencio. She feared his resentment; but he quieted her with the fullest assurance of pardon and assistance, advising her to assume the name of Teodoro. Soon after a friend of Don Rafael's arrived at the inn, from whom he understood that Marc-Antonio had embarked at Port St Mary's in the galleys which were proceeding to Barcelona. Don Rafael having induced his friend to exchange his mule for the palfrey of Theodosia, and having seen him depart, communicated the welcome news to his sister, and they resolved to proceed to Barcelona instantly. When they arrived within two leagues of Ygualada, nine leagues distance from that city, they understood that an ambassador, who was to embark for Rome in the galleys coming round from St Mary's, awaited their arrival. Proceeding on their journey they soon entered into a wood, and met a man in great haste, who informed them that a company of thirty travellers had just been robbed by a band of thieves, who had stripped them to the shirts, and left them bound to trees, and that they had let him loose that he might free his companions, on perceiving their signal from a neighbouring hill. The muleteers hearing this, told them that they might now proceed unmolested, as the robbers would not return for some days to the forest. They soon found the unfortunate travellers, some weeping at the losses they had sustained, others laughing at their own strange appearance. Theodosia and Don Rafael were particularly struck with the appearance of a beautiful youth of about sixteen years of age, who had been stript to the shirt. They borrowed the mantle of their muleteer to cover him till they could procure other clothes, and understood that

he came from a place in Andalusia not far from their own native village, and that he was proceeding to the wars in Italy. Having distributed money to the other sufferers, among whom there were above eight friars, they proceeded to Ygualada, where they heard that the galleys had arrived at Barcelona, from which city they were to proceed on their voyage in two days. The travellers accordingly resolved to depart for that city the following morning. At supper, Theodosia casting her eyes on the young stranger, observed that his ears were bored, from which she suspected that it was a disguised female like herself. Don Rafael having asked the name of his father, he answered it was Don Enrique de Cardenas; and when he observed that that nobleman had no children, the stranger then replied that he was the son of Don Sancho his brother. Don Rafael rejoined, that the latter had no son, but a daughter of extraordinary beauty. The stranger returned, that he was the son of Don Sancho's steward. All this confirmed Theodosia in her conjectures, and, having informed her brother of them, she, with his consent, privately spoke to the disguised youth, who went under the name of Don Francisco, and at last gaining his confidence, found her suspicions well founded. The stranger was Leocadia, the daughter of Don Sancho; she also had been enamoured of Marc-Antonio, and, upon obtaining a written promise of marriage, had consented to receive him one night in her chamber, but he had never appeared; and having heard that he was to become the spouse of Theodosia, had she left her father's house, and, having provided herself with money, and changed her dress at Ossuna, she had set out for Barcelona to proceed with the galleys to Italy. She concluded her relation with the determination of finding out her rival, and punishing her with the loss of her life; nor could the arguments of Theodosia move her from her purpose. The latter, with the consent of Leocadia, related her story to her brother, who had not beheld the beauty of the strange lady without emotion, and who had passed the night in love-sick soliloquies. In the morning he purchased a suit of apparel from the host, which he presented to Leocadia. They set out for Barcelona, where they soon arrived. On entering the city they heard a great uproar, and learnt that it proceeded from a quarrel between the citizens and the sailors of the galleys. Don Rafael determined to proceed to the place of combat, and on coming to the sea-shore, they beheld, on board of the chief galley, the captain-general, Don Pedro Vique, who was endeavouring to appease the tumult, and ordering a cannon without ball to be fired into the city. Among the combatants, a youth of about twenty years of age fought with peculiar courage, and Theodosia and Leocadia at once exclaimed, 'Either my eyesight fails me, or the cavalier in green is Marc-Antonio.' They immediately leaped from their mules, and drawing their swords,

rushed into the fight, and placed themselves by the side of their lover. Don Rafael followed them, but Marc-Antonio took no notice of his defenders, but performed prodigies of valour. The townsmen increasing, obliged the sailors at last to retire to their vessels. A Catalan knight of the family of the Cardonas now arrived, and endeavoured to appease the citizens, who, however, continued to throw stones at their opponents, one of which violently hit Marc-Antonio, and felled him into the sea. Both Theodosia and Leocadia raised him in their arms. The former was overcome by fatigue, but the latter accompanied her lover on board the galley. The Catalan knight, Don Sancho de Cardona, now invited Don Rafael and Theodosia to his house, which they were obliged to comply with, notwithstanding their jealousy to see Leocadia and Marc-Antonio together. At their request, the knight caused the wounded cavalier to be brought to his house, with the fictitious Don Francisco. The surgeon of the gallies exaggerated the danger of the wound, and the two enamoured damsels were in utter despair. Leocadia coming to the bed-side of the patient, addressed him, conjuring him before his death to execute his promise of marriage; but Marc-Antonio, who believed himself to be at the point of death, urged the impossibility of complying with her desires, as he had previously engaged himself to Theodosia, and had actually consummated his marriage with her. Don Rafael now came forward, and, embracing him as his old friend and his brother-in-law, presented to him the disguised Theodosia. When the unfortunate Leocadia beheld her rival in the arms of Marc-Antonio, she quitted the room in desperation, determined to leave the sight of men for ever. Don Rafael, however, followed, and overtook her at the harbour, where she was calling out to the sailors on the principal galley to take her on board. He declared to her his passion, and at last obtained her consent to espouse him. They then returned to the house of Don Sancho de Cardona, where the friar, who had already joined the hands of Marc-Antonio and Theodosia, after having directed Leocadia to put on female garments, which were furnished by the wife of Don Sancho, united her to Don Rafael. Marc-Antonio had vowed a pilgrimage on foot to St James of Galicia, and Don Rafael, Leocadia, and Theodosia, resolved to accompany him. He was completely recovered at the end of a fortnight, and having taken leave of Don Sancho, they set out, and completed their pilgrimage. They, however, resolved not to quit their pilgrim's dress till they arrived at their parents' home. When they came within sight of the house of Don Sancho, the father of Leocadia, they beheld two knights in full armour, who furiously attacked one another, and a third looking on the combat. Don Rafael hastened to the field of battle, followed by his companions; and the helmet of one of the

knights falling off, he discovered him to be his father, and Marc-Antonio found the other to be his. They immediately parted the combatants, and informed them who they were, and what adventures had befallen them. The third knight proved to be the father of Leocadia. A troop of armed men now arrived to their succour, but their assistance was unnecessary. The occasion of the combat had been a challenge from the fathers of Theodosia and Leocadia to the father of Marc-Antonio, on account of the conduct of the latter. Every difference being now adjusted, they proceeded to the house of Marc-Antonio, where the nuptials were celebrated with great splendour."

PROLOGUE.

To this place, gentlemen, full many a day
We have bid ye welcome, and to many a play;
And those whose angry souls were not diseased
With law, or lending money, we have pleased;
And make no doubt to do again. This night,
No mighty matter, nor no light,[1]
We must entreat you look for: A good tale,
Told in two hours, we will not fail,
If we be perfect, to rehearse ye. New
I am sure it is, and handsome; but how true
Let them dispute that writ it. Ten to one
We please the women, and I'd know that man
Follows not their example! If ye mean
To know the play well, travel with the scene,
For it lies upon the road: If we chance tire,
As ye are good men, leave us not i' th' mire;
Another bait may mend us: If you grow
A little gall'd or weary, cry but "hoa,"
And we'll stay for ye. When our journey ends,
Every man's pot I hope, and all part friends.

[1] *Nor no light.*] The context, as well as the measure, seems to require us to read,

No mighty matter, nor no very light,
We must entreat you look for;

or something to that purpose.—Ed. 1778.

As there is another defect in the next line but one, the irregularity of the metre is probably the effect of hasty composition

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alonso, *governor of Barcelona.*
Leonardo, *a noble Genoese, father to Marc-Antonio.*
Sanchio, *an old lame angry soldier, father to Leocadia.*
Alphonso, *a choleric don, father to Theodosia.*
Philippo, *son to Alphonso, lover of Leocadia.*
Marc-Antonio, *son to Leonardo.*
Pedro, *friend to Leonardo.*
Roderigo, *general of the Spanish gallies.*
Incubo, *bailiff of Castel-Blanco.*
Diego, *host of Ossuna.*
Lazaro, *hostler to Diego.*
Host[1] } *of Ygualada.*
Bailiff }
Chirurgeons, soldiers, townsmen, attendants, passengers, boys, servants.

Theodosia, *daughter to Alphonso,* } *love-sick ladies in pursuit of Marc-Antonio.*
Leocadia, *daughter to Sanchio,* }
Eugenia, *wife to the governor of Barcelona.*
Hostess, *wife to Diego.*
Wife *to the Host of Barcelona.*

SCENE—Spain, and at Sea.

[1] This and the subsequent character have been hitherto called Host and Bailiff of Barcelona; whereas it is directly mentioned, that the inn in which they appear is two leagues from the city. The name of the place is taken from the novel of Cervantes in the introduction. Again, the scene is as absurdly described—Barcelona and the Road; whereas it shifts from Andalusia to Catalonia, and in one scene it is even on board a vessel at sea.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Ossuna. The Inn.

Enter INCUBO *and* DIEGO.

Incubo. Signor Don Diego, and mine host, save thee!

Diego. I thank you, master Baily.

Inc. Oh, the block!

Diego. Why, how should I have answer'd?

Inc. Not with that
Negligent rudeness; but, "I kiss your hands,
Signor Don Incubo de Hambre;" and then
My titles; "master Baily of Castel-Blanco."
Thou ne'er wilt have the elegancy of an host;
I sorrow for thee, as my friend and gossip!—
No smoke, nor steam out-breathing from the kitchen?

There's little life i' th' hearth then.
Diego. Ay; there, there!
That is his friendship, hearkening for the spit,
And sorry that he cannot smell the pot boil.
Inc. Strange an inn should be so cursed, and not the sign
Blasted nor wither'd; very strange! three days now,
And not an egg eat in it, or an onion.
Diego. I think they ha' strew'd the highways with caltraps,[1] I;
No horse dares pass 'em; I did never know
A week of so sad doings, since I first
Stood to my sign-post.
Inc. Gossip, I have found
The root of all: Kneel, pray; it is thyself
Art cause thereof; each person is the founder
Of his own fortune, good or bad: But mend it;
Call for thy cloak and rapier.
Diego. How!
Inc. Do, call,
And put 'em on in haste: Alter thy fortune,
By appearing worthy of her. Dost thou think
Her good face e'er will know a man in *cuerpo?*[2]
In single body, thus? in hose and doublet,
The horse-boy's garb? base blank, and half-blank *cuerpo?*
Did I, or master dean of Sevil, our neighbour,

[1] *Caltraps.*] These are instruments composed of three spikes of iron, and so disposed as to wound the feet of horses in whatever way they lie.—*Mason.*

[2] *In cuerpo.*] A phrase from the Spanish, meaning, in a doublet without a cloak. It frequently occurs; for instance, in Nabbes's Bride, acted in 1638.—

"*Kickshaw.* I say vill have a my cloak.
Squirrel. Not without my reckoning.
Kick. We must den walk *in quirpo.*"

E'er reach our dignities in *cuerpo*, think'st thou?
In squirting hose and doublet? Signor, no;
There went more to't: There were cloaks, gowns,
cassocks,
And other *paramentos*:[3] Call, I say.—
His cloak and rapier here!

Enter Hostess.

Hostess. What means your worship?
Inc. Bring forth thy husband's sword.—So! hang
it on.
And now his cloak! here, cast it up.—I mean,
Gossip, to change your luck, and bring you guests.
Hostess. Why, is there charm in this?
Inc. Expect. Now walk;
But not the pace of one that runs on errands!
For want of gravity in an host is odious.
You may remember, gossip, if you please,
(Your wife being then th' infanta of the gipsies,
And yourself governing a great man's mules then)
Me a poor 'squire at Madrid, attending
A master of ceremonies (but a man, believe it,
That knew his place to the gold-weight;) and such,
Have I heard him oft say, ought every host
Within the catholic king's dominions
Be, in his own house.
Diego. How?
Inc. A master of ceremonies;
At least, vice-master, and to do nought in *cuerpo;*
That was his maxim. I will tell thee of him:
He would not speak with an ambassador's cook,
See a cold bake-meat from a foreign part,

[3] *Paramentos.*] i. e. Articles of dress, caparisons. The Spanish language was much more generally cultivated in Fletcher's days than in ours.

In *cuerpo*: Had a dog but stay'd without,
Or beast of quality, as an English cow,
But to present itself, he would put on[4]
His Savoy chain about his neck, the ruff
And cuffs of Holland, then the Naples hat,
With the Rome hatband, and the Florentine agate,
The Milan sword, the cloak of Genoa, set
With Flemish buttons; all his given pieces,
To entertain 'em in; and compliment
With a tame cony, as with the prince that sent it.
[*Knock within.*

Diego. List! who is there?
Inc. A guest, an't be thy will!
Diego. Look, spouse; cry "luck," an we be encounter'd. Ha!
Hostess. Luck then, and good; for 'tis a fine brave guest,
With a brave horse.
Inc. Why now, believe of *cuerpo*
As you shall see occasion. Go, and meet him.

Enter THEODOSIA *in Men's Clothes.*

Theod. Look to my horse, I pray you, well.
Diego. He shall, sir.
Inc. Oh, how beneath his rank and call was that now!
"Your horse shall be entreated as becomes
A horse of fashion, and his inches."
Theod. Oh! [*Faints.*
Inc. Look to the cavalier! What ails he? Stay!
If it concern his horse, let it not trouble him;

[4] *He would put on,* &c.] It has been before observed, that the gallants of the earlier parts of the seventeenth century were peculiarly fond of importing foreign fashions, and the speech of Incubo was no doubt intended to ridicule this propensity. See vol. V. p. 144.

He shall have all respect the place can yield him,
Either of barley, or fresh straw.
Diego. Good sir,
Look up.
Inc. He sinks! Somewhat to cast upon him;
He'll go away in *cuerpo* else.
Diego. What, wife!
Oh, your hot waters quickly, and some cold
To cast in his sweet face.
Hostess. Alas, fair flower! [*Exit.*
Inc. Does any body entertain his horse?
Diego. Yes; Lazaro has him.

Enter Hostess with a Glass of Water.

Inc. Go you see him in person. [*Exit* DIEGO.
Hostess. Sir, taste a little of this; of mine own water,
I did distill't myself. Sweet lilly, look upon me;
You are but newly blown, my pretty tulip;
Faint not upon your stalk. 'Tis firm and fresh.
Stand up: So! bolt upright. You are yet in growing.
Theod. Pray you let me have a chamber.
Hostess. That you shall, sir.
Theod. And where I may be private, I entreat you.
Hostess. For that, in troth, sir, we have no choice: Our house
Is but a vent of need,[5] that now and then
Receives a guest between the greater towns,
As they come late: only one room——
Inc. She means, sir, 'tis none
Of those wild scatter'd heaps call'd inns, where scarce

[5] *Vent.*] *Venta*, an inn. *Hispanicè.*—Theobald.

The host's heard, though he wind his horn to his
people;
Here is a competent pile, wherein the man,
Wife, servants, all do live within the whistle.
Hostess. Only one room——
Inc. A pretty modest quadrangle!
She will describe to you.
Hostess. (Wherein stand two beds, sir)
We have; and where, if any guest do come,
He must of force be lodged; that is the truth,
sir.

Enter DIEGO.

Theod. But if I pay you for both your beds, me-
thinks,
That should alike content you.
Hostess. That it shall, sir:
If I be paid, I am paid.
Theod. Why, there's a ducat;
Will that make your content?
Hostess. Oh, the sweet face on you!
A ducat? yes: An there were three beds, sir,
And twice so many rooms, which is one more,
You should be private in them all, in all, sir:
No one should have a piece of a bed with you;
Not master dean of Sevil himself, I swear,
Though he came naked hither, as once he did,
When he had like to have been ta'en a-bed with
the Moor,
And gelt by her master; you shall be as private
As if you lay in's own great house that's haunted,
Where nobody comes, they say.
Theod. I thank you, Hostess.
Pray you, will you shew me in?
Hostess. Yes, marry will I, sir;

And pray that not a flea, or a chink[6] vex you.
[*Exeunt Hostess and* THEODOSIA.

Inc. You forget supper! Gossip, move for supper:

Diego. 'Tis strange what love to a beast may do! his horse
Threw him into this fit.

Inc. You shall excuse me;
It was his being in *cuerpo* merely caused it.

Diego. Do you think so, sir?

Inc. Most unlucky *cuerpo!*
Nought else. He looks as he would eat partridge,
This guest; ha' you 'em ready in the house?
And a fine piece of kid now? and fresh garlic,
With a sardina[7] and Zant oil?—How now?

Enter Hostess.

Has he bespoke? what, will he have a brace,
Or but one partridge? or a short-legg'd hen,
Daintily carbonadoed?

Hostess. 'Las, the dead
May be as ready for a supper as he.

Inc. Ha?

Hostess. He has no mind to eat, more than his shadow.

Inc Say you?

Diego. How does your worship?

Inc. I put on

[6] *Chink.*] Stevens's Spanish Dictionary explains *chinche* in this manner: "An insect breeding in wood, and particularly in bedsteads. We call them *bugs*, and the French *punaises*, Latin *cimex*, thence corruptly *chinche.*"—Reed.

[7] *With a* sardina.] A *sardina*, or *sardiny*, is an anchovy.—*Sympson.*

A *sardina* is not an anchovy, but a fish that resembles it, and is often sold for the real anchovy.—*Mason.*

My left-shoe first to-day, (now I perceive it)
And skipt a bead in saying them over, else
I could not be thus cross'd! He cannot be
Above seventeen; one of his years, and have
No better a stomach?

Hostess. And in such good clothes too!

Diego. Nay, those do often make the stomach worse, wife;
That is no reason.

Inc. I could, at his years, gossips,
(As temperate as you see me now) have eaten
My brace of ducks, with my half-goose, my cony,
And drank my whole twelve marvedis in wine,
As easy as I now get down three olives.

Diego. And, with your temperance' favour, yet I think
Your worship would put to't at six-and-thirty,
For a good wager, and the meal in too.

Inc. I do not know what mine old mouth can do;
I have not proved it lately.

Diego. That's the grief, sir.

Inc. But is he, without hope then, gone to-bed?

Hostess. I fear so, sir; he has lock'd the door close to him:
Sure he is very ill.

Inc. That is with fasting.
You should ha' told him, gossip, what you had had,
Given him the inventory of your kitchen;
It is the picklock in an inn, and often
Opens a close-barr'd stomach. What may he be, trow!
Has he so good a horse?

Diego. Oh, a brave jennet,
As e'er your worship saw.

Inc. And *he* eats?

Diego. Strongly.

Inc. A mighty solecism! Heaven grant me patience!

What creatures has he?
Hostess None.
Inc. And so well clothed,
And so well mounted?
Diego. That's all my wonder, sir,
Who he should be: He is attired and horsed
For the constable's son of Spain.
Inc. My wonder's more
He should want appetite.—Well, a good night
To both my gossips! I will for this time
Put off the thought of supping. In the morning
Remember him of breakfast; pray you.
Hostess. I shall, sir.
Diego. A hungry time, sir.
Inc. We that live like mice
On other's meat, must watch when we can get it.
[*Exit.*
Hostess. Yes, but I would not tell him, our fair guest
Says, though he eat no supper, he will pay
For one.
Diego. Good news! we'll eat it, spouse, to his health.
'Twas politicly done to admit no sharers.

Enter PHILIPPO.

Phil. Look to the mules there! Where's mine host?
Diego. Here, sir.—
Another fairy?
Hostess. Bless me!
Phil. From what, sweet Hostess?
Are you afraid o' your guests?
Hostess. From angels, sir;
I think there's none but such come here to-night.
My house had never so good luck before,

For brave fine guests: And yet, the ill luck on't is,
I cannot bid you welcome.
Phil. No?
Hostess. Not lodge you, sir.
Phil Not, Hostess?
Hostess. No, in troth, sir; I do tell you,
Because you may provide in time; my beds
Are both ta'en up by a young cavalier,
That will and must be private.
Diego. He has paid, sir,
For all our chambers.
Hostess. Which is one; and beds,
Which I already ha' told you are two. But, sir,
So sweet a creature—I am very sorry
I cannot lodge you by him; you look so like him!
You are both the loveliest pieces——
Phil. What train has he?
Diego. None but himself.
Phil. And will no less than both beds
Serve him?
Hostess. He has given me a ducat for 'em.
Phil. Oh,
You give me reason, Hostess. Is he handsome,
And young, do you say?
Hostess. Oh, sir, the delicat'st flesh,
And finest clothes withal, and such a horse,
With such a saddle!
Phil. She's in love with all,
The horse, and him, and saddle, and clothes.—
Good woman,
Thou justifiest thy sex, lov'st all that's brave.

Enter INCUBO.

Sure, though I lie o' th' ground, I'll stay here now,
And have a sight of him: You'll give me house-
room,

Fire, and fresh meat, for money, gentle Hostess,
And make me a pallet?
Inc. Sir, she shall do reason.—
I understood you had another guest, gossips:
Pray you let his mule be look'd to, have good straw,
And store of bran. And, gossip, do you hear,
Let him not stay for supper: What good fowl ha' you?
This gentleman would eat a pheasant.
Hostess. 'Las, sir,
We ha' no such.
Inc. I kiss your hands, fair sir.—
What ha' you then? speak what you have.—I'm one, sir,
Here for the Catholic king, an officer
To enquire what guests come to these places: You, sir,
Appear a person of quality, and 'tis fit
You be accommodated.—Why speak you not?
What ha' you, woman? are you afraid to vent
That which you have?
Phil. This is a most strange man,
To appoint my meat!
Hostess. The half of a cold hen, sir,
And a boil'd quarter of kid, is all i' th' house.
Inc. Why, all's but cold. Let him see it forth; cover,
And give the eye some satisfaction:
A traveller's stomach must see bread and salt;
His belly is nearer to him than his kindred.—
Cold hen's a pretty meat, sir.
Phil. What you please.—
I am resolved to obey.
Inc. So is your kid,
With pepper, garlic, and the juice of an orange:
She shall with sallads help it, and clean linen.—
Dispatch!—What news at court, sir?

Phil. 'Faith, new tires
Most of the ladies have, the men old suits;
Only the king's fool has a new coat
To serve you.
Inc. I did guess you came from thence, sir.
Phil. But I do know I did not.
Inc. I mistook, sir.
What hear you of the archdukes?
Phil. 'Troth, your question.
Inc. Of the French business what?
Phil. As much.
Inc. No more?

Enter Hostess and Servants, with a Table.

They say the French—Oh, that's well; come, I'll help you.—
Have you no giblets now? or a broil'd rasher?
Or some such present dish to assist?
Hostess. Not any, sir.
Inc. The more your fault! you ne'er should be without
Such aids: What cottage would ha' lack'd a pheasant
And kid forth quickly,
[*Exeunt Hostess and Servants.*
At such a time as this? Well, bring your hen.
Phil. That should be my prayer,
To 'scape his inquisition.
Inc. Sir, the French,
They say, are divided 'bout their match with us:
What think you of it?
Phil. As of nought to me, sir.
Inc. Nay, it's as little to me too; but I love
To ask after these things, to know the affections
Of states and princes, now and then, for bettering—
Phil. Of your own ignorance.

Inc. Yes, sir.
Phil. Many do so.
Inc. I cannot live without it. What do you hear
Of our Indian fleet? they say, they are well re-
turn'd.
Phil. I had no venture with 'em, sir; had you?
Inc. Why do you ask, sir?
Phil. 'Cause it might concern you;
It does not me.

Enter Hostess and Servants, with Meat, and exeunt.

Inc. Oh, here's your meat come.
Phil. Thanks!
I welcome it at any price.
Inc. Some stools here!
And bid mine host bring wine.—I'll try your kid,
If he be sweet: He looks well. Yes; he is good.
I'll carve you, sir.
Phil. You use me too, too princely;
Taste, and carve too!
Inc. I love to do these offices.
Phil. I think you do; for whose sake?
Inc. For themselves, sir;
The very doing of them is reward.
Phil. He had little faith would not believe you,
sir.
Inc. Gossip, some wine!

Enter DIEGO, *with Wine.*

Diego. Here 'tis, and right Saint Martin.
Inc. Measure me out a glass.
Phil. I love the humanity
Used in this place.
Inc. Sir, I salute you here.
Phil. I kiss your hands, sir.

Inc. Good wine! it will beget an appetite:
Fill him, and sit down, gossip; entertain
Your noble guest here, as becomes your title.
Diego. Please you to like this wine, sir?
Phil. I dislike
Nothing, mine host, but that I may not see
Your concealed guest. Here's to you!
Diego. In good faith, sir,
I wish you as well as him; 'would you might see him!
Inc. And wherefore may he not?
Diego. He has lock'd himself, sir,
Up; and has hired both the beds o' my wife
At extraordinary rate.
Phil. I'll give as much
(If that will do't) for one, as he for both:
What say you, mine host? The door once open,
I'll fling myself upon the next bed to him,
And there's an end of me till morning; noise
I will make none.
Diego. I wish your worship well; but——
Inc. His honour is engaged; and my she-gossip
Hath past her promise, hath she not?
Diego. Yes, truly.
Inc. That toucheth to the credit of the house:
Well, I will eat a little, and think. How say you, sir,
Unto this brawn o' th' hen?
Phil. I ha' more mind
To get this bed, sir.
Inc. Say you so? why then,
Give't me again, and drink to me.—Mine host,
Fill him his wine! Thou'rt dull, and dost not praise it.—
I eat but to teach you the way, sir.
Phil. Sir,
Find but the way to lodge me in this chamber,
I'll give mine host two ducats for his bed,

And you, sir, two reals. Here's to you!
Inc. Excuse me;
I am not mercenary.—Gossip, pledge him for me.
I'll think. A little more; but even one bit;
And then—Talk on; you cannot interrupt me.
Diego. This piece of wine, sir, cost me——
Inc. Stay! I have found——
This little morsel, and then—Here's excellent garlic!
Have you not a bunch of grapes now, or some bacon,
To give the mouth a relish?
Diego. Wife, do you hear?
Inc. It is no matter.—Sir, give mine host your ducats.
Diego. How, sir!
Inc. Do you receive 'em: I will save
The honesty of your house; and yours too, gossip;
And I will lodge the gentleman. Shew the chamber.
Diego. Good sir, do you hear?
Inc. Shew me the chamber.
Diego Pray you, sir,
Do not disturb my guest.[8]
Inc. Disturb? I hope
The Catholic king, sir, may command a lodging,
Without *disturbing*, in his vassal's house,
For any minister of his, employ'd
In business of the state. Where is the door?—
Open the door! Who are you there? Within!
[*Knocks.*
In the king's name!
Theod. [*Within.*] What would you have?
Inc. Your key, sir,
And your door open: I have here command

[8] *Guests.*] Corrected in 1778.

To lodge a gentleman, from the justice, sent
Upon the king's affairs.
Theod. Kings and necessities
Must be obey'd: The key's under the door.
Inc. How now, sir? are you fitted? you secured?
Phil. Your two reals are grown a piece of eight.
Inc. Excuse me, sir!
Phil. 'Twill buy a hen, and wine,
Sir, for to-morrow. [*Exit.*
Inc. I do kiss your hands, sir.—
Well, this will bear my charge yet to the gallies,
(Where I am owing a ducat) whither this night,
By the moon's leave, I'll march; for in the morning
Early, they put from Port Saint Mary's.
Diego. Lazaro! [*Exeunt all but* DIEGO.

Enter LAZARO.

How do the horses?
Laz. 'Would you would go and see, sir!
A plague of all jades,[9] what a clap he has given me!

9 *A plague of all jades,* &c.] The scene now coming on likewise occurs in Jonson's comedy of the New Inn, with scarce any variation in the sentiment, though a good deal in the dialogue. The following is Mr Whalley's note upon this subject :—

" What follows in this scene about the tricks of ostlers, occurs likewise in the first act of Fletcher's Love's Pilgrimage; and perhaps there may be some difficulty in accounting for this coincidence. We are told that some plays of Beaumont and Fletcher being left imperfect, they were fitted for the stage by Shirley, who added what he thought necessary to complete them: And that it is probable he here borrowed from our author's New Inn, what passes between Lazaro and Diego in Love's Pilgrimage:. And this he thought, perhaps, might be done with safety enough, as the New Inn met with ill success in the representation. Could we certainly

As sure as you live, master, he knew perfectly
I cozen'd him on's oats; he look'd upon me,
And then he sneer'd,[1] as who should say, "Take
heed, sirrah!"
And when he saw our half-peck,[2] which you know

know that play to have been left deficient by its author, I should readily admit the solution: But I think it more probable this scene was originally given to Fletcher by Jonson himself; Fletcher died in 1625, and the New Inn was not brought upon the stage till 1629. Our author, therefore, might naturally redemand his own property, when so fair an occasion occurred for employing it himself: Otherwise, I do not see how we can account for part of this play's appearing, *long before*, in the performance of another author. It will not, I believe, be said that Jonson was the borrower; for the whole scene is entirely in his manner: And we have an instance, in our author's Sejanus, how extremely scrupulous he was in claiming to himself what was the production of another person."—Ed. 1778.

See in the introduction to this play, a proof that the scene was inserted probably by the players after the death of Fletcher.

[1] *And then he* sneer'd.] Mason would read *sneezed*, but the futility of this and similar conjectures is proved by the old text being the same as that of Jonson's New Inn.

[2] *And when he saw our* half-peck.] This and the other tricks of ostlers, mentioned in the present scene, are thus fully exposed by Dekkar. "When all the guests were profoundly sleeping, when carriers were soundly snorting, and not so much as the chamberlaine of the house but was laid up, suddenly out of his bed started an hostler, who, having no apparel on but his shirt, a paire of slip-shoes on his feete, and a candle burning in his hand like olde Jeronimo, step'd into the stable amongst a number of poor hungry jades, as if that night he had beene to ride post to the divell. But, his journey not lying that way till some other time, he neither bridled nor saddled any of his foure-footed guests that stood there at rack and manger, but seeing them so late at supper, and knowing that to overeate themselves would fill them full of diseases, (they being subject to above a hundred and thirtie alreadie) he first (without a voyder) after a most unmannerly fashion, tooke away, not only all the provender that was set before them, but also all the hay, at which before they were glad to lick their lips. The poore horses looked very rufully upon him for this, but hee rubbing their teeth only with the end of a candle (instead of a cor-

Was but an old court-dish, Lord, how he stampt!
I thought 't had been for joy; when suddenly
He cuts me a back caper with his heels,
And takes me just o' th' crupper; down came I,
And all my ounce of oats: Then he neigh'd out,
As though he had had a mare by th' tail.

Diego. 'Faith, Lazaro,
We are to blame, to use the poor dumb servitors
So cruelly.

Laz. Yonder's this other gentleman's horse,
Keeping Our Lady-eve; the devil a bit
He has got since he came in yet; there he stands,
And looks, and looks—But 'tis your pleasure, sir,
He shall look lean enough. He has hay before him,
But 'tis as big as hemp, and will as soon choak him,
Unless he eat it butter'd. He had four shoes,
And good ones, when he came; 'tis a strange wonder,
With standing still he should cast three.

rall) told them, that for their jadish tricks it was now time to weane them. And so wishing them not to bee angry if they lay upon the hard boards, considering all the beds in the house were full, back againe he stole to his couch, till break of day: yet, fearing least the sunne should shine to discover his knaverie, up hee started, and into the stable he stumbled, scarce half awake, giving to every jade a bottle of hay for his breakfast; but all of them being troubled with the greasy tooth-ach, could eate none, which their maisters in the morning espying, swore they were either sullen, or else the provender pricked them."—*Villanies discovered by Lanthorne and Candle Light*, London, 1616, 4. sig, H. 3.

These practices are again alluded to in the Knight of the Burning Pestle:—

"The third a gentle squire, Ostlero hight,
Who will our palfries slick with wisps of straw,
And in the manger put them oats enough,
And never grease their teeth with candle-snuff."

Diego. Oh, Lazaro,
The devil's in this trade! Truth never knew it;
And to the devil we shall travel, Lazaro,
Unless we mend our manners. Once every week
I meet with such a knock to mollify me,
Sometimes a dozen to awake my conscience,
Yet still I sleep securely.
Laz. Certain, master,
We must use better dealing.
Diego. 'Faith, for mine own part,
(Not to give ill example to our issues)
I could be well content to steal but two girths,
And now and then a saddle-cloth; change a bridle,
Only for exercise.
Laz. If we could stay there,
There were some hope on's, master; but the devil is
We are drunk so early, we mistake whole saddles,
Sometimes a horse; and then it seems to us too
Every poor jade has his whole peck, and tumbles
Up to his ears in clean straw; and every bottle
Shews at the least a dozen; when the truth is, sir,
There's no such matter, not a smell of provender,
Not so much straw as would tie up a horse-tail,
Nor any thing i' th' rack, but two old cobwebs,
And so much rotten hay as had been a hen's nest.
Diego. Well, these mistakings must be mended, Lazaro,
These apparitions, that abuse our senses,
And make us ever apt to sweep the manger,
But put in nothing; these fancies must be forgot,
And we must pray it may be reveal'd to us
Whose horse we ought, in conscience, to cozen,
And how, and when: A parson's horse may suffer
A little greasing in his teeth, 'tis wholesome,
And keeps him in a sober shuffle; and his saddle

May want a stirrup, and it may be sworn
His learning lay on one side, and so broke it:
He has ever oats in's cloak-bag to prevent us, [3]
And therefore 'tis a meritorious office
To tithe him soundly.
Laz. And a grazier may
(For those are pinching puckfoists, [4] and suspicious)
Suffer a mist before his eyes sometimes too,
And think he sees his horse eat half-a-bushel;
When the truth is, rubbing his gums with salt,
Till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble
Like an old woman that were chewing brawn,
And drop 'em out again.
Diego. That may do well too,
And no doubt 'tis but venial: But, good Lazaro,
Have you a care of understanding horses,
Horses with angry heels, gentlemen's horses,
Horses that know the world! Let them have meat
Till their teeth ache, and rubbing till their ribs
Shine like a wench's forehead; they are devils——
Laz. And look into our dealings. As sure as we live,
These courtiers' horses are a kind of Welch prophets;
Nothing can be hid from 'em: For mine own part,
The next I cozen of that kind shall be founder'd,
And of all four too; I'll no more such compliments
Upon my crupper.
Diego. Steal but a little longer,

[3] *To prevent us.*] Jonson, in his New Inn, reads what may be the right here, *to* affront *us*. The corruption was easy.—*Sympson*.
The variation was no doubt intentional; both readings are good sense.

[4] *Puckfoists.*] *Puckball,* or *puckfist,* a kind of mushroom full of dust.—*Johnson*.
The word is a common term of derision in old plays. See vol. II. p. 297.

Till I am lamed too, and we'll repent together;
It will not be above two days.
Laz. By that time
I shall be well again, and all forgot, sir.
Diego. Why then, I'll stay for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bed-Room in the same.

THEODOSIA *and* PHILIPPO *discovered on several Beds.*

Theod. Oh—ho! oh—ho!
Phil. Ha!
Theod. Oh—oh!—Heart, heart, heart, heart!
Phil. What's that?
Theod. When wilt thou break, break, break, break?
Phil. Ha!
I would the voice were stronger,[5] or I nearer.
Theod. Shame, shame, eternal shame! what have I done——
Phil. Done?
Theod. And to no end! what a wild journey
Have I more wildly undertaken!
Phil. Journey?
Theod. How, without counsel, care, reason, or fear!

[5] *Were* strong.] I imagine we should read here, for improving both metre and sense, thus, *were* stronger, *or I nearer.*—Sympson.

Phil. Whither will this fit carry?
Theod. Oh, my folly!
Phil. This is no common sickness.
Theod. How have I left
All I should love, or keep! Oh, Heaven!
Phil. Sir!
Theod. Ha!
Phil. How do you, gentle sir?
Theod. Alas, my fortune!
Phil. It seems your sorrow oppresses: Please your goodness,
Let me bear half, sir; a divided burthen
Is so made lighter.
Theod. Oh!
Phil. That sigh betrays
The fullness of your grief.
Theod. Ay, if that grief
Had not bereft me of my understanding,
I should have well remembered where I was,
And in what company; and clapt a lock
Upon this tongue for talking.[6]
Phil. Worthy sir,
Let it not add to your grief, that I have heard
A sigh or groan come from you; that is all, sir.
Theod. Good sir, no more! you have heard too much, I fear:
'Would I had taken poppy when I spake it!
Phil. It seems you have an ill belief of me,
And would have fear'd much more, had you spoke aught
I could interpret. But, believe it, sir,
Had I had means to look into your breast,
And ta'en you sleeping here, that so securely

[6] ——— *and clapt a lock*
Upon this tongue for talking.] That is, to prevent its talking.
—*Mason.*

I might have read all that your woe would hide,
I would not have betrayed you.
  Theod. Sir, that speech
Is very noble, and almost would tempt
My need to trust you.
  Phil. At your own election;
I dare not make my faith so much suspected
As to protest again; nor am I curio
To know more than is fit.
  Theod. Sir, I will trust you;
But you shall promise. sir, to keep your bed,
And, whatsoe'er you hear, not to importune
More, I beseech you, from me——
  Phil. Sir, I will not.
  Theod. Than I am prone to utter.
  Phil My faith for it!
  Theod. If I were wise, I yet should hold my peace.
You will be noble?
  Phil. You shall make me so,
If you'll but think me such.
  Theod. I do. Then know
You are deceived with whom you have talk'd so long:
I am a most unfortunate lost woman.
  Phil. Ha!
  Theod. Do not stir, sir! I have here a sword.
  Phil. Not I, sweet lady. Of what blood or name?
  Theod. You'll keep your faith!
  Phil. I'll perish else.
  Theod. Believe, then,
Of birth too noble for me, so descended——
I am ashamed, no less than I'm affrighted.
  Phil. Fear not: By all good things, I will not wrong you!
  Theod. I am the daughter of a noble gentleman,

Born in this part of Spain; my father's name, sir—
But why should I abuse that reverence,
When a child's duty has forsaken me?

Phil. All may be mended, in fit time too: Speak it.

Theod. Alphonso, sir.

Phil. Alphonso? What's your own name?

Theod. Any base thing you can invent.

Phil. Deal truly.

Theod. They call me Theodosia.

Phil. Ha! and love
Is that that hath changed you thus?

Theod. You have observed me
Too nearly, sir; 'tis that indeed; 'tis love, sir:
And love of him—oh, Heavens, why should men deal thus?
Why should they use their arts to cozen us
That have no cunning, but our fears, about us;
And ever that too late too; no dissembling
Or double way, but doting, too much loving?
Why should they find new oaths, to make more wretches?

Phil. What may his name be?

Theod. Sir, a name that promises,
Methinks, no such ill usage; Marc-Antonio,
A noble neighbour's son. Now I must desire you
To stay a while; else my weak eyes must answer.

Phil. I will.—Are you yet ready? What's his quality?

Theod. His best, a thief, sir; that he would be known by
Is, heir to Leonardo, a rich gentleman;
Next, of a handsome body, had Heaven made him
A mind fit to it. To this man, my fortune
(My more than purblind fortune) gave my faith,
Drawn to it by as many shows of service
And signs of truth, as ever false tongue utter'd:

Heaven pardon all!
Phil. 'Tis well said! Forward, lady.
Theod. Contracted, sir, and by exchange of rings
Our souls delivered; nothing left unfinished
But the last work, enjoying me, and ceremony;
For that, I must confess, was the first wise doubt
I ever made. Yet, after all this love, sir,
All this profession of his faith, when daily
And hourly I expected the bless'd priest,
He left me like a dream, as all this story
Had never been, nor thought of; why, I know not;
Yet I have call'd my conscience to confession,
And every syllable that might offend
I have had in shrift: Yet neither love's law, signor,
Nor tie of maiden's duty, but desiring,
Have I transgress'd in. Left his father too;
Nor whither he is gone, or why departed,
Can any tongue resolve me. All my hope
(Which keeps me yet alive, and would persuade me
I may be once more happy, and thus shapes me
A shame to all my modest sex) is this, sir;
I have a brother, and his old companion,
Student in Salamanca; there my last hope,
If he be yet alive, and can be loving,
Is left me to recover him: For which travel,
In this suit left at home of that dear brother's,
Thus as you find me, without fear, or wisdom,
I have wander'd from my father, fled my friends,
And now am only child of hope and danger.
You are now silent, sir; this tedious story
(That ever keeps me waking) makes you heavy:
'Tis fit it should do so; for that and I
Can be but troubles.
Phil. No; I sleep not, lady:
I would I could!—Oh, Heaven, is this my comfort?
Theod. What ail you, gentle sir?
Phil. Oh!

Theod. Why do you groan so?
Phil. I must, I must! oh, misery! [*Rises.*
Theod. But now, sir,
You were my comfort: If any thing afflict you,
Am not I fit to bear a part on't? and by your own rule?
Phil. No; if you could heal, as you have wounded me——
But 'tis not in your power.
Theod. I fear intemperance.
Phil. Nay, do not seek to shun me! I must see you,
By Heaven, I must.—Hoa there, mine host! a candle!—
Strive not; I will not stir you.
Theod. Noble sir,
This is a breach of promise.
Phil. Tender lady,
It shall be none but necessary.—Hoa there!
Some light, some light, for Heaven's sake!
Theod. Will you betray me?
Are you a gentleman?
Phil. Good woman![7]
Theod. Sir!

Enter DIEGO, *with a Light.*

Phil. If I be prejudicial to you, curse me!
Diego. You are early stirring, sir.
Phil. Give me your candle;
And so, good morrow for a while.
Diego. Good morrow, sir. [*Exit.*
Theod. My brother Don Philippo? Nay, sir, kill me! [*Kneels.*

[7] *Good woman.*] These words are addressed to the Hostess, whom he means to call to him.—*Mason.*

I ask no mercy, sir, for none dare know me;
I can deserve none. As you look upon me,
Behold in infinite these foul dishonours
My noble father, then yourself, last all
That bear the name of kindred, suffer in me!
I have forgot whose child I am, whose sister;
Do you forget the pity tied to that,
Let not compassion sway you! you will be then
As foul as I, and bear the same brand with me,
A favourer of my fault. You have a sword, sir,
And such a cause to kill me in——

Phil. Rise, sister!
I wear no sword for women, nor no anger,
While your fair chastity is yet untouch'd.

Theod. By those bright stars, it is, sir.

Phil. For my sister
I do believe you; and so near blood has made us,
With the dear love I ever bore your virtues,
That I will be a brother to your griefs too.
Be comforted: 'Tis no dishonour, sister,
To love, nor to love him you do; he is a gentleman
Of as sweet hopes as years, as many promises
As there be growing truths, and great ones.

Theod. Oh, sir!

Phil. Do not despair.

Theod. Can you forgive?

Phil. Yes, sister,
Though this be no small error, a far greater.

Theod. And think me still your sister?

Phil. My dear sister.

Theod. And will you counsel me?

Phil. To your own peace too:
You shall love still.

Theod. How good you are!

Phil. My business
And duty to my father, which now drew me
From Salamanca, I will lay aside,

And only be your agent.[8] To persuade you
To leave both love, and him, and well retire you—

Theod. Oh, gentle brother!

Phil. I perceive 'tis folly:
Delay's in love more dangerous[9]——

Theod. Noble brother!

Phil. Fear not, I'll run your own way; and to help you,
(Love having rack'd your passions beyond counsel)
I'll hazard mine own fame. Whither shall we venture?

Theod. Alas, I know not, sir.

Phil. Come, 'tis bright morning.
Let's walk out, and consider. You will keep this habit?

Theod. I would, sir.

Phil. Then it shall be: What must I call you?
Come, do not blush; pray speak; I may spoil all else.

Theod. Pray call me Theodoro.

Enter Diego.

Diego. Are you ready?
The day draws on apace. Once more, good-morrow!

[8] *And only be your agent to persuade ye*
To leave, &c.] The punctuation amended by a friend of Mr Sympson.—Ed. 1778.

[9] *Delays in love*, more *dangerous*.] Sympson proposes to read thus—

Delays in love are *dangerous*,

and Mason declares him to be right. The last editors make it an imperfect sentence, and say that he means, more dangerous than persuading her to quit her lover. I conceive that they are in the right, but the slight alteration is presumed to render the text more consonant to the explanation.

Theod. Good-morrow, gentle host. Now I must thank you.
Phil. Who dost thou think this is?
Diego. Were you a wench, sir,
I think you would know before me.
Phil. Mine own brother.
Diego. By th' mass, your noses are akin! Should I then
Have been so barbarous to have parted brothers?
Phil. You knew it then?
Diego. I knew 'twas necessary
You should be both together: Instinct, signor,
Is a great matter in an host.[1]
Theod. I am satisfied.

Enter PEDRO.

Pedro. Is not mine host up yet?
Phil. Who's that?
Diego. I'll see.
Phil. Sister, withdraw yourself.
[*She steps aside.*
Pedro. Signor Philippo!
Phil. Noble Don Pedro! where have you been this way?
Pedro. I came from Port Saint Maries, whence the gallies
Put this last tide; and bound for Barcelona,

[1] Instinct, *signor*,
Is a great matter *in an host.*] Steevens has observed, that this is the same phrase used by Falstaff in the following passage:—"By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware *instinct;* the lion will not touch the true prince. *Instinct is a great matter.*" The passage in the text seems to have been suggested by the one quoted from Shakspeare.

I brought Marc-Antony upon his way.
Phil. Marc-Antony?
Pedro. Who is turned soldier,
And entertained in the new regiment
For Naples.
Phil. Is it possible?
Pedro. I assure you.
Phil. And put they in at Barcelona?
Pedro. So
One of the masters told me.
Phil. Which way go you, sir?
Pedro. Home.
Phil. And I for Sevil. Pray you, sir, say not
That you saw me, if you shall meet the question;
I have some little business.
Pedro. Were it less, sir,
It shall not become me to lose the caution.
Shall we breakfast together?
Phil. I'll come to you, sir.— [*Exit* PEDRO.
Sister, you hear this; I believe your fortune
Begins to be propitious to you. We will hire
Mules of mine host here; if we can, himself
To be our guide, and straight to Barcelona.
This was as happy news as unexpected.
Stay you till I rid him away.
Theod. I will. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the House of Leonardo, *in Andalusia.*

Enter ALPHONSO *and a Servant.*

Alph. Knock at the door.
Serv. 'Tis open, sir.
Alph. That's all one;
Knock when I bid you.
Serv. Will not your worship enter?
Alph. Will not you learn more manners, sir, and do that
Your master bids you? Knock, you knave, or I'll knock
Such a round peal about your pate——I enter
Under his roof, or come to say, "God save you" to him,
The son of whose base dealings has undone me?[2]
(Knock louder! louder yet!) I'll starve and rot first;

[2] *The son of whose base dealings*—] The oddness of the phrase, *the son of base dealings*, and the length of the line, make me mightily inclined to believe the original might have been expressed thus,

To him, whose son's *base dealings has undone me.*—Sympson.

In Sympson's variation we have plainly the intended meaning of the poet, but the present reading has the same sense, though, according to a common failing of the time, not expressed with sufficient attention to grammatical accuracy. *Whose* evidently stands for *whom's*, and the meaning is, "the base dealings of the son of whom have undone me."

This open air is every man's.
2 *Serv.* [*Within.*] Come in, sir.

Enter Second Servant.[3]

Alph. No, no, sir; I am none of these "Come-in-sirs,"
None of those visitants: Bid your wise master
Come out; I have to talk unto him; go, sir!
2 *Serv.* Your worship may be welcome.
Alph. Sir, I will not;
I come not to be welcome. Good my three ducats,
My pickled sprat a-day, and no oil to't,
And once a-year a cotton coat! leave prating,
And tell your master I am here.
2 *Serv.* I will, sir.—
This is a strange old man. [*Exit.*
Alph. I welcome to him?
I'll be first welcome to a pest-house.—Sirrah,
Let's have your valour now cased up, and quiet,
When an occasion calls; 'tis wisdom in you,
A serving-man's discretion: If you do draw,
Draw but according to your entertainment;
Five nobles' worth of fury.

Enter LEONARDO, *and* SANCHIO (*carried by two Servants in a Chair.*)

Leo. Signor Alphonso,
I hope no discontent from my will given,
Has made you shun my house: I ever loved you;[4]

[3] *Enter two Servants,* Rowl: Ashton.] So the first folio. These were probably the names of the understrappers who performed these parts.

[4] *I ever loved you.*] These words are only in the first folio, from which we have recovered them.—Ed. 1778.

And credit me, amongst my fears 'tis greatest
To minister offences.
Alph. Oh, good signor,
I know you for Italian breed, fair-tongued!
Spare your apologies; I care not for 'em;
As little for your love, sir: I can live
Without your knowledge, eat mine own, and sleep
Without dependences, or hopes upon you.
I come to ask my daughter.
Leo Gentle sir!
Alph. I am not gentle, sir; nor gentle will be,
Till I have justice, my poor child restored
Your caper-cutting boy has run away with,
Young signor Smooth-face; he that takes up wenches
With smiles and sweet behaviours, songs, and sonnets;
Your high-fed jennet, that no hedge can hold:
They say you bred him for a stallion.
Sanc. Fy, signor! there be times, and terms of honour
To argue these things in, decidements able
To speak ye noble gentlemen, ways punctual,
And to the life of credit; you're too rugged.
Alph. I am too tame, sir.
Leo. Will you hear but reason?
Alph. No, I will hear no reason: I come not hither
To be popt off with reason;—reason then.
Sanc. Why, signor, in all things there must be method;
You choke the child of Honour else, Discretion.
Do you conceive an injury?
Alph. What then, sir?
Sanc. Then follow it in fair terms; let your sword bite,
When time calls, not your tongue.
Alph. I know, sir,

Both when and what to do, without directions,
And where, and how; I come not to be tutor'd;
My cause is no man's but mine own.—You, signor!
Will you restore my daughter?
Leo. Who detains her?
Alph. No more of these slight shifts!
Leo. You urge me, signor,
With strange injustice: Because my son has err'd—
Sanc. Mark him.
Leo. Out of the heat of youth, does't follow
I must be father of his crimes?
Alph. I say still,
Leave off your rhetoric, and restore my daughter,
And suddenly; bring in your rebel too,
Mountdragon, he that mounts without commission,
That I may see him punished, and severely;
Or, by that holy Heaven, I'll fire your house!
And there's my way of honour.
Sanc. Pray give me leave.
Was not man made the noblest creature?
Alph. Well, sir?
Sanc. Should not his mind then answer to his making,
And to his mind his actions? If this ought to be,
Why do we run a blind way from our worths,
And cancel our discretions, doing those things
To cure offences, are the most offences?[5]
We have rules of justice in us; to those rules
Let us apply our angers: You can consider
The want in others of these terminations,
And how unfurnish'd they appear.
Alph. Hang others!
And, where the wrongs are open, hang respects!

[5] *The most offences.*] That is, the greatest. So in Henry VI. Part I.—
—— "always resolute in *most* extremes."

I come not to consider.
Leo. Noble sir,
Let's argue coolly, and consider like men.
Alph. Like men?
Leo. You are too sudden still.
Alph. Like men, sir?
Sanc. It is fair language, and allied to honour.
Alph. Why, what strange beast would your grave reverence
Make me appear! Like men?
Sanc. Taste but that point, sir,
And you recover all.
Alph. I tell thy wisdom
I am as much a man, and as good a man——
Leo. All this is granted, sir.
Alph. As wise a man——
Sanc. You are not tainted that way.
Alph. And a man
Dares make thee no man; or, at best, a base man.
Sanc. Fy, fy! here wants much carriage.[6]
Alph. Hang much carriage!
Leo. Give me good language.
Alph. Sirrah signor, give me my daughter.
Leo. I am as gentle[7] as yourself, as free born——
Sanc. Observe his way.
Leo. As much respect owed to me——
Sanc. This hangs together nobly.
Leo. And for civil,

[6] *Here wan's much* carriage.] That is, conduct, regulation of behaviour.

[7] *I am as* gentle *as yourself.*] *Gentle* was very generally used for well-born, of high rank. In Shakspeare's Henry V. it is used as a verb—

—— "be he ne'er so vile
This day shall *gentle* his condition."

A great deal more, it seems. Go look your daughter!
Sanc. There you went well off, signor.
Leo. That rough tongue
You understand at first. You never think, sir,
Out of your mightiness, of my loss; here I stand,
A patient anvil to your burning angers,
Made subject to your dangers; yet my loss equal:
Who shall bring home my son?
Alph. A whipping beadle.
Leo. Why, is your daughter whorish?
Alph. Ha, thou darest not——
By Heaven, I know thou darest not——
Leo. I dare more, sir,
If you dare be uncivil.
Alph. Laugh too, pigeon?
Sanc. A fitter time, for Fame's sake! two weak nurses
Would laugh at this. Are there no more days coming,
No ground but this to argue on? No swords left,
Nor friends to carry this,[8] but your own furies!
Alas! it shews too weakly.
Alph. Let it shew!
I come not here for shows. Laugh at me, sirrah?
I'll give you cause to laugh.
Leo. You are as like, sir,
As any man in Spain.
Alph. By Heaven, I will;

[8] *Nor friends to carry this.*] To *carry* any business, very generally meant to manage or conduct it. So in Henry VIII.—

—" he'd *carry* it so,
To make the sceptre his."

The phrase was very generally applied to duels. So in the conclusion of this play—

——— Could Caranza himself
Carry a business better?

I will, brave Leonardo!
Leo. Brave Alphonso,
I will expect it then.
Sanc. Hold ye there both!
These terms are noble.
Alph. You shall hear shortly from me.
Sanc. Now discreetly.
Alph. Assure yourself you shall. Do you see this sword, sir?
He has not cast his teeth yet.
Sanc. Rarely carried!
Alph. He bites deep, most times mortal: Signor,
I'll hound him at thee; fair and home.
Sanc. Still nobly.
Alph. And at all those that dare maintain you.
Sanc. Excellent!
Leo. How you shall please, sir, so it be fair; though certain
I had rather give you reason.
Sanc. Fairly urged too!
Alph. This is no age for reason; prick your reason
Upon your sword's point——
Sanc. Admirably follow'd!
Alph. And there I'll hear it. So, till I please, live, sir. [*Exit.*
Leo. And so, farewell! you're welcome.
Sanc. The end crowns all things. Signor,
Some little business past, this cause I'll argue,
And be a peace between ye, if't so please you,
And by the square of honour to the utmost.
I feel the old man's master'd by much passion,
And too high racked, which makes him overshoot all
His valour should direct at,[9] and hurt those

[9] *I fear the old man's mastered by much passion,*
And too high racked, *which makes him* over-shoot *all*
His valour should direct at.] *Too high racked* means, screw-

That stand but by as blenchers.[1] This he must
know too,
As necessary to his judgment; doting women
Are neither safe nor wise adventurers, conceive me,
If once their wills have wander'd: Nor is't then
A time to use our rages; for why should I
Bite at the stone, when he that throws it wrongs me?
Do not we know that women are most wooers,
Though closest in their carriage? Do not all men
know,
Scarce all the compass of the globe can hold 'em,
If their affections be a-foot? Shall I then covet
The follies of a she-fool, that by nature
Must seek her like, by reason be a woman?
Sink a tall ship, because the sails defy me?
No, I disdain that folly; he that ventures
Whilst they are fit to put him on, has found out
The everlasting motion in his scabbard.[2]
I doubt not to make peace. And so, for this time,
My best love and remembrance!
Leo. Your poor servant! [*Exeunt.*

ed up too high. They formerly used screws to bend their cross-bows, which they could not manage by their own strength: to that practice this passage alludes.—*Mason.*

[1] *Blenchers.*] To *blench* was used in the sense of starting-off. So in Troilus and Cressida:

——" there can be no evasion
To *blench* from this, and to stand firm by honour."

The word *blenchers* is evidently used in the text for the by-standers at an exhibition of archery; and perhaps they were so termed on account of their starting off suddenly to avoid the arrow, not being acquainted with its direction.

[2] *He that ventures*, &c.] This is rather obscure; but signifies, " He that will draw his sword as often as women's conduct gives him cause, will never let it rest in the scabbard."—Ed. 1778.

SCENE II.

A Forest near Ossuna.

Enter DIEGO, PHILIPPO, *and* THEODOSIA.

Phil. Where will our horses meet us?
Diego. Fear not you, sir;
Some half-mile hence my worship's man will stay us.
How is it with my young bloods? Come, be jovial;
Let's travel like a merry flock of wild geese,
Every tongue talking.
Phil. We are very merry.
But do you know this way, sir?
Theod. Is't not dangerous?
Methinks these woody thickets should harbour knaves.
Diego. I fear none but fair wenches; those are thieves
May quickly rob me of my good conditions,
If they cry *stand* once. But the best is, signors,
They cannot bind my hands; for any else,
They meet an equal knave, and there's my passport.
I have seen fine sport in this place; had these trees tongues,
They would tell ye pretty matters: Do not you fear though;
They are not every day's delights.
Phil. What sport, sir?
Diego. Why, to say true, the sport of all sports.

Phil. What was't?

Diego. Such turning-up of taffetaes! and you know
To what rare whistling tunes they go, far beyond
A soft wind in the shrouds; such *stand* there,
And *down* i' th' other place! such supplications
And sub-divisions for those toys their honours!
One, "As you are a gentleman," in this bush;
And "Oh, sweet sir, what mean you? There's a bracelet,
And use me, I beseech you, like a woman!"
And her petition's heard; another scratches,
And cries she will die first, and then swoons; but certain
She's brought to life again, and does well after.
Another, "Save mine honour, oh, mine honour!
My husband serves the duke, sir, in his kitchen;
I have a cold pie for you; fy, fy, fy, gentlemen!
Will nothing satisfy you? where's my husband?"
Another cries, "Do you see, sir, how they use me?
Is there no law for these things?"

Theod. And, good mine host,
Do you call these fine sports?

Diego What should I call 'em?
They have been so call'd these thousand years and upwards.

Phil. But what becomes o' th' men?

Diego. They are stript and bound,
Like so many Adams, with fig-leaves afore 'em,
And there's their innocence.

Theod. 'Would we had known this,
Before we reach'd this place!

Phil. Come; there's no danger;
These are but sometimes chances.

Diego. Now we must through.

Enter INCUBO. [3]

Theod. Who's that?
Diego. Stand to it, signors!
Phil. No, it needs not;
I know the face, 'tis honest.
Inc. What, mine host,
Mine everlasting honest host?
Diego. 'Mass, Baily?
Now, in the name of an ill reckoning,
What make you walking this round?
Inc. A pox of this round,
And of all business too, through woods! and, rascals,
They have rounded me away a dozen ducats,
Besides a fair round cloak: Some of 'em knew me,
Else they had cased me like a cony too,
As they have done the rest, and I think roasted me,
For they began to baste me soundly. My young signors,
You may thank Heaven, and heartily, and hourly,
You set not out so early; ye had been smoked else,
By this true hand ye had, sirs, finely smoked;
Had ye been women, smock'd too.
Theod. Heaven defend us!
Inc. Nay, that had been no prayer; there were those
That run that prayer out of breath, yet failed too.
There was a friar, now you talk of prayer,

[3] *Enter* Bailiff.] The former editions make strange confusion with *Incubo's* character, calling him in some scenes by his name, and in others *Bailiff*, as if they were two distinct characters. This error is now corrected.—Ed. 1778.

Such confusion has taken place in most of these plays, and the editors have seldom taken the pains to correct it.

With an huge bunch of beads, like a rope of onions,
(I am sure as big) that, out of fear and prayer,
In half-an-hour wore 'em as small as bugles;
Yet he was flead too.

Phil. At what hour was this?

Inc. Some two hours since.

Theod. Do you think the passage sure now?

Inc. Yes, a rope take 'em (as it will) and bless 'em!
They have done for this day, sure.

Phil. Are many rifled?

Inc. At the least a dozen,
And there left bound.

Theod. How came you free?

Inc. A courtesy
They use out of their rogueships, to bequeath
To one, that, when they give a sign from far,
(Which is from out of danger) he may presently
Release the rest: As I met you, I was going,
Having the sign from yonder hill to do it.

Theod. Alas, poor men!

Phil. Mine host, pray go unty 'em.

Diego. Let me alone for cancelling! where are they?

Inc. In every bush, like black-birds; you cannot miss 'em.

Diego. I need not stalk unto 'em. [*Exit.*

Inc. No, they'll stand you,
My busy life for yours, sir.—You would wonder
To see the several tricks and strange behaviours
Of the poor rascals in their miseries:
One weeps; another laughs at him for weeping,
A third is monstrous angry he can laugh,
And cries, "Go to! this is no time;" he laughs still;
A fourth exhorts to patience; him a fifth man
Curses for tameness; him a friar schools;

All hoot the friar; here one sings a ballad;
And there a little curate confutes him: and in
This linsey-woolsey way, that would make a dog
Forget his dinner, or an old man fire,
They rub out for their ransoms. Amongst the rest,
There is a little boy robb'd, a fine child,
It seems a page: I must confess my pity
(As 'tis a hard thing[4] in a man of my place
To shew compassion) stirred at him; so finely,
And without noise, he carries his afflictions,
And looks as if he had but dream'd of losing.
This boy's the glory of this robbery;
The rest but shame the action.—Now ye may hear
'em.

Enter DIEGO, LEOCADIA *disguised as a Boy; a Friar and other Passengers as robbed.*

Diego. Come, lads, 'tis holy-day; hang clothes; 'tis hot,
And sweating agues are abroad.
1 *Passenger.* It seems so;
For we have met with rare physicians
To cure us of that malady.
Diego. Fine footing,
Light and deliver; now, my boys! Master Friar,
How does your holiness? Bear up, man! what,
A cup of neat sack now, and a toast? ha, Friar?
A warm plaister to your belly, father!
There were a blessing now!
Friar. You say your mind, sir.

[4] *As 'tis a hard thing*, &c.] Mason very plausibly wishes to read *and* for *as*; but Incubo may mean to say—"I must confess my pity stirred at him, which is the more singular, as it is a hard thing in a man of my place to shew compassion."

Diego. Where's my fine boy, my pointer?
Inc. There's the wonder.
Diego. A rank whore scratch their sides till the pox follow
For robbing thee! thou hast a thousand ways
To rob thyself, boy; dice, and a chamber-devil—
Leoc. You are deceived, sir.
Diego. And thy master too, boy.[5]
Phil. A sweet-faced boy, indeed! what rogues were these,
What barbarous, brutish slaves, to strip this beauty!
Theod. Come hither, my boy. Alas! he's cold: Mine host,
We must entreat your cloak.
Diego. Can you entreat it?
Phil. We do presume so much; you have other garments.
Diego. Will you entreat those too?
Theod. Your mule must too
To the next town; you say 'tis near: In pity,
You cannot see this poor boy perish; I know
You have a better soul. We'll satisfy you.
Diego. 'Tis a strange foolish trick I have, but I cannot help it;
I am ever cozen'd with mine own commendations;
It is determined then I shall be robb'd too,
To make up vantage to this dozen. Here, sir;
Heaven has provided you a simple garment
To set you off; pray keep it handsomer
Than you kept your own, and let me have it render'd,
Brush'd and discreetly folded.

[5] *And thy master too, boy.*] That is, and of robbing thy master also. This is a continuation of Diego's speech, which Leocadia interrupted. There should, therefore, be no full point after *chamber-devil*, but a break.—*Mason.*

Leoc. I thank you, sir.
Diego. Who wants a doublet?
2 Pass. I.
Diego. Where will you have it?
2 Pass. From you, sir, if you please.
Diego. Oh, there's the point, sir.
Phil. My honest friends, I am sorry for your fortunes;
But that's but poor relief: Here are ten ducats;
And to your distribution, holy sir,
I render 'em, and let it be your care
To see 'em, as your wants are, well divided.
Diego. Plain dealing now, my friends; and, father Friar,
Set me the saddle right! no wringing, Friar,
Nor tithing to the church! these are no duties;
Scour me your conscience! if the devil tempt you,
Off with your cord, and swinge him!
Friar. You say well, sir.
All. Heaven keep your goodness!
Theod. Peace keep you! Farewell, friends!
Diego. Farewell, light-horse-men!
[*Exeunt Friar and Passengers.*
Phil. Which way travel you, sir?
Inc. To the next town.
Theod. Do you want any thing?
Inc. Only discretion to travel at good hours,
And some warm meat to moderate this matter;
For I am most outrageous, cruel hungry.
Diego. I have a stomach too, such as it is,
Would pose a right good pasty; I thank Heaven for't.
Inc. Cheese, that would break the teeth of a new handsaw,
I could endue now like an estrich;[6] or salt beef,

[6] *Cheese*——
I could endure *now*——] What my host means is plain and

That Cæsar left in pickle.

Phil. Take no care;
We'll have meat for you, and enough. I' th' mean time,
Keep you the horse-way, lest the fellow miss us;
We'll meet you at the end o' th' wood.

Diego. Make haste then.

[*Exeunt* DIEGO *and* INCUBO.

Theod. My pretty sir, till your necessities
Be full supplied, so please you trust our friendships!
We must not part.

Leoc. You have pull'd a charge upon you;
Yet such a one as ever shall be thankful.

Phil. You have said enough. May I be bold to ask you,
What province you were bred in? and of what parents?

Leoc. You may, sir: I was born in Andalusia,
My name Francisco, son to Don Henriques
De Cardinas.

Theod. Our noble neighbour!

Phil. Son to Don Henriques?
I know the gentleman: And, by your leave, sir,
I know he has no son.

easy, viz. that he could digest cheese which would break a handsaw's teeth, his stomach being as strong as that of an ostrich. But I believe no dictionary of our language will furnish us with such a sense of the word *endure*. I have therefore taken the liberty to substitute what I really believe was the original reading, viz. *endue*, or *endew*. It is a term in falconry, which Bloome explains thus:—*Endew*, is when an hawk digesteth her meat, that she not only dischargeth her gorge thereof, but likewise cleanseth her pannel.—*Sympson.*

Notwithstanding the last editors pronounce the old text proper, and the variation forced, Sympson is clearly right; and this is one of his most ingenious variations. The vulgar notion, that the ostrich can digest iron, is alluded to, as Mason observes. I have preserved the old manner of pronouncing the name of this bird, as it occurs in Shakspeare and other writers of the time.

Leoc. None of his own, sir,
Which makes him put that right upon his brother
Don Sanchio's children: One of which I am,
And therefore do not much err.
Phil. Still you do, sir,
For neither has Don Sanchio any son:
A daughter, and a rare one, is his heir,
Which, though I never was so blest to see,
Yet I have heard great good of.
Theod. Urge no further!
He is ashamed, and blushes.
Phil. Sir,
If't might import you to conceal yourself,
I ask your mercy, I have been so curious.
Leoc. Alas! I must ask yours, sir, for these lies;
Yet they were useful ones; for by the claiming
Such noble parents, I believed your bounties
Would shew more gracious. The plain truth is, gentlemen,
I am Don Sanchio's steward's son, a wild boy,
That for the fruits of his unhappiness
Is fain to seek the wars.
Theod. This is a lie too, [*Apart to* PHILIPPO.
If I have any ears.
Phil. Why?
Theod. Mark his language,
And you shall find it of too sweet a relish
For one of such a breed. I'll pawn my hand,
This is no boy.
Phil. No boy? what would you have him?
Theod. I know, no boy: I watch'd how fearfully,
And yet how suddenly, he cured his lies,
The right wit of a woman; now I am sure——
Phil. What are you sure?
Theod. That 'tis no boy; I'll burn in't.
Phil. Now I consider better, and take counsel,
Methinks he shews more sweetness in that face,

Than his fears dare deliver.
Theod. No more talk on't!
There hangs some great weight by it; soon at night
I'll tell you more.
Phil. Come, sir, whate'er you are,
With us, embrace your liberty, and our helps
In any need you have.
Leoc. All my poor service
Shall be at your command, sir, and my prayers.
Phil. Let's walk apace; hunger will cut their throats else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

On board of a Galley at Sea.

Enter Roderigo *and* Marc-Antonio; *two Chairs set out.*

Rod. Call up the master.
Master. [*Within.*] Here, sir.
Rod. Honest master,
Give order all the gallies with this tide
Fall round, and near upon us;[7] that the next wind
We may weigh off together, and recover
The port of Barcelona, without parting.
Master. [*Within.*] Your pleasure's done, sir.
Rod. Signor Marc-Antonio,
Till meat be ready, let's sit here, and prepare

7 —— near *upon us.*] *Near* is here used as a verb. *To near upon us* is a sea phrase, and means to draw nearer to us.—*Mason.*

Our stomachs with discourses.
Marc. What you please, sir.
Rod. Pray you answer me to this doubt.
Marc. If I can, sir.
Rod. Why should such plants as you are, Pleasure's children,
That owe their blushing years to gentle objects,
Tenderly bred, and brought up in all fullness,
Desire the stubborn wars?
Marc. In those 'tis wonder,
That make their ease their god, and not their honour:
But, noble general, my end is other;
Desire of knowledge, sir, and hope of tying
Discretion to my time, which only shews me,
And not my years, a man, and makes that more
Which we call handsome; the rest is but boy's beauty,
And with the boy consumed.
Rod. You argue well, sir.
Marc. Nor do I wear my youth, as they wear breeches,
For object, but for use; my strength for danger,
(Which is the liberal part of man) not dalliance:
The wars must be my mistress, sir.
Rod. Oh, signor,
You'll find her a rough wench.
Marc. When she is won once,
She'll show the sweeter, sir.
Rod. You can be pleased, though,
Sometimes to take a tamer?
Marc. 'Tis a truth, sir;
So she be handsome, and not ill-condition'd.
Rod. A soldier should not be so curious.
Marc. I can make shift with any for a heat, sir.
Rod. Nay, there you wrong your youth too; and however

You are pleased to appear to me, which shews well, signor,
A tougher soul than your few years can testify;
Yet, my young sir, out of mine own experience
When my spring was, I am able to confute you,
And say, you had rather come to th' shock of eyes,
And boldly march up to your mistress' mouth,
Than to the cannon's.

Marc. That's as their lading is, sir.

Rod. There be trenches
Fitter and warmer for your years, and safer,
Than where the bullet plays.

Marc. There's it I doubt, sir.

Rod. You'll easily find that faith. But come, be liberal;
What kind of woman could you make best wars with?

Marc. They are all but heavy marchers.[8]

Rod. Fy, Marc-Antonio!
Beauty in no more reverence?

Marc. In the sex, sir,
I honour it, and, next to honour, love it,
For there is only beauty; and that sweetness,
That was first meant for modesty, sever it,
And put it in one woman, it appears not;
'Tis of too rare a nature, she too gross
To mingle with it——

Rod. This is a mere heresy.[9]

[8] *Marches.*] Corrected according to Mason's proposal.

[9] *This is* mere *heresy.*] *Mere* was continually used, as in the present instance, with the sense of *absolute.* For instance in Pericles, where the Bawd is giving directions to Marina—"To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion begets you a *mere* profit." And in the Merchant of Venice—

"Engaged my friend to his *mere* enemy."

Marc. Which makes 'em ever mending; for that gloss
That cozens us for beauty, is but bravery,
An outward shew of things well set, no more:
For heavenly beauty is as Heaven itself, sir,
Too excellent for object, and what's seen
Is but the veil then, airy clouds:' Grant this,
It may be seen, 'tis but like stars in twinklings.
Rod. 'Twas no small study in their libraries
Brought you to this experience. But what think you
Of that fair red and white, which we call beauty?
Marc. Why, 'tis our creature, sir; we give it 'em
Because we like those colours; else 'tis certain
A blue face with a motley nose would do it,
And be as great a beauty, so we loved it:
That we cannot give, which is only beauty,
Is a fair mind.
Rod. By this rule, all our choices
Are to no ends.
Marc. Except the dull end, doing.
Rod. Then all to you seem equal?
Marc. Very true, sir,
And that makes equal dealing: I love any
That's worth love.

' *what is seen*
Is but the veil then, *airy clouds;*—] The monosyllable *then* seems not to have any good authority for standing here, as having nothing to which it refers. I suspect a corruption as well in the sense as in the pointing, and that it stood originally thus:

—— *what is seen*
Is but the veil, thin, *airy clouds,* &c.—*Sympson.*

The variation is not amiss; but the old text is good sense, and we believe genuine. *Then* is very naturally placed here, and follows up the argument; which is, "Beauty is invisible; what is seen *then* is but the veil."—Ed. 1778.

Rod. How long love you, signor?
Marc. Till I have other business.
Rod. Do you never
Love stedfastly one woman?
Marc. 'Tis a toil, sir,
Like riding in one road perpetually;
It offers no variety.
Rod. Right youth!
He must needs make a soldier.—Nor do you think
One woman can love one man?
Marc. Yes, that may be,
Though it appear not often; they are things ignorant,
And therefore apted to that superstition
Of doting fondness. Yet of late years, signor,
The world's well mended with 'em; fewer are found now
That love at length, and to the right mark; all
Stir now, as the time stirs; fame and fashion
Are ends they aim at now, and to make that love
That wiser ages held ambition:
They that cannot reach this may love by index;
By every day's surveying who best promises,
Who has done best, who may do, and who mended
May come to do again; who appears neatest
Either in new-stampt clothes, or courtesies,
Done but from hand to mouth neither; nor love they these things
Longer than new are making, nor that succession
Beyond the next fair feather. Take the city,
There they go to't by gold-weight, no gain from 'em,
All they can work by fire and water to 'em,
Profit is all they point at; if there be love,
'Tis shewed ye by so dark a light, to bear out
The bracks and old stains in't, that ye may purchase

French velvet better cheap; all loves are endless.[1]

Rod. 'Faith, if you have a mistress, 'would she heard you!

Marc. 'Twere but the venturing of my place, or swearing
I meant it but for argument, as schoolmen
Dispute high questions.

Rod. What a world is this,
When young men dare determine what those are,
Age and the best experience ne'er could aim at!

Marc. They were thick-eyed then, sir; now the print is bigger,
And they may read their fortunes without spectacles.

Rod. Did you ne'er love?

Marc. 'Faith, yes, once after supper,
And the fit held till midnight.

Rod Hot, or shaking?

Marc To say true, both.

Rod. How did you rid it?

Marc. Thus, sir;
I laid my hand upon my heart, and bless'd me,
And then said over certain charms I had learn'd
Against mad dogs (for love and they are all one;)
Last, thought upon a windmill, and so slept,
And was well ever after.

Rod. A rare physician!
What would your practice gain you?

Marc. The wars ended,
I mean to use my art, and have these fools
Cut in the head like cats, to save the kingdom
Another inquisition.

[1] *All loves are* endless.] That is, are fruitless. Marc-Antonio does not mean to say that all loves are perpetual.—*Mason.*

Better cheap, in the same line, in old phraseology, meant *cheaper*. In the same manner *good cheap* occurs for very cheap.

Rod. So old a soldier,
Out of the wars, I never knew yet practised.
Marc. I shall mend every day. But, noble general,
Believe this, but as this you named, discourses.
Rod. Oh, you're a cunning gamester.
Marc. Mirths and toys
To cozen time withal; for, o' my troth, sir,
I can love; I think, well too, well enough;
And think as well of women as they are,
Pretty fantastic things, some more regardful,
And some few worth a service: I am so honest,
I wish 'em all in Heaven; and you know how hard, sir,
'Twill be to get in there with their great farthingals.
Rod. Well, Marc-Antonio, I would not lose thy company
For the best galley I command.
Marc. 'Faith, general,
If these discourses please you, I shall fit you
Once every day.
Rod. Thou canst not please me better. Hark, they call [*Knock within.*
Below to dinner: You are my cabin guest;
My bosom's, so you please, sir.
Marc. Your poor servant! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Ygualada. A Room in the Inn.

Enter Host and his Wife.

Host. Let 'em have meat enough, woman, half a hen;
There be old rotten pilchards, put 'em off too;
'Tis but a little new anointing of 'em,
And a strong onion, that confounds the stink.
Wife. They call for more, sir.
Host. Knock a dozen eggs down;
But then beware your wenches.
Wife. More than this too.
Host. Worts, worts, and make 'em porridge; pop 'em up, wench;
But they shall pay for cullises.[3]
Wife. All this is nothing;
They call for kid and partridge.
Host. Well remember'd;
Where's the falconer's half dog he left?
Wife. It stinks, sir;
Past all hope that way.
Host. Run it o'er with garlic,
And make a Roman dish on't.
Wife. Pray you be patient,

[3] *Cullises.*] i. e. Restorative strong broths. The Host means to say they shall only have porridge, but pay for cullises.

And get provision in : These are fine gentlemen,
And liberal gentlemen; they have *unde quare ;*
No mangy muleteers, nor pinching posts,
That feed upon the parings of musk-melons
And radishes, as big and tough as rafters.
Will you be stirring in this business? Here's your brother,
Mine old host of Ossuna, as wise as you are,
That is, as knavish ; if you put a trick,
Take heed he do not find it.

Host. I'll be wagging. [*Exit.*

Wife. 'Tis for your own commodity.—Why, wenches!

Serv. [*Within*] Anon forsooth.

Wife. Who makes a fire there? and who gets in water?
Let Oliver go to the justice, and beseech his worship
We may have two spits going ; and, do you hear, Druce?
Let him invite his worship, and his wife's worship,
To the left meat to-morrow.

Enter INCUBO.

Inc. Where's this kitchen?

Wife. E'en at the next door, signor. What, old don!
We meet but seldom.

Inc. Pr'ythee be patient, Hostess ;
And tell me where the meat is.

Wife. 'Faith, master Baily,
How have you done? and how, man——

Inc Good sweet Hostess,
What shall we have to dinner?

Wife. How does your woman?
And a fine woman she is, and a good woman.

Lord, how you bear your years!
Inc. Is't veal or mutton,
Beef, bacon, pork, kid, pheasant? or all these?
And are they ready all?
Wife. The hours that have been
Between us two, the merry hours: Lord!
Inc. Hostess,
Dear Hostess, do but hear! I am hungry.
Wife. You are merrily disposed, sir.
Inc. Monstrous hungry,
And hungry after much meat! I have brought hither
Right worshipful to pay the reckoning;
Money enough too with 'em; desire enough
To have the best meat, and of that enough too:
Come to the point, sweet wench; and so I kiss thee.
Wife. You shall have any thing, and instantly,
Ere you can lick your ears, sir.
Inc. Portly meat,
Bearing, substantial stuff, and fit for hunger,
I do beseech you, Hostess, first; then some light garnish,
Two pheasants in a dish; if you have leverets,
(Rather for way of ornament, than appetite)
They may be look'd upon, or larks; for fish,
As there's no great need, so I would not wish you
To serve above four dishes; but those full ones.
You have no cheese of Parma?
Wife. Very old, sir.
Inc. The less will serve us; some ten pound.
Wife. Alas, sir,
We have not half these dainties.
Inc. Peace, good Hostess,
And make us hope you have.
Wife. You shall have all, sir——
Inc. That may be got for money,

Enter Diego *and a Boy.*

Diego. Where's your master?
Bring me your master, Boy! I must have liquor
Fit for the myrmidons; no dashing now, child,
No conjurings by candle-light! I know all;
Strike me the oldest sack, a piece that carries
Point-blank to this place, Boy, and batters.—Hostess,
I kiss thy hands, through which many a round reckoning
And things of moment have had motion.
Wife. Still mine old brother.
Diego. Set thy cellar open,
For I must enter, and advance my colours.
I have brought thee dons indeed, wench, dons with ducats,
And those dons must have dainty wine, pure Bacchus,
That bleeds the life-blood.—What, is your cure ended?
Inc. We shall have meat, man.
Diego. Then we will have wine, man,
And wine upon wine, cut and drawn with wine.
Wife. Ye shall have all, and more than all.
Inc. All, well then.
Diego. Away, about your business! you with her,
For old acquaintance sake, to stay your stomach!
[*Exeunt Wife and* Incubo.
And, Boy, be you my guide, *ad inferos*;
For I will make a full descent in equipage.
Boy. I'll shew you rare wine.
Diego. Stinging geer?
Boy. Divine, sir.
Diego. Oh, divine Boy! march, march, my child. Rare wine, boy?

Boy. As any is in Spain, sir.
Diego. Old, and strong too?
Oh, my fine boy! clear too?
Boy. As crystal, sir, and strong as truth.
Diego. Away, boy!
I am enamour'd, and I long for dalliance.
Stay no where, child, not for thy father's blessing,
I charge thee, not to save thy sister's honour,
Nor to close thy dam's eyes, were she a-dying,
Till we arrive; and, for thy recompense,
I will remember thee in my will.
Boy. You have said, sir. [*Exeunt*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the same Inn.

Enter PHILIPPO *and Host*.

Phil. Mine Host, is that apparel got you spoke of?
You shall have ready money.
Host. 'Tis come in, sir; he has it on, sir,
And I think 'twill be fit; and o' my credit,
'Twas never worn but once, sir, and for necessity
Pawn'd to the man I told you of.
Phil. Pray bargain for't,
And I will be the paymaster.

Host. I will, sir.
Phil. And let our meat be ready when you please;
I mean as soon.
Host. It shall be presently.
Phil. How far stands Barcelona?
Host. But two leagues off, sir.
You may be there by three o'clock.
Phil. I am glad on't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Grove near the same.

Enter THEODOSIA *and* LEOCADIA.

Theod. Signor Francisco, why I draw you hither
To this remote place, marvel not; for, trust me,
My innocence yet never knew ill dealing;
And as you have a noble temper, start not
Into offence, at any thing my knowledge,
And for your special good, would be inform'd of;
Nor think me vainly curious.
Leoc. Worthy sir,
The courtesies you and your noble brother,
Even then when few men find the way to do 'em,
I mean in want, so freely shower'd upon me,
So truly, and so timely minister'd,
Must, if I should suspect those minds that made 'em, [4]

[4] *Minds that* made '*em.*] *i. e.* Did '*em.*—Sympson.

Either proclaim me an unworthy taker,
Or worse, a base believer. Speak your mind, sir,
Freely, and what you please; I am your servant.

Theod. Then, my young sir, know, since our first acquaintance,
Induced by circumstances that deceive not,
To clear some doubts I have (nay, blush not, signor!)
I have beheld you narrowly. More blushes?
Sir, you give me so much light, I find you
A thing confess'd already. Yet more blushes?
You would ill cover an offence might sink you,
That cannot hide yourself. Why do you shake so?
I mean no trouble to you. This fair hand
Was never made for hardness, nor those eyes
(Come, do not hide 'em) for rough objects. Hark ye,
You have betray'd yourself; that sigh confirms me.
Another? and a third too? Then I see
These boy's clothes do but pinch you. Come, be liberal;
You have found a friend that has found you; disguise not
That loaden soul that labours to be open.
Now you must weep, I know it, for I see
Your eyes down-laden to the lids; another
Manifest token that my doubts are perfect:
Yet I have found a greater; tell me this,
Why were these holes left open? there was an error,
A foul one, my Francisco!—Have I caught you?
Oh, pretty sir, the custom of our country
Allows men none in this place. Now the shower comes.

Leoc. Oh, signor Theodoro! [*Weeps.*

Theod. This sorrow shews so sweetly,

I cannot chuse but keep it company.
Take truce and speak, sir: And I charge your goodness,
By all those perfect hopes that point at virtue,
By that remembrance these fair tears are shed for,
If any sad misfortune have thus form'd you,
That either care or counsel may redeem,
Pain, purse, or any thing within the power
And honour of free gentlemen, reveal it,
And have our labours.

Leoc. I have found you noble,
And you shall find me true: Your doubts are certain,
Nor dare I more dissemble; I am a woman,
The great example of a wretched woman.
Here you must give me leave to shew my sex.—
And now, to make you know how much your credit
Has won upon my soul, so it please your patience,
I'll tell you my unfortunate sad story.

Theod. Sit down and say on, lady.

Leoc. I am born, sir,
Of good and honest parents, rich, and noble,
And, not to lie, the daughter of Don Sanchio,
If my unhappy fortune have not lost me;
My name call'd Leocadia, even the same
Your worthy brother did the special honour
To name for beautiful, and without pride
I have been often made believe so, signor;
But that's impertinent! Now to my sorrows:
Not far from us a gentleman of worth,
A neighbour, and a noble visitor,
Had his abode, who often met my father
In gentle sports of chace, and river-hawking,
In course and riding; and with him often brought
A son of his, a young and hopeful gentleman,
Nobly train'd up, in years fit for affection;

A sprightly man, of understanding excellent,
Of speech and civil 'haviour no less powerful;
And of all parts, else my eyes lied, abundant:
We grew acquainted, and from that acquaintance
Nearer into affection; from affection
Into belief.

Theod. Well?

Leoc. Then we durst kiss.

Theod. Go forward!

Leoc. But oh, man, man, unconstant, careless man,
Oh, subtle man, how many are thy mischiefs!
Oh, Marc-Antonio, I may curse those kisses!

Theod. What did you call him, lady?

Leoc. Marc-Antonio;
The name to me of misery.

Theod. Pray, forward!

Leoc. From these we bred desires, sir; but lose me, Heaven,
If mine were lustful!

Theod. I believe.

Leoc. This nearness
Made him importunate: When, to save mine honour,
(Love having full possession of my powers)
I got a contract from him.

Theod. Seal'd?

Leoc. And sworn too;
Which since, for some offence Heaven laid upon me,
I lost amongst my monies in the robbery
(The loss that makes me poorest:) This won from him,
Fool that I was, and too too credulous,
I 'pointed him a bye-way to my chamber
The next night at an hour——

Theod. Pray stay there, lady!--
And when the night came, came he? kept he touch with you?
(Be not so shame-faced!) had ye both your wishes?
Tell me, and tell me true, did he enjoy ye?
Were ye in one another's arms a-bed? the contract
Confirm'd in full joys there? did he lie with you?
Answer to that! ha? Did your father know this,
The good old man, or kindred, privy to't?
And had you their consents? did that night's promise
Make you a mother?

Leoc. Why do you ask so nearly?
Good sir, does it concern you any thing?

Theod. No, lady;
Only the pity why you should be used so
A little stirs me. But did he keep his promise?

Leoc. No, no, signor;
Alas, he never came, nor never meant it!
My love was fool'd, time number'd to no end,
My expectation flouted; and guess you, sir,
What dor unto a doting maid this was,[5]
What a base breaking-off!

Theod. [*Aside.*] All's well then.—Lady,
Go forward in your story.

Leoc. Not only fail'd, sir,
(Which is a curse in love; and may he find it

[5] *Dor.*] *i. e.* Balk, disappointment. The word also means a kind of insect, and hence the following quibble in the Two Merry Milk Maids:—

Callow. What was that?
Ranoff. What?
Call. Something crost my nose.
Ran. A *dore*, a *dore*, the fields are full of them.
Smirke. I'll give you the *dore* too.—See vol. VIII. p. 227. and IX. p. 327.

When his affections are full-wing'd, and ready
To stoop upon the quarry, then when all
His full hopes are in's arms!) not only thus, sir,
But more injurious, faithless, treacherous,
Within two days Fame gave him far removed
With a new love; which, much against my conscience,
But more against my cause, which is my hell,
I must confess a fair one, a right fair one,
Indeed of admirable sweetness, daughter
Unto another of our noble neighbours;
The thief call'd Theodosia, whose perfections
I am bound to ban for ever, curse to wrinkles,
As Heaven I hope will make them soon, and aches;
For they have robb'd me, poor unhappy wench,
Of all, of all, sir, all that was my glory,
And left me nothing but these tears, and travel.
Upon this certain news, I quit my father,
(And, if you be not milder in construction,
I fear mine honour too) and like a page
Stole to Ossuna; from that place to Sevil;
From thence to Barcelona I was travelling
When you o'er-took my misery, in hope
To hear of gallies bound up for Italy; for never
Will I leave off the search of this bad man,
This filcher of affections, this love-pedlar!
Nor shall my curses cease to blast her beauties,
And make her name as wand'ring as her nature,
Till, standing face to face before their lusts,
I call Heaven's justice down.
Theod This shews too angry;
Nor can it be her fault she is beloved:
If I give meat, must they that eat it surfeit?
Leoc. She loves again, sir, there's the mischief of it,
And in despite of me, to drown my blessings,

Which she shall dearly know——
Theod. You are too violent.
Leoc. She has devils in her eyes, to whose devotion
He offers all his service.
Theod. Who can say
But she may be forsaken too? He that once wanders
From such a perfect sweetness as you promise,
Has he not still the same rule to deceive?
Leoc. No, no; they are together, love together,
Past all deceit of that side; sleep together,
Live, and delight together; and such deceit
Give me in a wild desert!
Theod. By your leave, lady,
I see no honour in this cunning.
Leoc. Honour?
True, none of her part; honour? she deserves none;
'Tis ceased with wand'ring ladies, such as she is,
So bold and impudent.
Theod. I could be angry, [*Aside.*
Extremely angry now, beyond my nature,
An 'twere not for my pity: What a man
Is this, to do these wrongs!—Believe me, lady,
I know the maid, and know she is not with him—
Leoc. I would you knew she were in Heaven!
Theod. And so well know her,
That I think you are cozen'd.
Leoc. So I say, sir.
Theod. I mean, in her behaviour; for, trust my faith,
So much I dare adventure for her credit,
She never yet delighted to do wrong.
Leoc. How can she then delight in him? Dare she think

(Be what she will, as excellent as angels)
My love so fond, my wishes so indulgent,
That I must take her prewnings? stoop at that
She has tired upon?[6] No, sir, I hold my beauty,
(Wash but these sorrows from it) of a sparkle
As right and rich as hers, my means as equal,
My youth as much unblown; and, for our worths
And weight of virtue——

Theod. Do not task[7] her so far.

Leoc. By Heaven she's cork, and clouds! light, light, sir, vapour!
But I shall find her out, with all her witchcrafts,
Her paintings, and her pouncings; for 'tis art,
And only art preserves her, and mere spells
That work upon his powers. Let her but shew me
A ruin'd cheek like mine, that holds his colour
(And writes but sixteen years) in spite of sorrows,
An unbathed body, smiles that give but shadows,
And wrinkle not the face! Besides, she's little,
A demy dame, that makes no object.

Theod. Nay,
Then I must say you err; for, credit me,
I think she's taller than yourself.

Leoc. Why, let her!

[6] —stop *at that*
She has tired *upon?*] Mr Theobald, with whom I had the good fortune to agree, reads *stoop* for *stop*, which is undoubtedly the true lection, and is a term in falconry that needs no explanation. —*Sympson.*

Very *fortunate* indeed, since STOOP is the lection of the first folio.—Ed. 1778.

To *tire* means to peck at; the phrases are again from falconry.

[7] *Task.*] *i. e.* tax. The word is very generally used in this sense by our authors.

It is not that shall mate me;[8] I but ask
My hands may reach unto her.
Theod. Gentle lady,
'Tis now ill time of further argument;
For I perceive your anger void of counsel,
Which I could wish more temperate.
Leoc. Pray forgive me,
If I have spoke uncivilly: They that look on
See more than we that play; and I beseech you
Impute it love's offence, not mine; whose torments,
If you have ever loved, and found my crosses,
You must confess are seldom tied to patience:
Yet I could wish I had said less.
Theod. No harm then;
You have made a full amends. Our company
You may command, so please you, in your travels,
With all our faith and furtherance; let it be so.
Leoc. You make too great an offer.
Theod. Then it shall be.
Go in, and rest yourself; our wholsesome diet
Will be made ready straight. But hark you, lady!
One thing I must entreat; your leave and sufferance,
That these things may be open to my brother,
For more respect and honour.
Leoc. Do your pleasure.
Theod. And do not change this habit, by no means,
Unless you change yourself.[9]

[8] *It is not that shall mate me.*] That is, terrify me or subdue me.—*Mason.*

[9] *And do not change this habit, by no means,*
Unless you change yourself.] That is, unless you change so as to appear in your own character. *This habit* means the dress of a man, not the identical clothes she had on; for these she does change, but not her habit.—*Mason.*

Leoc. Which must not yet be.
Theod. It carries you conceal'd and safe.
Leoc. I am counsell'd. [*Exit.*

Enter PHILIPPO.

Phil. What's done?
Theod. Why, all we doubted; 'tis a woman,
And of a noble strain too: Guess!
Phil. I cannot.
Theod. You have heard often of her.
Phil. Stay; I think not.
Theod. Indeed you have; 'tis the fair Leocadia,
Daughter unto Don Sanchio, our noble neighbour.
Phil. Nay?
Theod. 'Tis she, sir, o' my credit.
Phil. Leocadia?
Pish! Leocadia it must not be.
Theod. It must be, or be nothing
Phil. Pray give me leave to wonder: Leocadia?
Theod. The very same.
Phil. The damsel Leocadia?
I guess'd it was a woman, and a fair one.
I see it through her shape, transparent, plain;[1]
But that it should be she! tell me directly.

[1] *I see it through her* shape.] That is, her disguise. Philippo says in the next page but one—

Leocadia keeps her *shape*?

To which Theodosia replies—

Yes, and I think, by this time,
Has mewed her old—

Meaning that Leocadia still continued her disguise, though she changed her suit. The word is used in the same sense by Vecchio in the Chances, [vol. VII. p. 107;] and in the Double Marriage, vol. VIII. p. 84, the Boatswain says—

——— But the reason why
We wear these *shapes*?—Mason.

Theod. By Heavens, 'tis she.
Phil. By Heavens, then, 'tis a sweet one.
Theod. That's granted too.
Phil. But hark you, hark you, sister!
How came she thus disguised?
Theod. I'll tell you that too;
As I came, on the self-same ground, so used too.
Phil. By the same man?
Theod. The same too.
Phil. As I live,
You lovers have fine fancies, wondrous fine ones!
Theod. Pray Heaven, you never make one!
Phil 'Faith, I know not:
But, in that mind I am, I had rather cobble;
'Tis a more Christian trade.—Pray tell me one thing;
Are not you two now monstrous jealous
Of one another?
Theod. She is much of me,
And has rail'd at me most unmercifully,
And to my face; and, o' my conscience,
Had she but known me, either she or I,
Or both, had parted with strange faces,
She was in such a fury.
Phil. Leocadia?
Does she speak handsomely?
Theod. Wond'rous well, sir,
And all she does becomes her, even her anger.
Phil. How seem'd she when you found her?
Theod. Had you seen
How sweetly fearful her pretty self[a]

[a] ——— *Had you seen*
How sweetly fearful *her pretty self*
Betrayed herself.] The editors [of 1778] say they have assisted the metre by the addition of a syllable, [they read *fearfully;*] but it is at the expence of poetic beauty. The editors are always more anxious about the metre than the poets themselves.—*Mason.*

Betray'd herself; how neat her sorrow shew'd,
And in what handsome phrase she put her story;
And as occasion stirr'd her how she started,
Though roughly, yet most aptly, into anger;
You would have wonder'd.

Phil. Does she know you?

Theod. No,
Nor must not by no means.

Phil. How stands your difference?

Theod. I'll tell you that some fitter time; but, trust me,
My Marc-Antonio has too much to answer.

Phil. May I take knowledge of her?

Theod. Yes, she's willing.

Phil. Pray use her as she is, with all respects then;
For she's a woman of a noble breeding.

Theod. You shall not find me wanting.

Phil. Which way bears she?

Theod. Our way, and to our end.

Phil. I am glad on't. Hark you!
She keeps her shape?

Theod. Yes, and I think, by this time,
Has mew'd[3] her old.

Enter LEOCADIA *in another Suit.*

Phil. She's here: By Heaven, a rare one!
An admirable sweet one! what an eye!
Of what a full command she bears! how gracious
All her aspèct shews? Bless me from a fever!
I am not well o' th' sudden.

Leoc. Noble friends,
Your meat and all my service waits upon ye.

Phil. You teach us manners, lady; all which service

[3] *Mewed.*] A hawk is said to mew when she sheds her feathers.

Must now be mine to you, and all too poor too;
Blush not we know you; for, by all our faiths,
With us your honour is in sanctuary,
And ever shall be.

Leoc. I do well believe it:
Will you walk nearer, sir?

[*Exeunt* Philippo *and* Leocadia.

Theod. She shews still fairer,
Younger in every change, and clearer, neater:
I know not; I may fool myself, and finely
Nourish a wolf to eat my heart out. Certain,
As she appears now, she appears a wonder,
A thing amazes me; what would she do then
In woman's helps, in ornaments apt for her,
And deckings to her delicacy? Without all doubt,
She would be held a miracle; nor can I think
He has forsaken her, say what she please;
I know his curious eye: Or, say he had,
Put case he could be so boy-blind and foolish,
Yet still I fear she keeps the contract with her,
Not stol'n, as she affirms, nor lost by negligence;
She would lose herself first, 'tis her life; and there
All my hopes are dispatch'd. Oh, noble Love,
That thou could'st be without this jealousy,
Without this passion of the heart, how heavenly
Wouldst thou appear upon us! Come what may come,
I'll see the end on't: And since chance has cast her
Naked into my refuge, all I can
She freely shall command, except the man. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Before Leonardo's *House, in Andalusia.*

Enter LEONARDO *and* PEDRO.

Leo. Don Pedro, do you think assuredly
The gallies will come round to Barcelona
Within these two days?
Pedro. Without doubt.
Leo. And think you
He will be with 'em certainly?
Pedro. He is, sir;
I saw him at their setting off.
Leo. Must they needs
Touch there for water, as you say?
Pedro. They must, sir,
And for fresh meat too; few or none go by it.
Beside, so great a fleet must needs want trimming,
If they have met with foul seas; and no harbour
On this side Spain is able, without danger,
To moor 'em, but that haven.
Leo. Are the wars
His only end?
Pedro. So he professes.
Leo. Bears he
Any command amongst 'em?
Pedro. Good regard
With all; which quickly will prefer him.
Leo. Pray, sir, tell me,
And as you are a gentleman be liberal.

Pedro. I will, sir, and most true.
Leo. Who saw you with him?
Pedro. None but things like himself; young soldiers,
And gentlemen desirous to seek honour.
Leo. Was there no woman there, nor none disguised
That might be thought a woman? In his language,
Did he not let slip something of suspicion
Touching that wanton way?
Pedro. Believe me, sir,
I neither saw, nor could suspect that face
That might be doubted woman's; yet I am sure
Aboard him I see all that past: And 'tis impossible
Among so many high-set bloods there should be
A woman, let her close herself within a cockle,
But they would open her: He must not love
Within that place alone; and therefore surely
He would not be so foolish, had he any,
To trust her there. For his discourse, 'twas ever
About his business, war, or mirth, to make us
Relish a can of wine well; when he spoke private,
'Twas only the remembrance of his service,
And hope of your good prayers for his health, sir;
And so I gave him to the seas.
Leo. I thank you,
And now am satisfied. And to prevent
Suspicions that may nourish dangers, signor,
(For I have told you how the mad Alphonso
Chafes like a stag i' th' toil, and bends his fury
'Gainst all, but his own ignorance) I'm determined,
For peace sake and the preservation
Of my yet untouched honour, and his cure,
Myself to seek him there, and bring him back,
As testimony of an unsought injury
By either of our actions; that the world
And he, if he have reason, may see plainly

Opinion is no perfect guide, nor all fames
Founders of truths. In the mean time this courtesy
I must entreat of you, sir; be myself here,
And as myself command my family.

Pedro. You lay too much trust on me.

Leo. 'Tis my love, sir.
I will not be long from you. If this question
Chance to be call'd upon ere my return,
I leave your care to answer. So, farewell, sir!

Pedro. You take a wise way; all my best endeavours
Shall labour in your absence. Peace go with you!—
[*Exit* LEONARDO.
A noble, honest gentleman, free-hearted,
And of an open faith, much loving and much loved,
And father of that goodness only malice
Can truly stir against; what dare befall
Till his return I'll answer. [*Exit.*

Enter ALPHONSO *and Servant.*

Alph. Walk off, sirrah;
But keep yourself within my call.

Serv. I will, sir.

Alph. And stir my horse, for taking cold.—Within there!
Hoa, people! you that dwell there! my brave signor!
What, are ye all asleep? is't that time with ye?
I'll ring a little louder.

Enter PEDRO.

Pedro. Sir, who seek you?

Alph. Not you, sir. Where's your master?

Pedro. I serve no man
In way of pay, sir.
Alph. Where's the man o' th' house then?
Pedro. What would you have with him, sir?
Alph. Do you stand here, sir,
To ask men questions when they come?
Pedro. I would, sir,
Being his friend, and hearing such alarums,
Know how men come to visit him.
Alph. You shall, sir:
Pray tell his mightiness here is a gentleman;
By name Alphonso, would entreat his conference
About affairs of state, sir. Are you answer'd?

Enter SANCHIO *carried in a Chair.*

Pedro. I must be, sir.
Sanc. Stay; set me down. Stay, signor!
You must stay, and you shall stay.
Alph. Meaning me, sir?
Sanc. Yes, you, sir; you I mean, I mean you.
Alph. Well, sir?
Why should I stay?
Sanc. There's reason.
Alph. Reason, sir?
Sanc. Ay, reason, sir;
My wrong is greatest, and I will be served first.
Call out the man of fame.
Alph. How served, sir?
Sanc. Thus, sir.
Alph. But not before me?
Sanc. Before all the world, sir,
As my case stands.
Alph. I have lost a daughter, sir.
Sanc. I have lost another, worth five score of her, sir.
Alph. You must not tell me so.

Sanc. I have; and, hark ye,
Make it up five score more. Call out the fellow;
And stand you by, sir.
Pedro. This is the mad morris.[4]
Alph. And I stand by?
Sanc. I say, stand by, and do it.
Alph. Stand by, among thy lungs.[5]
Sanc. Turn presently,
And say thy prayers; thou art dead.
Alph. I scorn thee!
And scorn to say my prayers more than thou dost!
Mine is the most wrong, and my daughter dearest,
And mine shall first be righted.
Sanc. Shall be righted?
Pedro. A third may live, I see.—Pray hear me, gentlemen.
Sanc. Shall be?
Alph. Ay, shall be righted.
Sanc. Now?
Alph. Now.
Sanc. Instantly?
Alph. Before I stir.
Sanc. Before me?
Alph. Before any.
Sanc. Dost thou consider what thou sayst? Hast thou friends here
Able to quench my anger, or persuade me

[4] *This is the* mad morris.] See vol. X. p. 315.

[5] *Lungs.*] Probably this is an accidental corruption of the word *loons*, (i. e. *low people*) derived from the Irish *liun, sluggish.* See Dr Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, Glossary to vol. I.—Ed. 1778.

Percy's etymology is very doubtful. See Dr Jamieson's Dictionary, *voce* Loun. The word in the text is no doubt the same which occurs in the Knight of the Burning Pestle—"The foul great *lungies* laid unmercifully on thee."

(After I have beaten thee into one main bruise,[6]
And made thee spend thy state in rotten apples)
Thou canst at length be quiet? Shall I kill thee?
Divide thee like a rotten pumpion,
And leave thee stinking to posterity?
There's not the least blow I shall give, but does this.
Urge me no further: I am first.

Alph. I'll hang first!
No, goodman Glory, 'tis not your bravadoes,
Your punctual honour, nor soldadoship——

Sanc. Set me a little nearer.

Alph. Let him sally!—
Lined with your quirks of carriage and discretion,[7]
Can blow me off my purpose. Where's your credit,
With all your school-points now? your decent arguing,
And apt time for performing? where are these toys,
These wise ways and most honourable courses,
To take revenge? How dar'st thou talk of killing,
Or think of drawing any thing but squirts,
When lechery has dry-founder'd thee?

Sanc. Nearer yet!
That I may spit him down!—Thou look'st like a man.

[6] *One main bruist.*] The variation was recommended by Theobald. The mention of *rotten apples* (esteemed beneficial in *bruises*) induces us to think him right.—Ed. 1778.

[7] Sanc. *Set him a little nearer.*
Alph. *Let him sally.*
' S. *Lined with*, &c.] So the first folio. In what manner this *S.* was introduced here is not easy to comprehend. The lines are evidently a continuation of Alphonso's previous speech; and the corruption was rectified by Sympson, who makes a great parade of words about it, which are now omitted, the matter being perfectly obvious.

Pedro. I would be thought so, sir.
Sanc. Pr'ythee do but take me,
And fling me upon that puppy.
Alph. Do, for Heaven's sake,
And see but how I'll hug him.
Sanc. Yet take warning!
Pedro. 'Faith, gentlemen, this is a needless quarrel.
Sanc. And do you desire to make one?
Pedro. As a friend, sir,
To tell you all this anger is but lost, sir;
For Leonardo is from home.
Alph. No, no, sir!
Pedro. Indeed he is.
Sanc. Where dare he be, but here, sir,
When men are wrong'd, and come for satisfactions?
Pedro. It seems he has done none, sir; for his business,
Clear of those cares, hath carried him for some time
To Barcelona: If he had been guilty,
I know he would have stayed, and cleared all difference,
Either by free confession, or his sword.
Sanc. This must not be!
Pedro. Sure as I live, it is, sir.
Alph. Sure, as we all live,
He's run away for ever!—Barcelona?
Why, 'tis the key for Italy, from whence
He stole first hither.
Sanc. And having found his knaveries
Too gross to be forgiven, and too open,
He has found the same way back again: I believe too
The good grass gentleman, for his own ease,

Has taken one o' th' fillies.[8] Is not his stuff sold?
Alph. I fear his worship's shoes too, to escape us;
I do not think he has a dish within doors,
A louse left of his lineage.
Pedro. You are too wide, sir.
Alph. Or one poor wooden spoon.
Pedro. Come in and see, sir.
Alph. I'll see his house on fire, first!
Pedro. Then be pleased,
Sir, to give better censure.
Sanc. I will after him,
And search him like conceal'd land,[9] but I'll have him;
And, though I find him in his shrift, I'll kill him.
Alph. I'll bear you company.
Sanc. Pray have a care then,
A most especial care, indeed a fear,
You do not anger me.
Alph. I will observe you;
And if I light upon him handsomely——
Sanc. Kill but a piece of him; leave some, Alphonso,
For your poor friends!
Pedro. I fear him not for all this.
Alph. Shall we first go home,
(For it may prove a voyage) and dispose

[8] *The good* grass *gentleman, for his own ease,*
Has taken one o' th' fillies.] *Grass* is evidently used in the sense of the French word *gras*, viz. fat; but from the word *fillies* in the last line, I suspect the poet intended a poor pun, of which he is, however, less frequently guilty than most of the playwrights of the time.

[9] *And search him like* concealed land.] This refers to the commissions granted to individuals in the reign of Elizabeth, to enquire into the tenure of lands formerly belonging to abbies and monasteries. See vol. III. p. 386.

Of things there? Heaven knows what may follow!
Sanc. No;
I'll kill him in this shirt I have on: Let things
Govern themselves! I am master of my honour
At this time, and no more; let wife, and land,
Lie lay[1] till I return!
Alph. I say *Amen* to't:
But what care for our monies?
Sanc. I'll not spend
Above three shillings, till his head be here;
Four is too great a sum for all his fortunes.
Come, take me up instantly.
Alph. Farewell to you, sir!
And if your friend be in a feather-bed,
Sow'd up to shrowd his fears, tell him 'tis folly;
For no course but his voluntary hanging
Can get our pardons. [*Exeunt.*
Pedro. These I think would be
Offence enough, if their own indiscretions
Would suffer 'em; two of the old seditions!
When they want enemies, they are their own foes!
Were they a little wiser, I should doubt 'em;
Till when, I'll ne'er break sleep, nor suffer hunger,
For any harm he shall receive: For 'tis as easy,
If he be guilty, to turn these two old men
Upon their own throats, and look on, and live still,
As 'tis to tell five pound; a great deal sooner.
And so I'll to my meat, and then to hawking.
[*Exit.*

[1] *Lie lay.*] This passage is a confirmation of a correction I made in The Scornful Lady: Though Mr Theobald makes an unhappy query whether we should not read, *lie* FALLOW: But this is the same thing; *lay*, as you may see in a note, (vol. II. p. 215,) upon The Scornful Lady, being *fallow.*—Sympson.

The discovery is hardly worth so much exultation. The phrase is still usual, and is employed by Dryden.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Barcelona. The Harbour.

Enter Marc-Antonio *and a Gentleman.*

Marc. Sir, this is compliment; I pray you leave me.
Gent. Sir, it is not.
Marc. Why, I would only see
The town.
Gent. And only that I come to shew you.
Marc. Which I can see without you.
Gent. So you may,
Plainly, not safely: For such difference
As you have seen betwixt the sea and earth
When waves rise high, and land would beat 'em back,
As fearful of invasion; such we find
When we land here at Barcelona.
Marc. Sir——
Gent. Besides, our general of the gallies, fearing
Your hasty nature, charged me not return
Without you safe.
Marc. Oh, sir, that Roderigo
Is noble, and he does mistake my temper:
There is not in the world a mind less apt
To conceive wrongs, or do 'em. Has he seen me
In all this voyage, in the which he pleases
To call me friend, let slip a hasty word?—

Enter EUGENIA, *with divers Attendants.*

'Slight, sir! yonder is a lady veil'd;
For properness beyond comparison,
And sure her face is like the rest; we'll see't.
Gent. Why, you are hasty, sir, already. Know you
What 'tis you go about?
Marc. Yes; I would see
The woman's face.[3]
Gent. By Heaven you shall not do't!
You do not know the custom of the place:
To draw that curtain here, though she were mean,
Is mortal.
Marc. Is it? Earth must come to earth
At last; and, by my troth, I'll try it, sir.
Gent. Then I must hold you fast. By all the faith
That can be placed in man, 'tis an attempt
More dangerous than death; 'tis death and shame!
I know the lady well.
Marc. Is she a lady?
I shall the more desire to see her, sir.
Gent. She is Alanso's wife, the governor,
A noble gentleman.
Marc. Then let me go:
If I can win her, you and I will govern
This town, sir, fear it not, and we will alter
These barbarous customs then; for every lady
Shall be seen daily, and seen over too.[4]

[3] We have at this place a curious stage direction in the first folio—"Joh. Bacon ready to shoot off a pistol.' Bacon was undoubtedly an inferior actor or scene-shifter at the time.

[4] *And seen over too.*] Sympson thinks it probable we should read, *seen* OVERT *too*; i. e. *open*. But the last line of the next

Gent. Come, do not jest, nor let your passions bear you
To such wild enterprizes! Hold you still;
For, as I have a soul, you shall not do't!
She is a lady of unblemish'd fame,[5]
And here to offer that affront, were base.
Hold on your way; and we will see the town,
And overlook the ladies.

Marc. I am school'd,
And promise you I will.—But, good sir, see!
She will pass by us now: I hope I may
Salute her thus far off.

Gent 'Sfoot, are you mad?
'Twill be as ill as the other.

1 *Attend.* What's the matter?
What would that fellow have?

Gent. Good sir, forbear.

1 *Attend.* It seems you are new landed; would you beg
Any thing here?

Marc. Yes, sir, all happiness
To that fair lady, as I hope.

Gent. Marc-Antonio!

Marc. Her face, which needs no hiding, I would beg
A sight of.

Gent. Now go on; for 'tis too late
To keep this from a tumult.

1 *Attend.* Sirrah, you
Shall see a fitter object for your eyes,
Than a fair lady's face.

speech, *And* OVERLOOK *the ladies,* seems to confirm the old reading.—Ed. 1778.

[5] Rod. *She is a lady of unblemished fame* —— above.] So the first folio, which is evidently wrong, and the mistake probably originated in a stage-direction in the MS., that the actor who personated Roderigo should be ready to appear on the galley.

Eug. For Heaven's sake, raise not
A quarrel in the streets for me!
1 *Attend.* Slip in then;
This is your door.
Eug. Will you needs quarrel then?
1 *Attend.* We must, or suffer
This outrage.—Is't not all your minds, sirs? speak.
All. Yes.
Eug. Then I do beseech ye, let my lord
Not think the quarrel about me; for 'tis not.
[*Exit.*

Enter three or four Soldiers.

Gent. See, happily some of our galley soldiers
Are come ashore.
1 *Attend.* Come on, sir! you shall see
Faces enough.

Enter certain Townsmen.

Gent. Some one of you call to
Our general! the whole roar of the town
Comes in upon us.—
Marc. I have seen, sir, better [*To Attendants.*
Perhaps, than that was covered; and will yet
See that, or spoil yours. [*They fight.*

Enter PHILIPPO, THEODOSIA, *and* LEOCADIA.

Phil. On! why start you back?
Theod. Alas, sir, they are fighting.
Leoc. Let's be gone.— [MARC-ANTONIO *falls.*
See, see, a handsome man struck down!
Gent. Ho, general!
Look out! Antonio is in distress.
Theod. Antonio?
Leoc. Antonio? 'Tis he.

[RODERIGO *appears on the deck of a galley.*

Rod. [*Within.*] Ho, Governor!—Make a shot into the town!
I'll part you. Bring away Antonio [*A shot.*
Into my cabin. [*Exeunt Attendants and Townsmen.*

Gent. I will do that office:
I fear it is the last that I shall do him.

[*Exeunt Soldiers and Gentlemen, with* MARC-ANTONIO.

Theod. The last? why, will he die? [*Faints.*

Leoc. Since I have found him, happiness leave me,
When I leave him! [*Exit.*

Phil. Why, Theodosia!
My sister! wake! Alas, I grieved but now
To see the streets so full, and now I grieve
To see them left so empty: I could wish
Tumult himself were here, that yet at least
Amongst the band I might espy some face
So pale and fearful, that would willingly
Embrace an errand for a cordial,
Or *aqua-vitæ*, or a cup of sack,
Or a physician. But to talk of these——
She breathes!—Stand up! oh, Theodosia!
Speak but as thou wert wont; give but a sigh,
Which is but the most unhappy piece of life,
And I will ever after worship sadness,
Apply myself to grief, prepare and build
Altars to sorrow!

Theod. Oh, Philippo, help me!

Phil. I do: These are my arms, Philippo's arms,
Thy brother's arms, that hold thee up.

Theod. You help me
To life; but I would see Antonio
That's dead.

Phil Thou shalt see any thing. How dost thou?

Theod. Better, I thank you.

Phil. Why, that's well. Call up

Thy senses, and uncloud thy covered spirits.
How now?

Theod. Recovered. But Antonio!
Where is he?

Phil. We will find him. Art thou well?

Theod. Perfectly well, saving the miss of him.
And I do charge you here, by our alliance,
And by the love which would have been betwixt us,
Knew we no kindred; by that killing fear,
Mingled with twenty thousand hopes and doubts,
Which you may think placed in a lover's heart,
And in a virgin's too when she wants help,
To grant me your assistance to find out
This man, alive or dead! and I will pay you,
In service, tears, or pray'rs, a world of wealth;
But other treasure I have none. Alas!
You men have strong hearts; but we feeble maids
Have tender eyes, which only given be
To blind themselves, crying for what they see.

Phil. Why dost thou charge me thus? Have I been found
Slow to perform, what I could but imagine
Thy wishes were? Have I at any time
Tendered a business of mine own, beyond
A vanity of thine? Have I not been
As if I were a senseless creature, made
To serve thee without power of questioning?
If so, why fear'st thou?

Theod. I am satisfied.

Phil. Come then, let's go!—Where's Leocadia?

Theod. I know not, sir.

Phil. Where's Leocadia?

Theod. I do not know.

Phil Leocadia!
This tumult made the streets as dead as night;
A man may talk as freely! what's become
Of Leocadia?

Theod. She is run away.

Phil. Be gone, and let us never more behold
Each other's face, till we may, both together,
Fasten our eyes on her! Accursed be
Those tender cozening names of Charity,
And Natural Affection! they have lost
Me, only by observing them, what cost,
Travel, and fruitless wishes, may in vain
Search through the world, but never find again.

Theod. Good sir, be patient! I have done no fault
Worthy this banishment.

Phil. Yes; Leocadia,
The lady so distress'd, who was content
To lay her story, and to lay her heart
As open as her story to yourself;
Who was content that I should know her sex,
Before dissembled, and to put herself
Into my conduct; whom I undertook
Safely to guard; is in this tumult lost!

Theod. And can I help it, sir?

Phil. No; 'would thou couldst!
You might have done, but for that zeal'd religion
You women bear to swoonings: You do pick
Your times to faint, when somebody is by
Bound or by nature, or by love, or service,
To raise you from that well-dissembled death:
Inform me but of one that has been found
Dead in her private chamber by herself,
Where sickness would no more forbear than here,
And I will quit the rest for her.

Theod. I know not
What they may do, and how they may dissemble,
But, by my troth, I did not.

Phil. By my troth,
'Would I had tried! 'would I had let thee lain,
And follow'd her!

Theod. I would you had done so,
Rather than been so angry. Where's Antonio?

Phil. Why dost thou vex me with these questions?
I'll tell thee where; he's carried to the gallies,
There to be chain'd, and row, and beat, and row
With knotted ropes, and pizzles; if he swoon,
He has a dose of biscuit.
Theod. I am glad
He is alive.
Phil. Was ever man thus troubled?
Tell me where Leocadia is!
Theod. Good brother,
Be not so hasty, and I think I can:
You found no error in me, when I first
Told you she was a woman; and, believe me,
Something I have found out which makes me think,
Nay, almost know so well, that I durst swear
She follow'd hurt Antonio.
Phil. What do we
Then lingering here? We will aboard the gallies,
And find her. [*Going.*

Enter the Governor, two Attendants, and the Townsmen.

Gov. Made he a shot into the town?
1 *Attend.* He did, sir.
Gov. Call back those gentlemen.
1 *Attend.* The Governor
Commands you back.
Phil. We will obey him, sir.
Gov. You gave him cause to shoot, I know: He is
So far from rash offence, and holds with me
Such curious friendship—Could not one of you
Have call'd me while 'twas doing? Such an uproar,
Before my door too?
1 *Towns.* By my troth, sir,
We were so busy in the public cause,
Of our own private falling out, that we forgot it.

At home we see now you were not; but as soon
As the shot made us fly, we ran away
As fast as we could to seek your honour.

Gov. 'Twas gravely done! but no man tells the cause,
Or chance, or what it was, that made you differ.

1 *Towns.* For my part, sir, if there were any that
I knew of, the shot drove it out of my head.—
Do you know any neighbours?

All. Not we, not we.

Gov. Not we?—Nor can you tell?

1 *Attend.* No other cause,
But the old quarrel betwixt the town and the gallies.

Gov. Come nearer, gentlemen! What are your names?

Phil. My name Philippo.

Theod. And mine Theodoro.

Gov Strangers you are, it seems.

Phil. Newly arrived.

Gov. Then you are they begun this tumult,

Phil. No, sir.

Gov. Speak one of you.

1 *Attend.* They are not; I can quit 'em.

Theod. Yet we saw part, and an unhappy part,
Of this debate; a long-sought friend of ours
Struck down for dead, and borne unto the gallies;
His name is Marc-Antonio.

Phil. And another
Of our own company, a gentleman
Of noble birth, besides accompanied
With all the gifts of Nature, ravish'd hence
We know not how, in this dissention.—

Gov. Get you home all, and work; and when I hear
You meddle with a weapon any more,
But those belonging to your trades, I'll lay you
Where your best customers shall hardly find you.—

[*Exeunt Townsmen.*

I am sorry, gentlemen, I troubled you,
Being both strangers, by your tongues, and looks,
Of worth: To make ye some part of amends,
If there be any thing in this poor town
Of Barcelona that you would command,
Command me!

Theod. Sir, this wounded gentleman,
If it might please you, if your power and love
Extend so far, I would be glad to wish
Might be removed into the town for cure:
The gallies stay not; and his wound, I know,
Cannot endure a voyage.

Gov. Sir, he shall,
I warrant you.—Go call me hither, sirrah,
One of my other servants. [*Exit 1st Attendant.*

Phil. And besides,
The gentleman we lost, signor Francisco,
Shall he be render'd too?

Enter a Servant.

Gov. And he, sir, too.—Go, sirrah, bear this ring
To Roderigo, my most noble friend,
The general of the gallies: Tell him this.
[*Talks apart to his Servant. Exit Servant.*

Theod. Now we shall have 'em both.

Phil. Blest be thy thoughts
For apprehending this! blest be thy breath
For uttering it!

Gov. Come, gentlemen, you shall
Enter my roof; and I will send for surgeons,
And you shall see your friends here presently.

Theod. His name was Marc-Antonio.

Gov. I know it,
And have sent word so.

Phil. Did you not forget
Francisco's name?

Gov. Nor his. You are truly welcome;

To talk about it more, were but to say
The same word often over: You are welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the House of the Governor.

Enter MARC-ANTONIO, *carried by two Soldiers;* LEOCADIA *and the Servant following.*

Serv. This is the house, sir.
Marc. Enter it, I pray you;
For I am faint, although I think my wound
Be nothing.—Soldiers, leave us now; I thank you.
1 *Sold.* Heaven send you health, sir!
Serv. Let me lead you in.
Marc. My wound's not in my feet; I shall entreat 'em,
I hope, to bear me so far. [*Exit with the Servant.*
2 *Sold.* How seriously
These land-men fled, when our general made
A shot, as if he had been a warning
To call 'em to their hall!
1 *Sold.* I cannot blame 'em:
What a man have they now in the town
Able to maintain a tumult, or uphold
A matter out of square, if need be? Oh,
The quiet hurly-burlies that I have seen
In this town, when we have fought four hours together,
And not a man amongst us so impertinent
Or modest to ask why!

But now the pillars that bare up this blessed
Town in that regular debate, and scrambling,
Are dead, the more's the pity.
  2 *Sold.* Old Ignatio
Lives still.
  1 *Sold.* Yes, I know him; he will do
Prettily well at a man's liver: But where
Is there a man now living in the town
That hath a steady hand, and understands
Anatomy well? If it come
To a particular matter of the lungs,
Or the spleen, why, alas! Ignatio is to seek.
Are there any such men left as I have known,
That would say they would hit you in this place?
Is there ever a good artist,
Or a member-piercer, or a small-gut-man,
Left in the town? Answer me that.
  2 *Sold.* 'Mass,
I think there be not.
  1 *Sold.* No, I warrant thee.
Come, come; 'tis time we were at the gallies.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the same House.

Enter Governor, EUGENIA, MARC-ANTONIO, PHILIPPO, THEODOSIA, LEOCADIA, *and Attendants.*

Gov. Sir, you may know by what I said already
You may command my house; but I must beg
Pardon to leave you. If the public business

Forced me not from you, I myself should call it
Unmannerly; but, good sir, do you give it
A milder name. It shall not be an hour
Ere I return.

Marc. Sir, I was ne'er so poor
In my own thoughts, as that I want a means
To requite this with.

Gov. Sir, within this hour. [*Exit.*

Marc. Is this the lady that I quarrell'd for? [*Apart.*
Oh, Lust, if wounds cannot restrain thy power,
Let shame! Nor do I feel my hurt at all,
Nor is it aught; only I was well beaten.
If I pursue it, all the civil world,
That ever did imagine the content
Found in the band of man and wife unbroke,
The reverence due to households, or the blemish
That may be stuck upon posterity,
Will catch me, bind me, burn upon my forehead,
"This is the wounded stranger, that, received
For charity into a house, attempted"——
I will not do it. [*Going.*

Eug. Sir, how do you now,
That you walk off?

Marc. Worse, madam, than I was;
But it will over.

Eug. Sit, and rest a while!

Marc. Where are the surgeons?

Eug. Sir, it is their manner,
When they have seen the wound, especially
The patient being of worth, to go consult
(Which they are now at in another room)
About the dressing.

Marc. Madam, I do feel
Myself not well.

Theod. Alas!

Leoc. How do you, sir?

Eug. Will you drink waters?

Marc. No, good madam; 'tis not
So violent upon me, nor I think
Any thing dangerous: But yet there are
Some things that sit so heavy on my conscience,
That will perplex my mind, and stop my cure;
So that unless I utter 'em, a scratch,
Here on my thumb, will kill me.—Gentlemen,
I pray you leave the room, and come not in
Yourselves, or any other, till I have
Open'd myself to this most-honour'd lady!
Phil. We will not.
Theod. Oh, blessed! he'll discover now
His love to me.
Leoc. Now he will tell the lady
Our contract.
[*Exeunt all but* EUGENIO *and* MARC-ANTONIO.
Eug. I do believe he will confess to me
The wrong he did a lady in the streets;
But I forgive him.
Marc. Madam, I perceive
Myself grow worse and worse.
Eug. Shall I call back
Your friends?
Marc. Oh, no! but, ere I do impart
What burthens me so sore, let me entreat you
(For there is no trust in these surgeons)
To look upon my wound; it is perhaps
My last request: But tell me truly too,
(That must be in) how far you do imagine
It will have power upon me.
Eug. Sir, I will.
Marc. For Heaven's sake, softly! Oh! I must needs lay
My head down easily, whilst you do it.
Eug. Do, sir.—
'Tis but an ordinary blow; a child
Of mine has had a greater, and been well:

Are you faint-hearted?
Marc. Oh!
Eug. Why do you sigh?
There is no danger in the world in this:
I wonder it should make a man —— Sit down.[6]
What do you mean? why do you kiss my breasts?
Lift up your head; your wound may well endure it.
Marc. Oh, madam, may I not express affection
(Dying affection too, I fear) to those
That do me favours, such as this of yours?
Eug If you mean so, 'tis well: But what's the business
Lies on your conscience?
Marc. I will tell you, madam.
Eug. Tell me, and laugh?
Marc. But I will tell you true,
Though I do laugh: I know as well as you,
My wound is nothing; nor the power of earth
Could lay a wound upon me in your presence,
That I could feel: But I do laugh to think
How covertly, how far beyond the reach
Of men, and wise men too, we shall deceive 'em.
Whilst they imagine I am talking here
With that short breath I have, ready to swoon
At every full point; you my ghostly mother
To hear my sad confession; you and I
Will on that bed within, prepared for me,
Debate the matter privately.
Eug. Forbear!
Thou wert but now as welcome to this house
As certain cures to sick men, and just now
This sudden alteration makes thee look
Like plagues come to infect it; if thou knew'st
How loathsome thou wilt be, thou wouldst entreat
These walls or posts to help thee to a hurt,

[6] *I wonder it should make a man sit down.*] Corrected in 1778.

Past thy dissimulation.
Marc. Gentle madam,
Call 'em not in!
Eug. I will not yet; this place
I know to be within the reach of tongue
And ears; thou canst not force me; therefore hear me
What I will tell thee quickly: Thou art born
To end some way more disesteem'd than this;
Or, which is worse, to die of this hurt yet.—
Come, gentlemen!

Enter LEOCADIA.

Marc. Good madam!
Eug. Gentlemen!
Leoc. Madam, how is't? Is Marc-Antonio well?
Methinks your looks are alter'd, and I see
A strange distemper in you.
Eug. I am wrought
By that dissembling man, that fellow, worth
Nothing but kicking.

Enter PHILIPPO *and* THEODOSIA.

Leoc. Gentle madam, speak
To me alone! let not them understand
His fault! he will repent it, I dare swear.
Eug. I'll tell it you in private.—
Phil. Marc-Antonio,
How do you?
Marc. Stand further off, I pray you;
Give me some air.
Theod. Good brother, will he 'scape?
The surgeons say there is no danger.
Phil. 'Scape?
No doubt he will.—

Leoc. Alas, will he not leave
This trying all?—Madam, I do beseech you
Let me but speak to him, you and these by,
And I dare almost promise you to make him
Shew himself truly sorrowful to you.
Besides, a story I shall open to you,
Not put in so good words, but in itself
So full of chance, that you will easily
Forgive my tediousness, and be well pleased
With that so much afflicts me.
Eug. Good sir, do.
Leoc. And I desire no interruption
Of speech may trouble me, till I have said
What I will quickly do.
Theod. What will she say?
Eug. Come, gentlemen, I pray you lend your ears,
And keep your voices.
Leoc. Signor Marc-Antonio,
How do you?
Marc. Oh, the surgeons!
Leoc. Let me tell you,
Who know as well as you, you do dissemble,
It is no time to do so; leave the thoughts
Of this vain world, forget your flesh and blood,
And make your spirit an untroubled way
To pass to what it ought.
Marc. You are not in earnest?
Why, I can walk, sir, and am well.
Leoc. 'Tis true
That you can walk, and do believe you're well:
It is the nature, as your surgeons say,
Of these wounds, for a man to go, and talk,
Nay merrily, till his last hour, his minute:
For Heaven sake, sir, sit down again!
Marc. Alas,
Where are the surgeons?
Leoc. Sir, they will not come;

If they should dress you, you would die, they say,
Ere one told twenty. Trouble not your mind,
Keep your head warm, and do not stir your body,
And you may live an hour.

Marc. Oh, Heavens, an hour?
Alas, it is too little to remember
But half the wrongs that I have done: How short
Then for contrition, and how least of all
For satisfaction!

Leoc. But you desire
To satisfy?

Marc. Heaven knows, I do!

Leoc. Then know
That I am he, or she, or what you will,
Most wrong'd by you, your Leocadia,
(I know you must remember me)——

Marc. Oh, Heaven!

Leoc. That lost her friends, that lost her father's house,
That lost her fame in losing of her sex,
With these strange garments: There is no excuse
To hinder me;[7] it is within your power
To give me satisfaction; you have time
Left in this little piece of life to do it:
Therefore I charge you for your conscience' sake,
And for our fame, which I would fain have live
When both of us are dead, to celebrate
That contract, which you have both seal'd and sworn,
Yet ere you die; which must be hastily,
Heaven knows.

Marc. Alas, the sting of conscience
To death-ward for our faults! Draw nearer all,

[7] —— *There is no excuse*
To hinder me.] That is, that can be an hindrance to me.—*Mason.*

And hear what I, unhappy man, shall say.—
First, madam, I desire your pardon; next,
(I feel my spirits fail me!) gentlemen,
Let me shake hands with you, and let's be friends;
For I have done wrong upon wrong so thick,
I know not where, that every man methinks
Should be mine enemy; forgive me both!
Lastly, 'tis true (oh, I do feel the power
Of death seize on me!) that I was contracted
By seal and oath to Leocadia;
(I must speak fast, because I fear my life
Will else be shorter than my speech would be)
But 'tis impossible to satisfy
You, Leocadia, but by repentance,
Though I can dyingly and boldly say
I know not your dishonour; yet that was
Your virtue, and not mine, you know it well:
But herein lies the impossibility;
(Oh! Theodosia, Theodosia!)
I was betroth'd to Theodosia,
Before I ever saw thee; Heaven forgive me!
She is my wife this half-hour whilst I live.

Theod. That's I, that's I! I'm Theodosia.
Hear me a little now, who have not suffer'd
Disgrace at all methinks, since you confess
What I so long have sought for. Here is with me
Philippo too, my brother.

Marc. I am glad;
All happiness to him! Come, let me kiss thee,
Beg pardon of that maid for my offence;
And let me further, with a dying breath,
Tell in thine ear the rest of my desires.

[*Whispers* THEODOSIA.

Eug. I am afraid they will all four turn women,
If we hold longer talk.

Leoc. Alas, there is
No hope for me; that's Theodosia,

And that her brother. I am only sorry
I was beholding to 'em; I will search
Over the world, as careless of my fortunes
As they of me, till I can meet a curse
To make these almost-killing sorrows worse! [*Exit.*

Theod. Sir, as I live, she lied, only to draw
A just confession from you, which she hath;
A happy one for me! Ask of this lady,
Ask of my brother.

Eug. Sir, she did dissemble;
Your wound is nothing.

Phil. Leocadia's gone! [*Exit.*

Theod. Rise up, and stir yourself; 'tis but amazement
And your imagination that afflicts you;
Look you, sir, now! [*He rises.*

Marc. I think 'tis so, indeed.

Theod. The surgeons do not come, because they swear
It needs no dressing.

Eug. You shall talk with 'em
Within, for your own fancy.

Marc. Where's your brother,
And Leocadia?

Eug. Within, belike.

Marc. I feel myself, methinks, as well as ever.

Eug. Keep then your mind so too; I do forgive
The fault you did to me; but here is one
Must not be wrong'd hereafter.

Marc. Neither shall she:
When I make jests of oaths again, or make
My lust play with religion; when I leave
To keep true joys for her, and yet within
Myself true sorrow for my passed deeds;
May I want grace when I would fain repent,
And find a great and sudden punishment!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter PHILIPPO, DIEGO, *and* INCUBO.

Phil. Where is mine host? did not he see him neither?
Diego. Not I, i'faith, sir.
Phil. Nor the muleteer?
Inc. Nay, he's past seeing, unless it be in's sleep,
By this time; all his visions were the pots,
Three hours since, sir.
Phil. Which way should she take?
Nay, look you now! do you all stand still? Good Heaven!
You might have lighted on him. Now, this instant!
For love's sake, seek him out! Whoever finds him,
I will reward his fortune as his diligence.
Get all the town to help, that will be hired;
Their pains I'll turn to an annual holiday,
If it shall chance but one bring word of her:
Pray you, about it!
Inc. Her, sir? who do you mean?
Phil. I had forgot myself; the page, I meant,
That came along with us.
Diego. He you gave the clothes to?
Phil. I gave the clothes to, rascal?
Diego. Nay, good sir!
Phil. Why dost thou mention or upbraid my courtesies,
Slave?

Diego. For your honour, sir.
Phil. Wretch! I was honour'd,
That she should wear 'em (he, I would say) 'sdeath!
Go, get and find him out, or never see me.—
I shall betray my love, ere I possess it.
Some star direct me, or ill planet strike me! [*Exit.*
Inc. Best to divide.
Diego. I'll this way.
Inc. And I this.
Diego. I, as you, find him for a ryal!
Inc. 'Tis done.[8]
Diego. My course is now directly to some pie-house;
I know the pages' compass.
Inc. I think rather
The smock side o' th' town, the surer harbour
At his years to put in.
Diego. If I do find
The hungry haunt, I take him by the teeth now.
Inc. I by the tail; yet I as you!
Diego. No more. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *I, as you, find him for a ryal!*
Inc. *'Tis done.*] This appears to have been the language of the time in laying a wager. So Incubo afterward says,

I by the tail; yet I *as you.*

In Troilus and Cressida, Pandarus says,

"The falcon as the tiercel, for all the ducks in the river;"

meaning, that he would bet on the side of the falcon against the tiercel.—*Mason.*

It has been before observed, that wagers were as fashionable, and perhaps still more extravagant in our authors' days, than in our own. See vol. XI. p. 359.

SCENE II.

Another Street.

Enter PHILIPPO.

Phil. Dear Leocadia, where canst thou be fled
Thus, like a spirit, hence? and in a moment?
What cloud can hide thee from my following search,
If yet thou art a body? Sure she hath not
Ta'en any house: She did too late leave one
Where all humanity of a place received her,
And would, if she had stay'd, have help'd to right
The wrong her fortune did her. Yet she must
Be enter'd somewhere, or be found; no street,
Lane, passage, corner, turn, hath 'scaped enquiry.
If her despair had ravish'd her to air,
She could not yet be rarified so,
But some of us should meet her: Though their eyes
Perhaps be leaden, and might turn, mine would
Strike out a lightning for her, and divide
A mist as thick as ever darkness was,
Nay, see her through a quarry: They do lie,
Lie grossly, that say Love is blind; by him,
And Heaven, they lie! he has a sight can pierce
Through ivory, as clear as it were horn,
And reach his object.

Enter INCUBO.

Inc. Sir, he's found, he's found!
Phil. Ha? where? But reach that happy note again,



And let it relish truth, thou art an angel.
Inc. He's here; fast by, sir; calling for a boat
To go aboard the gallies.
Phil. Where, where? Hold thee!
[*Gives money, and exit.*
Inc. He might ha' kept this now, I had nought to shew for't,
If he had had the wit to have gone from's word:
These direct men, they are no men of fashion;
Talk what you will, this is a very smelt. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of the Surgeon.

Enter LEONARDO, *with the Surgeon.*

Leo. Upon your art, sir, and your faith to assist it,
Shall I believe you then his wound's not mortal?
Surg. Sir, 'tis not worth your question, less your fear.
Leo. You do restore me, sir; I pray you accept
This small remembrance of a father's thanks,
For so assured a benefit.
Surg. Excuse me!
Leo. Sir, I can spare it, and must not believe
But that your fortune may receive't; except
You'd ha' me think you live not by your practice.
Surg. I crave your pardon, sir; you teach me manners.

Leo. I crave your love and friendship; and require,
As I have made now both myself and business
A portion of your care, you will but bring me,
Under the person of a call'd assistant,
To his next opening; where I may but see him,
And utter a few words to him in private,
And you will merit me: For I am loth,
Since here I have not to appear myself,
Or to be known unto the Governor,
Or make a tumult of my purpose.
Surg. Neither
I hope will be your need, sir: I shall bring you
Both there, and off again, without the hazard.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Harbour.

Enter Philippo *and* Leocadia.

Phil. Will you not hear me?
Leoc. I have heard so much
Will keep me deaf for ever! No, Marc-Antonio,
After thy sentence, I may hear no more:
Thou hast pronounced me dead!
Phil. Appeal to Reason:
She will reprieve you from the power of grief,
Which rules but in her absence: Hear me say
A sovereign message from her, which in duty,

And love to your own safety, you ought hear.
Why do you strive so? whither would you fly?
You cannot wrest yourself away from care,
You may from counsel; you may shift your place,
But not your person; and another clime
Makes you no other.
Leoc. Oh!
Phil. For passion's sake,
(Which I do serve, honour, and love in you)
If you will sigh, sigh here; if you would vary
A sigh to tears, or outcry, do it here!
No shade, no desart, darkness, nor the grave,
Shall be more equal to your thoughts than I.
Only but hear me speak!
Leoc. What would you say?
Phil. That which shall raise your heart, or pull down mine,
Quiet your passion, or provoke mine own;
We must have both one balsam, or one wound.
For know, loved fair, since the first providence
Made me your rescue, I have read you through,
And with a wond'ring pity looked on you;
I have observed the method of your blood,
And waited on it even with sympathy
Of a like red and paleness in mine own;
I knew which blush was Anger's, which was Love's,
Which was the eye of Sorrow, which of Truth;
And could distinguish honour from disdain
In every change; and you are worth my study.
I saw your voluntary misery
Sustain'd in travel: A disguised maid,
Wearied with seeking, and with finding lost;
Neglected, where you hoped most, or put by;
I saw it, and have laid it to my heart:
And though it were my sister which was righted,
Yet being by your wrong, I put off nature,
Could not be glad, where I was bound to triumph,

My care for you so drown'd respect of her;
Nor did I only apprehend your bonds,
But studied your release; and for that day
Have I made up a ransom, brought you health,
Preservative 'gainst chance, or injury,
Please you apply it to the grief; myself.

Leoc. Humh!

Phil. Nay, do not think me less than such a cure.
Antonio was not; and, 'tis possible,
Philippo may succeed: My blood and house
Are as deep-rooted, and as fairly spread,
As Marc-Antonio's; and in that all seek,
Fortune hath given him no precedency:
As for our thanks to Nature, I may burn
Incense as much as he; I ever durst
Walk with Antonio by the self-same light
At any feast, or triumph, and ne'er cared
Which side my lady or her woman took
In their survey; I durst have told my tale too,
Though his discourse new ended.

Leoc. My repulse——

Phil. Let not that torture you, which makes me happy;
Nor think that conscience, fair, which is no shame!
'Twas no repulse; it was your dowry rather:[9]
For then methought a thousand graces met
To make you lovely, and ten thousand stories
Of constant virtue, which you then out-reach'd,
In one example did proclaim you rich:
Nor do I think you wretched, or disgraced,
After this suffering, and do therefore take
Advantage of your need; but rather know
You are the charge and business of those powers,
Who, like best tutors, do inflict hard tasks
Upon great natures, and of noblest hopes.

[9] *'Twas no repulse, I was your dowry rather.*] Corrected in 1778.

Read trivial lessons, and half lines to slugs;
They that live long, and never feel mischance,
Spend more than half their age in ignorance.
Leoc. 'Tis well you think so.
Phil. You shall think so too;
You shall, sweet Leocadia, and do so.
Leoc. Good sir, no more! you have too fair a shape
To play so foul a part in as the tempter:
Say that I could make peace with Fortune, who,
Who should absolve me of my vow yet? ha?
My contract made?
Phil. Your contract?
Leoc. Yes, my contract:
Am I not his? his wife?
Phil. Sweet, nothing less.
Leoc. I have no name then?
Phil. Truly then, you have not:
How can you be his wife, who was before
Another's husband?
Leoc. Oh, though he dispense
With his faith given, I cannót with mine.
Phil. You do mistake, clear soul; his pre-contràct
Doth annul yours, and you have given no faith
That ties you in religion, or humanity;
You rather sin against that greater precept,
To covet what's another's; sweet, you do:
Believe me, who dare not urge dishonest things!
Remove that scruple therefore, and but take
Your dangers now into your judgment's scale,
And weigh them with your safeties: Think but whither
Now you can go; what you can do to live;
How near you ha' barred all ports to your own succour,
Except this one that I here open, love.
Should you be left alone, you were a prey

To th... ...d lust of any, who would look
Upon ...is shape like a temptation,
And think you want the man you personate;
Would not regard this shift, which love put on
As virtue forc'd, but covet it like vice;
So should you live the slander of each sex,
And be the child of error and of shame;
And, which is worse, even Marc-Antony
Would be call'd just, to turn a wanderer off,
And fame report you worthy his contempt;
Where, if you make new choice, and settle here,
There is no further tumult in this flood,
Each current keeps his course, and all suspicions
Shall return honours. Came you forth a maid?
Go home a wife: Alone? and in disguise?
Go home a waited Leocadia:
Go home, and, by the virtue of that charm,
Transform all mischiefs, as you are transform'd;
Turn your offended father's wrath to wonder,
And all his loud grief to a silent welcome;
Unfold the riddles you have made. What say you?
Now is the time; delay is but despair;
If you be chang'd, let a kiss tell me so!
[*Kisses her.*

Leoc. I am; but how, I rather feel than know.

Enter SANCHIO *carried*, ALPHONSO *and Servants.*

Sanc. Come, sir; you are welcome now to Barcelona.
Take off my hood.

Phil. Who be these? Stay, let's view 'em!

Alph. 'Twas a long journey; are you not weary, sir?

Sanc. Weary? I could have rid it in mine armour.

Leoc. Alas!

Phil. What ail you, dear?
Leoc. It is my father.
Phil. Your father? which?
Leoc. He that is carried: Oh,
Let us make hence!
Phil. For love's sake, good my heart!
Leoc. Into some house, before he see me.
Phil. Dear,
Be not thus frighted.
Leoc. Oh, his wrath is tempest.
Phil. Sweet, take your spirit to you, and stay. Be't he,
He cannot know you in this habit; and me
I'm sure he less knows, for he never saw me.
Alph. Ha! who is that? my son Philippo?
Phil. Sir!
Alph. Why, what make you here? Is this Salamanca?
And that your study? ha?—Nay, stay him too;
We'll see him, by his leave. [*They hold them.*
Serv. You must not strive, sir.
Alph. No, no; come near.
Sanc. My daughter? Leocadia?
Alph. How, sir! your daughter?
Sanc. Yes, sir; and as sure
As that's your son.—Come hither! What now? run
Out o' your sex? breech'd? Was it not enough
At once to leave thy father, and thine honour,
Unless thou had'st quit thyself too?
Phil. Sir, what fault
She can be urged of,[1] I must take on me

[1] *She can be* urged of.] Sympson thinks that we ought to read —urged *with.* The editors [of 1778] support the present reading by remarking, that in the old authors, *of* is often used in the sense of *with.* The assertion is true, but not applicable to the present passage; for the expresson here used—

The faults she can be *urged of,*

is a Latinism, a translation of *urgetur criminum.*—Mason.

The guilt and punishment.
Sanc. You must, sir? How
If you shall not, though you must? I deal not
With boys, sir, I: You have a father here
Shall do me right.
Alph. Thou art not mad, Philippo?
Art thou Marc-Antony, son to Leonardo?
Our business is to them. [LEOCADIA *slips out.*
Sanc. No, no, no, no!
I'll ha' the business now, with you, none else.
Pray you let's speak in private.—Carry me to him.—
Your son's the ravisher, sir; and here I find him.
I hope you'll give me cause to think you noble,
And do me right, with your sword, sir, as becomes
One gentleman of honour to another:
All this is fair, sir; here's the sea fast by;
Upon the sands we will determine.
'Tis that I call you to; let's make no days on't;
I'll lead your way.—To the sea-side, rascals!
Phil. Sir,
I would beseech your stay; he may not follow you.
Sanc. No?—Turn.—I'll kill him here then.—Slaves, rogues, blocks,
Why do you not bear me to him? Ha' you been
Acquainted with my motions, logs, so long,
And yet not know to time 'em?
Phil. Were you, sir,
Not impotent——
Alph. Hold you your peace, boy!
Sanc. Impotent?
'Death, I'll cut his throat first, and then his father's.
Alph. You must provide you then a sharper razor
Than is your tongue; for I not fear your sword.

Sanc. 'Heart, bear me to either of 'em !
Phil. Pray, sir, your patience.

Enter Governor and Attendants.

Alph. My curse light on thee, if thou stay him !
Phil. Hold !
Gov. Why, what's the matter, gentlemen ? what tumult
Is this you raise i' th' street ? before my door ?
Know you what 'tis to draw a weapon here ?
Sanc. Yes, and to use it.—Bear me up to him, rogues.
Thus, at a traitor's heart !
Alph. Truer than thine.
Gov. Strike, strike; some of the people disarm 'em ;
Kill 'em if they resist.
Phil. Nay, generous sir,
Let not your courtesy turn fury now.
Gov. Lay hold upon 'em ; take away their weapons !
I will be worth an answer, ere we part.
Phil. It is the Governor, sir.
Alph. I yield myself. [*Gives up his sword.*
Sanc. My sword ? What think'st thou of me ? pray thee, tell me.
1 *Attend.* As of a gentleman.
Sanc. No more ?
1 *Attend.* Of worth,
And quality.
Sanc. An I should quit my sword,
There were small worth or quality in that, friend ;
Pray thee learn thou more worth and quality,
Than to demand it.
Gov. Force it, I say !
1 *Attend.* The Governor,

You hear, commands.
Sanc. The Governor shall pardon me.
Phil. How! Leocadia gone again?
[*Exit* PHILIPPO.
Sanc. He shall, friend,
I' th' point of honour, by his leave; so tell him:
His person and authority I acknowledge,
And do submit me to it; but my sword,
He shall excuse me, were he fifteen governors;
That and I dwell together, and must yet,
Till my hands part, assure him.
Gov. I say, force it.
[*His sword is taken from him.*
Sanc. Stay, hear me! Hast thou ever read Caranza?[2]

[2] *Caranza.*] This celebrated man, who was the oracle of duellists in the days of our authors, and who became of course a ready source of ridicule to the dramatists at a time when punctilios of honour were carried to the most absurd height, was a Spaniard. His name was Geronimo Caranza, and he entitled his work *La Verdadera Destreza de las Armas.* Together with Pacheco de Narvaez, and some others, he was held in the highest esteem in his own country, and conceived himself one of the greatest of mortals. When he and his comrades became the subject of ridicule, and fell under the lash of such men as Quevedo and Bartolomeo Leonardo de Argensola, they not unfrequently retorted by burlesquing their compositions, some of them possessing the talent of rhyming in conjunction with fencing. An admirable travestie of an ode of Luis de Leon's, by Caranza, has been printed from a manuscript in the Parnaso Espannol, (vol. IX. p. 189.) Cervantes celebrates his skill both in his own profession and in poetry in his Canto de Caliope; and Lope de Vega thus eulogizes his talents in his comedy *Los Locos de Valencia,*—

——El gran Carranza,
A quien las armas en Espanna deben
Quanta mayor destreza el arte alcanza.

In England Caranza's pupils were treated with the same severity by poets, though it does not appear they were able to retaliate upon these satirists with their own weapons. Beaumont and Fletcher.

Understandest thou honour, noble Governor?
Gov. For that we'll have more fit dispute.
Sanc. Your name, sir?
Gov. You shall know that too, but on colder terms;
Your blood and brain are now too hot to take it.
Sanc. Force my sword from me? This is an affront.
Gov. Bring 'em away!
Sanc. You'll do me reparation? [*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILIPPO.

Phil. I have for ever lost her, and am lost,
And worthily; my tameness hath undone me!
She is gone hence, ashamed of me; yet I seek her:
Will she be ever found to me again,
Whom she saw stand so poorly, and dare nothing
In her defence here, when I should have drawn
This sword out, like a meteor, and have shot it,
In both our parents' eyes, and left 'em blind

were peculiarly ardent in this warfare, and were ably seconded by Ben Jonson, Massinger, and other dramatists of the time, whose efforts did more than all the pious invectives and religious exhortations of the puritans, unwillingly their coadjutors in this cause. Mr Gifford observes, that Caranza's reputation had probably declined at the time when Jonson's New Inn was written. The Host, in that comedy, observes—

"They had their times, and we can say, *they were*:
So had *Caranza* his."

After the Spanish system fell into decline, duelling was almost banished by the sectarian republicans. But with the restoration of Charles II., the practice revived, and the less ridiculously punctilious, but more savage and bloody French system gained the ascendancy. Fortunately, by the introduction of the pistol instead of the sword, duelling has become less frequent, and, by equalizing, in some measure at least, the chance, we have fewer professed ruffians and duellists.

Unto their impôtent angers? Oh, I am worthy,
On whom this loss and scorn should light to death;
Without the pity that should wish me better,
Either alive, or in my epitaph. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Leonardo *and* Marc-Antonio.

Leo. Well, son, your father is too near himself,
And hath too much of nature, to put off
Any affection that belongs to you:
I could have only wish'd you had acquainted
Her father, whom it equally concerns,
Though you'd presumed on me; it might have open'd
An easier gate and path to both our joys:
For though I am none of those flinty fathers,
That, when their children do but natural things,
Turn rock and offence straight, yet, Marc-Antonio,
All are not of my quarry.

Marc. 'Tis my fear, sir;
And if hereafter I should e'er abuse
So great a piety, it were my malice.

Enter Attendants.

Attend. We must entreat you gentlemen, to take
Another room; the Governor is coming
Here, on some business.

Enter Governor, SANCHIO *carried,* ALPHONSO, *and Attendants.*

Marc. We will give him way.
Sanc. I will have right, sir, on you (that believe,)
If there be any marshal's court in Spain.
Gov. For that, sir, we shall talk.
Sanc. ox! do not slight me,
Though I am without a sword.
Gov. Keep to your chair, sir.
Sanc. Pox! let me fall, and hurl my chair, slaves, at him!
Gov. You are the more temper'd man, sir; let me entreat
Of you, the manner how this brawl fell out.
Alph. Fell out? I know not how, nor do I care much;
But here we came, sir, to this town together,
Both in one business, and one wrong, engaged,
To seek one Leonardo, an old Genoese——
I ha' said enough; there! would you more?—False father
Of a false son, call'd Marc-Antonio,
Who had stole both our daughters; and which father,
Conspiring with his son in treachery,
It seem'd, to fly our satisfaction,
Was, as we heard, come private to this town,
Here to take ship for Italy.
Leo. You heard [*Comes forward.*
More than was true then, by the fear, or falsehood:
And though I thought not to reveal myself
(Pardon my manners in't) to you, for some
Important reasons; yet, being thus character'd
And challenged, know I dare appear, and do,
To who dares threaten.

Marc. I say he is not worthy
The name of man, or any honest preface,
That dares report or credit such a slander.
Do you, sir, say it?
Alph. Sir, I do say it.
Gov. Hold!—
Is this your father, signor Marc-Antonio?
You have ill requited me, thus to conceal him
From him would honour him, and do him service.
Leo. 'Twas not his fault, sir.

Enter EUGENIA.

Eug. Where's my lord?
Gov. Sweetheart!
Eug. Know you these gentlemen? they are all the fathers
Unto our friends.
Gov. So it appears, my dove.
Sanc. Sir, I say nothing: I do want a sword;
And till I have a sword I will say nothing.
Eug. Good sir, command these gentlemen their arms;
Entreat 'em as your friends, not as your prisoners.
Where be their swords?
Gov. Restore each man his weapon.
Sanc. It seems thou hast not read Caranza, fellow:
I must have reparation of honour,
As well as this; I find that wounded.
Gov. Sir,
I did not know your quality; if I had,
'Tis like I should have done you more respects.
Sanc. It is sufficient, by Caranza's rule.
Eug. I know it is, sir.
Sanc. Have you read Caranza, lady?
Eug. If you mean him that writ upon the duel,

He was my kinsman.
Sanc. Lady, then you know,
By the right noble writings of your kinsman,
My honour is as dear to me as the king's.
Eug. 'Tis very true, sir.
Sanc. Therefore I must crave
Leave to go on now with my first dependance.[5]
Eug. What! ha' you more?
Gov. None here, good signor.
Sanc. I will refer me to Caranza still.
Eug. Nay, love, I pr'ythee let me manage this!—
With whom is't, sir?
Sanc. With that false man Alphonso.
Eug. Why, he has the advantage, sir, in legs.
Sanc. But I
In truth, and hand, and heart, and a good sword.
Eug. But how if he will not stand you, sir?
Alph. For that,
Make it no question, lady; I will stick
My feet in earth down by him, where he dare.
Sanc. Oh, 'would thou wouldst!
Alph. I'll do it!
Sanc. Let me kiss him.
I fear thou wilt not yet.
Eug. Why, gentlemen,
If you'll proceed according to Caranza,

[5] *My first* dependance.] *Dependance* is here used technically, in the language of the *duello.*—Ed. 1778.

The ridiculous dependances of Fletcher's contemporaries, founded on the precepts of Caranza, are constantly the butt of dramatic satire. In Massinger's Guardian for instance—

"I have read Caranza, and find not in his grammar
Of quarrels, that the injured man is bound
To seek for reparation at an hour;
But may, and without loss, till he hath settled
More serious occasions that import him,
For a day or two defer it."

See also vol. XII. p. 484.

Methinks an easier way were two good chairs;
So you would be content, sir, to be bound,
'Cause he is lame: I'll fit you with like weapons,
Pistols and poniards, and even end it, if
The difference between you be so mortal
It cannot be ta'en up.[6]

Sanc. Ta'en up? take off
This head first!

Alph. Come, bind me in a chair.
[*He is bound down.*

Eug. Yes, do.

Gov. What mean you, dove?

Eug. Let me alone;—
And set 'em at their distance: When you have done,
Lend me two poniards; I'll have pistols ready
Quickly. [*Exit.*

Enter PHILIPPO.

Phil. She is not here.—Marc-Antonio,
Saw you not Leocadia?

Marc. Not I, brother.

Phil. Brother, let's speak with you. You were false unto her.

Marc. I was, but have ask'd pardon: Why do you urge it?

Phil. You were not worthy of her!

Marc. May be I was not;
But 'tis not well, you tell me so.

Phil. My sister
Is not so fair——

Marc. It skills not.

Phil. Nor so virtuous.

[6] *Ta'en up.*] Another technical term, meaning, that the quarrel can be reconciled on terms of honour.

Marc. Yes, she must be as virtuous.
Phil. I would fain——
Marc. What, brother?
Phil. Strike you.
Marc. I shall not bear strokes,
Though I do these strange words.
Phil. Will you not kill me?
Marc. For what, good brother?
Phil. Why, for speaking well
Of Leocadia.
Marc. No, indeed.
Phil. Nor ill
Of Theodosia?
Marc. Neither.
Phil. Fare you well, then!

Enter EUGENIA, LEOCADIA, THEODOSIA, *and Servant with two Pistols.*

Eug. Nay, you shall have as noble seconds too
As ever duellists had. Give 'em their weapons:
Now, Saint Iago!
Sanc. Are they charged?
Eug. Charged, sir?
I warrant you.
Alph. 'Would they were well discharged!
Sanc. I like a sword much better, I confess.
Eug. Nay, wherefore stay you? Shall I mend your mark?
Strike one another thorough these?
Phil. My love!
Alph. My Theodosia!
Sanc. I ha' not the heart.
Alph. Nor I.
Eug. Why, here is a dependance ended.
Unbind that gentleman.—Come, take here to you
Your sons and daughters, and be friends! A feast

Waits you within, is better than your fray.—
Lovers, take you your own; and all forbear,
Under my roof, either to blush or fear!—
My love, what say you? could Caranza himself
Carry a business better?[7]

Gov. It is well.
All are content, I hope; and we well eased,
If they, for whom we have done all this, be pleased.
[*Exeunt*.

——*could Caranza himself*
Carry a business *better*?] See above, p. 416.

THE LOVERS' PROGRESS.

THE

LOVERS' PROGRESS

FROM the prologue and epilogue, it appears that this tragedy, which was first published in the folio of 1647, was left unfinished at the death of Fletcher, and that some contemporary poet completed it; and whoever undertook the task deserves great credit for the execution, having very successfully imitated Fletcher's style. If there is any variation perceptible, it is in the two last acts. The editors of 1778 remark, "as Shirley is said to have sometimes assisted our authors, possibly his unfinished pieces fell into that writer's hands, and therefore we may impute the alterations to him." As that poet undoubtedly had a hand in The Night-Walker, he certainly seems to have a claim in the present instance also. It may, however, be observed, that the versification is far more musical than the rhythm in Shirley's dramas generally is, and that it bears a much closer resemblance to that of Massinger, particularly in the frequent resolution of words into their component syllables, which his late editor has remarked as being peculiarly prevalent in his compositions. Add to this, that we may discover in the prologue and epilogue the very striking modesty of that amiable poet; and it will not be deemed a rash conjecture, that he completed the unfinished work of his friend, with whom he is known, from the unquestionable authorities of Mr Henslowe's papers, and Sir Aston Cockayne, to have been concerned in the dramatic partnerships so usual at the time.

The Lovers' Progress, which has been entirely laid aside for a long period, is founded, as Langbaine informs us, on a French romance, entitled, Lysander and Calista, written by M. Daudiguier.

The play may be designated by the epithet romantic. The story was well selected, abounding throughout with interesting situa-

tions. Heroic honour, love, and friendship, are the most characteristic peculiarities of the actors; and the greatest defect of the play, the introduction of the ghost forewarning Cleander of his death, finds the best apology in the general chivalrous cast of the plot. The language and versification are very beautiful throughout, and some of the scenes exquisitely imagined and finished. That where Lisander and Calista are placed in a situation the most dangerous to their virtue, is managed with equal truth and chasteness of colouring. It is very similar to some parts of Ford's tragedy, entitled, Love's Sacrifice; perhaps inferior in tragical effect and deep pathos, but in other respects infinitely more natural and delicate. From the general romantic nature of the tragedy, it will naturally be supposed that we must not search for great diversity or distinct colouring among the characters. They either partake of the honourable sentiments and devotional love of the times of chivalry, or are slight sketches of humour or of depravity.

PROLOGUE.

A STORY, and a known one, long since writ,
(Truth must take place) and by an able wit!
(Foul-mouth'd detraction daring not deny
To give so much to Fletcher's memory;)
If so, some may object, why then do you
Present an old piece to us for a new?
Or wherefore will your profest writer be
(Not taxed of theft before) a plagiary?
To this he answers in his just defence,
And to maintain to all our innocence,
Thus much; though he hath travell'd the same way,
Demanding, and receiving too the pay
For a new poem, you may find it due,
He having neither cheated us, nor you:
He vows, and deeply, that he did not spare
The utmost of his strengths, and his best care
In the reviving it; and though his powers
Could not, as he desired, in three short hours
Contract the subject, and much less express
The changes, and the various passages
That will be look'd for, you may hear this day
Some scenes that will confirm it is a play,
He being ambitious that it should be known,
What's good was Fletcher's, and what ill his own.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King *of France.*
Cleander, *husband to Calista.*
Lidian, *brother to Calista, in love with Olinda.*
Clarangè, *rival to Lidian.*
Dorilaus, *father to Lidian and Calista, a merry old man.*
Lisander, *friend to Cleander, and lover to Calista.*
Alcidon, *friend to Lidian.*
Beronte, *brother to Cleander.*
Lemure, *a noble courtier.*
Leon, *a villain, lover of Clarinda.*
Malfort, *a foolish steward of Cleander.*
Lancelot, *servant to Lisander.*
Friar.
Host's Ghost.
Chamberlain.
Jasper, *servant to Dorilaus.*
Servants.

Calista, *a virtuous lady, wife to Cleander.*
Olinda, *a noble maid, and rich heir, mistress to Lidian and Clarangè.*
Clarinda, *a lustful wench, Calista's waiting-woman.*

SCENE—Paris, and the neighbouring Country.

The principal Actors were,

Joseph Taylor,	John Lowin,
Robert Benfield,	John Underwood,
Thomas Polard,	Richard Sharpe,
George Birch,	John Thomson.

THE

LOVERS' PROGRESS.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

Paris. A Room in the House of Cleander.

Enter Leon *and* Malfort.

Malf. And, as I told you, sir——
Leon. I understand you;
Clarinda's still perverse.
Malf. She's worse; obdurate,
Flinty, relentless; my love-passions jeered at,
My presents scorn'd!
Leon. 'Tis strange, a waiting-woman,
In her condition,[2] apt to yield, should hold out,

[1] *The Lovers'* Progress.] *Progress,* in this title, signifies *Pilgrimage.*—Ed. 1778.

[2] *In her* condition.] *Condition* means here station of life.—*Mason.*

A man of your place, reverend beard and shape,
Besieging her.
Malf. You might add too, my wealth,
Which she contemns; five hundred crowns *per annum*
(For which I have ventured hard, my conscience knows it)
Not thought upon, though offer'd for a jointure;
This chain,[3] which my lord's peasants worship, flouted;
My solemn hum's and ha's, the servants quake at,
No rhetoric with her; every hour she hangs out
Some new flag of defiance to torment me:
Last Lent my lady call'd me her Poor-John,[4]
But now I am grown a walking skeleton;
You may see through and through me.
Leon. Indeed you are
Much fall'n away
Malf. I am a kind of nothing,
As she hath made me: Love's a terrible glister,
And if some cordial of her favours help not,

[3] *This* chain.] Mr Steevens observes, that stewards anciently wore a *chain*, as a mark of superiority over other servants; in proof of which he cites the following authorities:—"Dost thou think I shall become the *steward's* chair? Will not these slender haunches shew well in a *chain*?"—Martial Maid.

"*Pio.* Is your *chain* right?
Bob. It is both right and just, sir;
For though I am a steward. I did get it
With no man's wrong."—*Ibid.*

Nash, in his piece entitled, Have with You to Saffron Walden, 1559, taxes Gabriel Harvey with *having stolen a nobleman's steward's* chain, *at his lord's installing at Windsor.*

So in Middleton's Mad World, my Masters, 1608.—"Gag that gaping rascal, though he be my grandsire's chief gentleman in the *chain* of gold." See Notes on Twelfth Night.—*Reed.*

[4] *Poor-John.*] That is, dried and salted hake.

I shall, like an Italian, die backward,
And breathe my last the wrong way.
Leon. As I live,
You have my pity; but this is cold comfort,
And, in a friend, lip-physic; and, now I think on't,
I should do more, and will, so you deny not
Yourself the means of comfort.
Malf. I'll be hang'd first:
One dram of't, I beseech you!
Leon. You're not jealous
Of any man's access to her?
Malf. I would not
Receive the dor;[5] but as a bosom friend
You shall direct me; still provided, that
I understand who is the man, and what
His purpose that pleads for me.
Leon. By all means.
First, for the undertaker, I am he:
The means that I will practise, thus——
Malf. Pray you forward!
Leon. You know your lady, chaste Calista, loves her.
Malf. Too well; that makes her proud.
Leon. Nay, give me leave.
This beauteous lady (I may style her so,
Being the paragon of France for feature)
Is not alone contented in herself
To seem and be good, but desires to make
All such as have dependence on her like her:
For this, Clarinda's liberty's restrain'd,

I would not
Receive the dor.] This word occurs in Love's Pilgrimage, and A Wife for a Month, and in both these plays means balk, disappointment. In the text it may be used with the same meaning nearly; Malfort intending to say—he did not wish to be forestalled in the enjoyment of Clarinda.

And though her kinsman, the gate's shut against me:
Now if you please to make yourself the door
For my conveyance to her, though you run
The hazard of a check for't, 'tis no matter.

Malf. It being for mine own ends?

Leon. I'll give it o'er,
If that you make the least doubt otherwise.
Studying upon't? good morrow!

Malf. Pray you stay, sir!
You are my friend; yet, as the proverb says,
" When love puts in, friendship is gone:" Suppose
You should yourself affect her?

Leon. Do you think
I'll commit incest! for it is no less,
She being my cousin-german. Fare you well, sir.

Malf. I had forgot that; for this once, forgive me.
Only, to ease the throbbing of my heart,
(For I do feel strange pangs) instruct me what
You will say for me.

Leon. First, I'll tell her that
She hath so far besotted you, that you have
Almost forgot to cast account.

Malf. Mere truth, sir.

Leon. That of a wise and provident steward, you
Are turn'd stark ass.

Malf. Urge that point home; I am so.

Leon. That you adore the ground she treads upon,
And kiss her footsteps.*

Malf. As I do when I find
Their print i' th' snow.

Leon. A loving fool; I know it,
By your bloodless frosty lips. Then, having related
How much you suffer for her, and how well
You do deserve it——

Malf. How? to suffer?
Leon. No, sir;
To have your love return'd——
Malf. That's good; I thank you.
Leon. I will deliver her an inventory
Of your good parts; as this, your precious nose,
Dropping affection; your high forehead, reaching
Almost to the crown of your head; your slender waist,
And a back not like a thresher's, but a bending
And court-like back, and so forth, for your body.
But when I touch your mind, (for that must take her,
Since your outside promises little) I'll enlarge it,
Though ne'er so narrow; as, your arts to thrive,
Your composition with the cook and butler
For the coney-skins and chippings; and half a share
With all the under-officers o' th house,
In strangers' bounties; that she shall have all,
And you as 'twere her bailiff.
Malf. As I will be.
Leon. As you shall, [6] so I'll promise.—Then your qualities;
As playing on a gittern, or a Jew's trump——
Malf. A little too o' th' viol.

[6] Mal. *As I will be.*
Leon. As *you shall, so I'll promise.*] To restore lost puns has been an office that critics have been laughed at rather than praised for; but the original, be it bad or good, ought to be restored; and therefore we should not drop a *conundrum* here intended. Leon should answer,

Ass *you shall, so I'll promise.*

i. e. I'll promise you shall be made an *ass* of.—*Seward.*
Seward's ingenuity in this case was very needless, for there is little probability that any pun was intended; a kind of wit which Fletcher can seldom be charged with.

Leon. Fear you nothing.—
Then singing her asleep with curious catches
Of your own making; for, as I have heard,
You are poetical.
Malf. Something given that way:
Yet my works seldom thrive; and the main reason
The poets urge for't is, because I am not
As poor as they are.
Leon. Very likely. Fetch her,
While I am in the vein.
Malf. 'Tis an apt time,
My lady being at her prayers.
Leon. Let her pray on.
Nay, go; and if, upon my intercession,
She do you not some favour, I'll disclaim her.
I'll ruminate on't the while.
Malf. A hundred crowns
Is your reward.
Leon. Without 'em.—Nay, no trifling.
[*Exit* MALFORT.
That this dull clod of ignorance should know
How to get money, yet want eyes to see
How grossly he's abused, and wrought upon!
When he should make his will, the rogue's turn'd
rampant,
As he had renew'd his youth. A handsome wench
Love one a spital whore would run away from?
Well, master steward, I will plead for you
In such a method, as it shall appear
You are fit to be a property.[7]

[7] *You are fit to be a* property.] That is, a person quite at the disposal of others, to be used at pleasure. So in Julius Cæsar, speaking of Lepidus—

——— "Do not talk of him
But as a *property*."

Enter MALFORT *and* CLARINDA.

Malf. Yonder he walks,
That knows my worth and value, though you scorn it.
Clari. If my lady know not this——
Malf. I'll answer it.
If you were a nun, I hope your cousin-german
Might talk with you through a grate; but you are none,
And therefore may come closer: Ne'er hang off;
As I live you shall bill; you may salute as strangers,
Custom allows it.—Now, now, come upon her [*To* LEON.
With all your oratory, tickle her to the quick,
As a young advocate should, and leave no virtue
Of mine unmention'd. I'll stand centinel;
Nay, keep the door myself. [*Exit.*
Clari. How have you work'd
This piece of motley [8] to your ends?
Leon. Of that
At leisure, mistress. [*Kissi*
Clari. Lower; you are too loud;
Though the fool be deaf, some of the house ma
hear you.
Leon. Suppose they should, I am a gentleman,
And held your kinsman; under that, I hope,
I may be free.
Clari. I grant it, but with caution;
But be not seen to talk with me familiarly,
But at fit distance; or not seen at all,
It were the better: You know my lady's humour;

[8] *This piece of* motley.] *i. e.* this fool; alluding to the motley or parti-coloured dress of fools.

She is all honour, and composed of goodness,
As she pretends; and you having no business,
How jealous may she grow!
Leon. I will be ruled;
But you have promised, and I must enjoy you.
Clari. We shall find time for that; you are too hasty:
Make yourself fit, and I shall make occasion;
Deliberation makes best in that business,
And contents every way.
Leon. But you must feed
This foolish steward with some shadow of
A future favour, that we may preserve him
To be our instrument.
Clari. Hang him!
Leon. For my sake, sweet!
I undertook to speak for him; any bauble,
Or slight employment in the way of service,
Will feed him fat.
Clari. Leave him to me.

Enter Malfort.

Malf. She comes!
My lady!
Clari. I will satisfy her.
Malf. How far
Have you prevail'd?
Leon. Observe.
Clari. Monsieur Malfort,
I must be brief; my cousin hath spoke much
In your behalf, and, to give you some proof
I entertain you as my servant, you
Shall have the grace——
Leon. Upon your knee receive it.
Clari. And take it as a special favour from me

To tie my shoe.
Malf. I am o'erjoy'd.
Leon. Good reason.
Clari. You may come higher in time.

Enter CALISTA.

Leon. No more; the lady!
Malf. She frowns.
Clari. I thank you for this visit, cousin;
But, without leave hereafter from my lady,
I dare not change discourse with you.
Malf. Pray you take
Your morning's draught.
Leon. I thank you:—Happiness
Attend your honour!
[*Exeunt* LEON *and* MALFORT.
Cal. Who gave warrant to
This private parle?
Clari. My innocence; I hope
My conference with a kinsman cannot call
Your anger on me.
Cal. Kinsman? Let me have
No more of this, as you desire you may
Continue mine!
Clari. Why, madam, under pardon,
Suppose him otherwise; yet, coming in
A lawful way, it is excusable.
Cal. How's this?
Clari. I grant you are made of pureness,
And that your tenderness of honour holds
The sovereignty o'er your passions: Yet you have
A noble husband, with allow'd embraces
To quench lascivious fires, should such flame in you,
As I must ne'er believe. Were I the wife

Of one that could but zany brave Cleander,[9]
Even in his least perfections, (excuse
My o'er-bold inference) I should desire
To meet no other object.
Cal. You grow saucy!
Do I look further?
Clari. No, dear madam; and
It is my wonder, or astonishment rather,
You could deny the service of Lisander;
A man without a rival, one the king
And kingdom gazes on with admiration,
For all the excellences a mother could
Wish in her only son.
Cal. Did not mine honour
And obligation to Cleander, force me
To be deaf to his complaints?
Clari. 'Tis true; but yet
Your rigour to command him from your presence
Argued but small compassion; the groves
Witness his grievous sufferings; your fair name
Upon the rind of every gentle poplar,[1]

[9] ——— *but* zany *brave Cleander,*
Even in his least perfections.] *i. e.* But *faintly imitate* his virtues. The old *zany* was a mimic or buffoon.—Ed. 1778.

[1] *Upon the rind of every gentle* poplar,
And amorous myrtle, (*trees to Venus* sacred.)] Our poet has either committed an oversight, in making the *poplar* and the *myrtle* both sacred to Venus, or if he had any authority for so doing, I do not know it at present: 'Tis true, as the *poplar* delights in moisture, and grows upon the banks of rivers, and has leaves with dark and white sides, it may be a pretty symbol of the unlimited command of that powerful goddess, throughout the three allotments of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto. But, notwithstanding this, I am inclined to think, that the reading and pointing was originally thus,

——— *of every gentle* poplar,
And amorous myrtle *tree, to Venus sacred.*

By changing the number, and altering the *comma*, we affix the epi-

And amorous myrtle, (trees to Venus sacred,)
With adoration carved, and kneel'd unto.
This you, unseen of him, both saw and heard
Without compassion; and what received he
For his true sorrows, but the heavy knowledge
That 'twas your peremptory will and pleasure,
Howe'er my lord lived in him, he should quit
Your sight and house for ever?
Cal. I confess
I gave him a strong potion to work
Upon his hot blood, and I hope 'twill cure him:
Yet I could wish the cause had concern'd others,
I might have met his sorrows with more pity;
At least, have lent some counsel to his miseries.
Though now, for honour sake, I must forget him,
And never know the name more of Lisander;
Yet in my justice I am bound to grant him,
Laying his love aside, most truly noble:
But mention him no more. This instant hour
My brother Lidian, new return'd from travel,
And his brave friend Clarangè, long since rivals
For fair and rich Olinda, are to hear
Her absolute determination, whom
She pleases to elect. See all things ready
To entertain 'em; and, on my displeasure,
No more words of Lisander!
Clari. She endures

thet "*sacred*" solely to the *myrtle*, and take away the confusion, which before subsisted, of appropriating two trees to one deity, when in reality the case was very far otherwise, as any one knows who is the least versed in the classics.—*Sympson.*

Mason approves of Sympson's reading *tree* in the singular, but not of connecting it with *myrtle*. He at the same time observes, that the poplar was sacred to Hercules; and if Fletcher, and the other old dramatists, (with the exception of Ben Jonson,) were not so very frequently erroneous in their classical allusions, his mode of altering the text would certainly have been adopted.

To hear him named by no tongue but her own:
Howe'er she carries it, I know she loves him.
[*Exit.*

Cal. Hard nature, hard condition of poor women,
That, where we are most sued to, we must fly most!
The trees grow up, and mix together freely,
The oak not envious of the sailing cedar,[3]
The lusty vine not jealous of the ivy
Because she clips the elm; the flowers shoot up,
And wantonly kiss one another hourly,
This blossom glorying in the other's beauty,
And yet they smell as sweet, and look as lovely:
But we are tied to grow alone. Oh, honour,
Thou hard law to our lives, chain to our freedom!
He that invented thee had many curses.
How is my soul divided! Oh, Cleander,
My best-deserving husband! Oh, Lisander,
The truest lover that e'er sacrificed
To Cupid against Hymen! Oh, mine honour,
A tyrant, yet to be obey'd! and 'tis
But justice we should thy strict laws endure,
Since our obedience to thee keeps us pure. [*Exit.*

[3] *The oak not envious of the* sailing cedar.] See vol. IV. p. 413, where the same expression occurs.

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the same.

Enter CLEANDER, LIDIAN, *and* CLARANGE.

Cle. How insupportable the difference
Of dear friends is, the sorrow that I feel
For my Lisander's absence (one that stamps
A reverend print on friendship) does assure me.
You are rivals for a lady, a fair lady;
And, in the acquisition of her favours,
Hazard the cutting of that gordian knot
From your first childhood to this present hour,
By all the ties of love and amity fastened.
I am blest in a wife (Heaven make me thankful!)
Inferior to none, sans pride I speak it;
Yet if I were a freeman, and could purchase
At any rate the certainty to enjoy
Lisander's conversation while I lived,
(Forgive me, my Calista, and the sex!)
I never would seek change.
Lid. My lord and brother,
I dare not blame your choice, Lisander's worth
Being a mistress to be ever courted;
Nor shall our equal suit to fair Olinda
Weaken, but add strength to our true affection,
With zeal so long continued.
Clara. When we know
Whom she prefers, as she can chuse but one,
By our so-long-tried friendship we have vowed

The other shall desist.
Cle. 'Tis yet your purpose;
But how this resolution will hold
In him that is refused, is not alone
Doubtful, but dangerous.

Enter Malfort.

Malf. The rich heir is come, sir.
Cle. Madam Olinda?
Malf. Yes, sir; and makes choice,
After some little conference with my lady,
Of this room to give answer to her suitors.
Cle. Already both look pale, between your hopes
To win the prize, and your despair to lose
What you contend for.
Lid. No, sir; I am armed.
Clara. I confident of my interest.
Cle. I'll believe you
When you've endured the test.

Enter Calista, Olinda, *and* Clarinda.

Malf. Is not your garter
Untied? You promised that I should grow higher
In doing you service.
Clari. Fall off, or you lose me! [*Exit* Malfort.
Cle. Nay, take your place; no Paris now sits judge
On the contending goddesses: You are
The deity that must make curst, or happy,
One of your languishing servants.
Olin. I thus look
With equal eyes on both; either deserves
A fairer fortune than they can in reason
Hope for from me: From Lidian I expect,
When I have made him mine, all pleasures that

The sweetness of his manners, youth, and virtues,
Can give assurance of: But turning this way
To brave Clarangè, in his face appears
A kind of majesty which should command,
Not sue for favour. If the fairest lady
Of France, set forth with nature's best endowments,
Nay, should I add a princess of the blood,
Did now lay claim to either for a husband,
So vehement my affection is to both,
My envy at her happiness would kill me.

Cle The strangest love I ever heard!

Cal. You can
Enjoy but one.

Clari. The more, I say, the merrier. [*Aside.*

Olin. Witness these tears I love both, as I know
You burn with equal flames, and so affect me;
Abundance makes me poor; such is the hard
Condition of my fortune. Be your own judges;
If I should favour both, 'twill taint my honour,
And that before my life I must prefer:
If one I lean to, the other is disvalued;
You are fiery both, and love will make you warmer.

Clari. The warmer still the fitter. You're a fool, lady. [*Aside.*

Olin. To what may love, and the devil jealousy, spur you,
Is too apparent; my name's called in question;
Your swords fly out, your angers range at large:
Then what a murder of my modesty follows!

Clari Take heed of that by any means.—Oh, innocent, [*Aside.*
That will deny a blessing when 'tis offer'd!
Would I were murder'd so, I would thank my modesty.

Cle. What pause you on?

Olin. It is at length resolved.

Clara. We are on the rack; uncertain expectation
The greatest torture!
Lid. Command what you please,
And you shall see how willingly we will execute.
Olin. Then hear what, for your satisfaction,
And to preserve your friendship, I resolve
Against myself; and 'tis not to be alter'd:
You are both brave gentlemen, I'll still profess it,
Both noble servants, for whose gentle offers
The undeserving and the poor Olinda
Is ever bound; you love both, fair and virtuously;
'Would I could be so happy to content both!
Which, since I cannot, take this resolute answer:
Go from me both contentedly, and he
That last makes his return, and comes to visit,
Comes to my bed. You know my will; farewell!
My heart's too big to utter more.—Come, friend!
Cal. I'll wait on you to your coach.
[*Exeunt* OLINDA, CALISTA, *and* CLARINDA.
Cle. You both look blank;
I cannot blame you.
Lid. We have our dispatches.
Clara. I'll home.
Lid. And I'll abroad again: Farewell!
Clara. Farewell to ye!
[*Exeunt* CLARANGE *and* LIDIAN *severally.*
Cle. Their blunt departure troubles me: I fear,
A sudden and a dangerous division
Of their long love will follow.

Enter CALISTA.

Have you took
Your leave of fair Olinda?
Cal. She is gone, sir.
Cle. Had you brought news Lisander were returned too,

I were most happy.
Cal. Still upon Lisander?
Cle. I know he loves me, as he loves his health;
And Heaven knows I love him.
Cal. I find it so;
For me you have forgot, and what I am to you.
Cle. Oh, think not so. If you had lost a sister
You locked all your delights in, it would grieve you;
A little you would wander from the fondness
You owed your husband: I have lost a friend,
A noble friend; all that was excellent
In man, or mankind, was contain'd within him.
That loss, my wife——

Enter MALFORT.

Malf. Madam, your noble father——
A fee for my good news!
Cal. Why, what of him, sir?
Mal. Is lighted at the door, and longs to see you.
Cal. Attend him hither.
Cle Oh, my dear Lisander!
But I'll be merry. Let's meet him, my Calista.
Cal. I hope Lisander's love will now be buried:
My father will bring joy enough for one month,
To put him out of his memory.

Enter DORILAUS; *his arm in a Scarf.*

Dor. How do you, son?
Bless my fair child! I am come to visit you,
To see what house you keep; they say you are bountiful;
I like the noise well, and I come to try it.
Ne'er a great belly yet? How have you trifled!
If I had done so, son, I should have heard on't
On both sides, by saint Dennis!

Cle. You are nobly welcome, sir!
We have time enough for that.
Dor. See how she blushes;
'Tis a good sign, you'll mend your fault.—How dost thou,
My good Calista?
Cal. Well, now I see you, sir;
I hope you bring a fruitfulness along with you.
Dor. Good luck, I never miss; I was ever good at it:
Your mother groaned for't, wench; so did some other,
But I durst never tell.
Cal. How does your arm, sir?
Cle. Have you been let blood of late?
Dor. Against my will, sir.
Cal. A fall, dear father?
Dor. No, a gun, dear daughter;
Two or three guns; I have one here in my buttock,
'Twould trouble a surgeon's teeth to pull it out.
Cal. Oh, me! oh, me!
Dor. Nay, if you fall to fainting,
'Tis time for me to trudge: Art such a coward,
At the mere name of hurt to change thy colour?
I have been shot that men might see clean through me,
And yet I fainted not. Besides myself,
Here are an hospital of hurt men for you.

Enter JASPER *and other Servants, wounded in several places.*

Cle. What should this wonder be?
Cal. I am amazed at it.
Dor. What think ye of these? they are every one hurt soundly,

Hurt to the proof; they are through and through, I assure ye;
And that's good game; they scorn your puling scratches.

Cal. Who did this, sir?

Dor. Leave crying, and I'll tell you;
And get your plaisters, and your warm stupes ready:[3]
Have you ne'er a shepherd that can tar us over?
'Twill prove a business else, we are so many.
Coming to see you, I was set upon,
I and my men, as we were singing frolicly;
Not dreaming of an ambush of base rogues,
Set on i' th' forest, I have forgot the name——

Cle. 'Twixt this and Fontainebleau? in the wild forest?

Dor. The same, the same, in that accursed forest,
Set on by villains, that make boot[4] of all men;
The peers of France are pillage there. They shot at us,
Hurt us, unhorsed us, came to th' sword, there plied us,

[3] *And your warm* stupes *ready.*] *Stoops*, (for so it should be spelt) here signifies *liquids* to bathe their wounds: *A stoop of wine* is mentioned by Shakspeare in Othello, and we believe in Twelfth-Night. The like expression occurs in other old authors; and in this very play, act iii. where Dorilaus says,

And forty stoops *of wine, drank at thy funeral.*—Ed. 1778.

This is a most gross specimen of the ignorance of the editors in the language even of the present day. A *stupe* (as they might have found in Johnson's Dictionary) is, "cloth or flax dipped in warm medicaments, and applied to a hurt or sore."

[4] *Boot.*] i. e. Booty. So in the Phœnix in her Flames, by Sir William Lower, a robber says, "How commendable, therefore, is this course of life, how profitable unto us, as when wealth and rich *boot* is as it were every day offered to our possession, nothing is required from us but a little valour to make us masters of infinite treasures."

Oppressed us with fresh multitudes, fresh shot still;
Rogues that would hang themselves for a fresh doublet,
And for a scarlet cassock kill their fathers!

Cle. Lighted you among these?

Dor. Among these murderers
Our poor bloods were engaged; yet we struck bravely,
And more than once or twice we made them shun us,
And shrink their rugged heads; but we were hurt all.

Cle. How came you off? for I even long to hear that.

Dor. After our prayers made to Heaven to help us,
Or to be merciful unto our souls,
So near we were—Alas, poor wench, wipe, wipe!
See, Heaven sends remedy.

Cal I am glad 'tis come, sir;
My heart was even a-bleeding in my body.

Dor. A curl'd-hair gentleman stepp'd in, a stranger;
As he rode by, belike he heard our bickering,
Saw our distresses, drew his sword, and proved
He came to execute, and not to argue.
Lord, what a light'ning methought flew about him,
When he once tossed his blade! In face Adonis,[5]

[5] ——— *in face Adonis,*
While peace, &c.] These lines, though spoken by a comic personage, are almost worthy to cope with the famous passage in Shakspeare's Henry V., which breathes the very spirit of Tyrtæus:

"In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tyger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair Nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;

While peace inhabited between his eye-brows;
But when his noble anger stirr'd his mettle,
And blew his fiery parts into a flame,
Like Pallas, when she sits between two armies,
Viewing with horrid brows their sad events,
Such then he looked, and as her shield had armed
him.
Cal. This man, sir, were a friend to give an age
for.
This gentleman I must love naturally;
Nothing can keep me off. I pray you go on, sir.
Dor. I will, for now you please me. This brave
youth,
This bud of Mars, (for yet he is no riper)
When once he had drawn blood, and fleshed his
sword,
Fitted his manly metal[6] to his spirit,
How he bestirred him! what a lane he made,
And through their fiery bullets thrust securely,
The hardened villains wond'ring at his confidence!
Lame as I was, I followed, and admired too,
And stirred, and laid about me with new spirit;
My men too with new hearts thrust into action,
And down the rogues went.
Cle. I am struck with wonder!
Dor. Remember but the story of strong Hector,

Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!"—Ed. 1778.

[6] *Mettle.*] Mason has modernised the spelling, as the word evidently alludes to his sword.

When like to light'ning he broke through his vanguard,[7]
How the Greeks frighted ran away by troops,
And trod down troops to save their lives; so this man
Dispersed these slaves: Had they been more and mightier,
He had come off the greater and more wonder.

Cle. Where is the man, good sir, that we may honour him?

Cal. That we may fall in superstition to him.

Dor. I know not that; from me he late departed,
But not without that pious care to see safe
Me, and my weak men lodged, and dressed. I urged him
First hither, that I might more freely thank him:
He told me he had business, craved my pardon,
Business of much import.

Cle. Know you his name?

Dor. That he denied me too; a vow had barred him.

Cal. In that he was not noble to be nameless.

Dor. Daughter, you must remember him when I am dead,
And in a noble sort requite his piety!
'Twas his desire to dedicate this service
To your fair thoughts.

Cal. He knows me then?

Dor. I named you,

[7] *When like to lightning he broke* through *his vanguard.*] Mr Seward says, "*to* break *from* his vanguard is the true image;" but as *from* would hurt the measure, the corruption, says he, "is probably in the relative *his*, which should be *the* or *their*, i. e. the Grecian vanguard." We think it means his *own* vanguard, and that THROUGH *his vanguard* conveys the same image as FROM *it*, with more warmth of expression.—Ed. 1778.

And named you mine: I think that's all his knowledge.

Cle. No name? no being?

Cal. Now I am mad to know him!
Saving mine honour, any thing I had now,
But to enjoy his sight, but his bare picture——
Make me his saint? I must needs honour him.

Jasp. I know his name.

Cal. There's thy reward for't; speak it.
[*Gives a purse.*

Jasp. His man told me; but he desired my silence.

Cal. Oh, Jasper, speak! 'tis thy good master's cause too:
We all are bound in gratitude to compel thee.

Jasp. Lisander? yes, I am sure it was Lisander.

Cal. Lisander? 'twas Lisander.

Cle. 'Tis Lisander.
Oh, my base thoughts, my wicked! to make question
This act could be another man's! 'tis Lisander.—
A handsome-timber'd man?

Jasp. Yes.

Cle. My Lisander!
Was this friend's absence to be mourned?

Cal. I grant it;
I'll mourn his going now, and mourn it seriously.
When you weep for him, sir, I'll bear you company.
That so much honour, so much honesty,
Should be in one man, to do things thus bravely!
Make me his saint? to me give this brave service?
What may I do to recompense his goodness?
I cannot tell.

Cle. Come, sir, I know you are sickly;
So are your men.

Dor. I must confess I am weak,
And fitter for a bed than long discourses:

You shall hear to-morrow.—To-morrow——Provide surgeons.[8]

Cle. Lisander!

Cal. What new fire is this? Lisander! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the House of Clarangè.

Enter LISANDER *and* LANCELOT.

Lis. Pr'ythee, good Lancelot, remember that
Thy master's life is in thy trust; and therefore
Be very careful.

Lan. I will lose mine own,
Rather than hazard yours.

Lis. Take what disguise
You in your own discretion shall think fittest,
To keep yourself unknown.

[8] Clea. *You shall hear to-morrow, to-morrow provide surgeons.*
Dor. *Lisander*——] So all former editions; but we think *the speakers* and *the punctuation* wrong. The first line, we apprehend, should come from the old man, *Dorilaus;* and the pointing be as we have placed it in the text, which expresses his faintness: He is proceeding to speak, but is forced to desist, and to call for assistance. The exclamation, "Lisander!" should then come from *Cleander.*—Ed. 1778.

Lan. I warrant you;
'Tis not the first time I have gone invisible:
I am as fine a fairy in a business
Concerning night-work——
Lis. Leave your vanities.
With this purse (which delivered, you may spare
Your oratory) convey this letter to
Calista's woman.
Lan. 'Tis a handsome girl;
Mistress Clarinda.
Lis. I have made her mine.
You know your work.
Lan. And if I sweat not in it,
At my return discard me. [*Exit.*
Lis. Oh, Calista!
The fairest, cruellest——

Enter CLARANGE.

Clara. So early stirring?
A good day to you!
Lis. I was viewing, sir,
The site of your house, and the handsomeness about it:
Believe me it stands healthfully and sweetly.
Clara. The house and master of it really
Are ever at your service.
Lis. I return it:
Now, if you please, go forward in your story
Of your dear friend and mistress.
Clara. I will tell it,
And tell it short, because 'tis breakfast time,
And (love's a tedious thing to a quick stomach)
You eat not yester-night.
Lis. I shall endure, sir.
Clara. Myself and (as I then delivered to you,)
A gentleman of noble hope, one Lidian,

Both brought up from our infancy together,
One company, one friendship,[9] and one exercise
Ever affecting, one bed holding us,
One grief and one joy parted still between us,
More than companions, twins in all our actions,
We grew up till we were men, held one heart still:
Time call'd us on to arms, we were one soldier,
Alike we sought our dangers and our honours,
Gloried alike one in another's nobleness:
When arms had made us fit, we were one lover,
We loved one woman, loved without division,
And wooed a long time with one fair affection;
And she, as it appears, loves us alike too.
At length, considering what our love must grow to
And covet in the end, this one was parted;
Rivals and honours make men stand at distance.
We then wooed with advantage, but were friends
still,
Saluted fairly, kept the peace of love;
We could not both enjoy the lady's favour,
Without some scandal to her reputation;
We put it to her choice; this was her sentence,
"To part both from her, and the last returning
Should be her lord;" we obey'd; and now you
know it:
And, for my part, (so truly I am touch'd with't)
I will go far enough, and be the last too,
Or ne'er return.

Lis. A sentence of much cruelty,
But mild, compared with what's pronounced on me.

[9] *One company, one friendship,* &c.] In this description of the friendship of Clarangè and Lidian, our author seems to have intended an imitation of the excellent account of female friendship in Shakspeare's Midsummer-Night's Dream; to which this, however, cannot be entitled to a comparison. A much better, on the same subject, will be seen in The Two Noble Kinsmen, act i. scene v.—*Reed.*

Our loving youth is born to many miseries.—
What is that Lidian, pray you?
Clara. Calista's brother,
If ever you have heard of that fair lady.
Lis. I have seen her, sir.
Clara. Then you have seen a wonder.
Lis. I do confess. Of what years is this Lidian?
Clara. About my years; there is not much between us.
Lis. I long to know him.
Clara. 'Tis a virtuous longing:
As many hopes hang on his noble head,
As blossoms on a bough in May, and sweet ones.
Lis. You're a fair story of your friend.
Clara. Of truth, sir.—

Enter a Servant.

Now, what's the matter?
Serv. There is a gentleman
At door would speak with you on private business.
Clara. With me?
Serv. He says so, and brings haste about him.
Clara. Wait on him in. [*Exit Servant.*
Lis. I will retire the while, to the next room.
[*Exit.*
Clara. We shall not long disturb you.

Enter ALCIDON.

Alc. Save you, sir!
Clara. The like to you, fair sir! Pray you come near.
Alc Pray you instruct me, for I know you not:
With monsieur Clarangè I would speak.
Clara. I am he, sir:
You are nobly welcome. I wait your business.

Alc. This will inform you.
[*Gives him a letter, which he reads.*
Clara. Will you please to sit down?
He shall command me, sir; I'll wait upon him
Within this hour.
Alc. You are a noble gentleman.
Will't please you bring a friend? we are two of us,
And pity either, sir, should be unfurnished.[1]
Clara. I have none now; and the time's set so short,
'Twill not be possible.
Alc. Do me the honour:
I know you are so full of brave acquaintance,
And worthy friends, you cannot want a partner;
I would be loth to stand still, sir. Besides,
You know the custom and the vantage of it,
If you come in alone.
Clara. And I must meet it.
Alc. Send; we'll defer an hour, let us be equal:
Games won and lost on equal terms shew fairest.
Clara. 'Tis to no purpose to send any whither,
Unless men be at home by revelation.
So please you breathe a while, when I have done with him
You may be exercised too: I'll trouble no man.

[1] *Unfurnished.*] That is, unfurnished with an antagonist. This passage confirms the justness of my explanation of Bassanio's speech in The Merchant of Venice, where he says—

"But her eyes!
How could he see to do them? Having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnished."

My opinion is, that in this place *unfurnished* meant, unfurnished with a fellow, or companion: which, I think, is confirmed by the passage before us.—*Mason.*

Enter LISANDER.

Lis. They are very loud.—Now, what's the news?
Clara. I must leave you,
Leave you a while; two hours hence I'll return, friend.
Lis. Why, what's the matter?
Clara. A little business.
Lis. An't be but a little, you may take me with you.
Clara. 'Twill be a trouble to you.
Lis. No, indeed;
To do you service I account a pleasure.
Clara. I must alone.
Lis. Why?
Clara. 'Tis necessity.
Before you pass the walks, and back again,
I will be with you.
Lis. If it be not unmannerly
To press you, I would go.
Clara. I'll tell you true, sir;
This gentleman and I, upon appointment,
Are going to visit a lady.
Lis. I am no Capuchin;
Why should not I go?
Alc. Take the gentleman;
Come, he may see the gentlewoman too,
And be most welcome; I do beseech you take him.
Lis. By any means; I love to see a gentlewoman,
A pretty wench too.
Clara. Well, sir, we will meet you,
And at the place. My service to the lady.
Alc. I kiss your hand. [*Exit.*
Clara. Pr'ythee read o'er her letter.
Lis. [*Reading.*] " Monsieur,

I know you have consider'd[*] the dark séntence
Olinda gave us; and that, however she disguised it,
It pointed more at our swords' edges than
Our bodies' banishments: The last must enjoy her!
If we retire, our youths are lost in wandering;
In emulation we shall grow old men and feeble,
(Which is the scorn of love, and rust of honour,)
And so return more fit to wed our sepulchres,
Than the saint we aim at; let us therefore make
Our journey short and our hearts ready, and,
With our swords in our hands, put it to fortune
Which shall be worthy to receive that blessing.
I'll stay you on the mountain, our old hunting-
place.
This gentleman alone runs the hazard with me:
And so I kiss your hand.
Your servant, Lidian."
Is this your wench? You'll find her a sharp mistress.
What have I thrust myself into? Is this that Lidian
You told me of?
Clara. The same.
Lis. My lady's brother! [*Aside.*
No cause to heave my sword against but his?
To save the father yesterday, and this morning
To help to kill the son? This is most courteous;
The only way to make the daughter dote on me!
Clara. Why do you muse? would you go off?
Lis. No, no;
I must on now.—This will be kindly taken;
No life to sacrifice, but part of hers?—
Do you fight straight?
Clara. Yes, presently.
Lis. To-morrow, then, [*Aside.*

[*] *I know you have consider'd,* &c.] This letter has hitherto been printed as prose; but we think it was intended for metre, and is as smooth verse as many other passages of our authors.—Ed. 1778.

The baleful tidings of this day will break out,
And this night's sun will set in blood. I am troubled!
If I am kill'd, I am happy.
Clara. Will you go, fri nd?
Lis. I am ready, sir.—Fortune, thou hast made me monstrous! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Cleander's *House.*

Enter MALFORT *and* CLARINDA.

Malf. Your cousin, and my true friend, lusty Leon,
Shall know how you use me.
Clari. Be more temperate,
Or I will never use, nor know you more
I' th' way of a servant: All the house takes notice
Of your ridiculous foppery; I have no sooner
Performed my duties in my lady's chamber,
And she scarce down the stairs, but you appear
Like my evil spirit to me.
Malf. Can the fish live
Out of the water, or the salamander
Out of the fire? or I live warm, but in
The frying-pan of your favour?
Clari. Pray you forget
Your curious comparisons, borrowed from
The pond and kitchen, and remember what

My lady's pleasure is for the entertainment
Of her noble father.
Malf. I would learn the art
Of memory in your table-book.[3]
Clari. Very good, sir!
No more but up and ride? I apprehend
Your meaning; soft fire makes sweet malt, sir: I'll
Answer you in a proverb.
Malf. But one kiss from
Thy honey lip!
Clari. You fight too high; my hand is
A fair ascent from my foot.—His slavering kisses
Spoil me more gloves—Enough for once; you'll surfeit
With too much grace.
Malf. Have you no employment for me?
Clari. Yes, yes; go send for Leon, and convey him
Into the private arbour; from his mouth
I hear your praises with more faith.
Malf. I am gone.
Yet one thing ere I go; there's at the door
The rarest fortune-teller—he hath told me
The strangest things! he knows you are my mistress,
And under seal delivered how many children
I shall beget on you; pray you give him hearing,
He'll make it good to you.
Clari. A cunning man
Of your own making! howsoe'er, I'll hear him
At your entreaty.
Malf. Now I perceive you love me.
At my entreaty!—Come in, friend: Remember
To speak as I directed.

[3] *Table-book.*] The old word for a memorandum-book. See vol. VI. p. 25, X. p. 67.

Enter LANCELOT *like a Fortune-teller, with a Purse and two Letters in it.*

He knows his lesson,
And the right way to please her: This it is
To have a head-piece! [*Exit.*
Clari. 'Tis said you can tell
Fortunes to come.
Lan. Yes, mistress, and what's past:
Un-glove your hand. By this straight line I see
You have lain crooked.
Clari. How! lain crooked?
Lan. Yes;
And in that posture played at the old game,
(Nobody hears me, and I'll be no blab)
And at it lost your maidenhead.
Clari. A shrewd fellow!
'Tis truth, but not to be confessed.—In this
Your palmestry deceives you. Something else, sir.
Lan. You're a great woman with your lady, and
Acquainted with her counsels.
Clari. Still more strange!
Lan. There is noble knight, Lisander, loves her,
Whom she regards not; and the destinies,
With whom I am familiar, have delivered
That by your means alone he must enjoy her.
Your hand again! Yes, yes, you have already
Promised him your assistance, and, what's more,
Tasted his bounty; for which, from the sky
There are two hundred crowns dropp'd in a purse;
Look back, you'll find it true. Nay, open it;
'Tis good gold, I assure you.
Clari. How! two letters?
The first indorsed to me? this to my lady?

Subscribed Lisander.[4]
Lan. And the fortune-teller
His servant Lancelot.
Clari. How had I lost my eyes,
That I could not know thee! Not a word o' th' loss
Of my virginity!
Lan. Nor who I am.
Clari. I'll use all speedy means for your dispatch
With a welcome answer; but till you receive it
Continue thus disguised. Monsieur Malfort
(You know the way to humour him) shall provide
A lodging for you, and good entertainment;
Nay, since we trade both one way, thou shalt have
Some feeling with me: take that.
Lan. Bountiful wench,
Mayst thou ne'er want employment!
Clari. Nor such pay, boy! [*Exeunt.*

[4] Clari. *How, two letters?*
The first indorsed to me? this to my lady?
Subscribed Lisander.] It was the practice of ancient times, before the establishment of posts, for the writer of a letter to set down in the superscription not only his name, but the relation in which he stood with respect to the person to whom it was addressed.—*Mason.*

Sympson, who did not know this, proposes alterations, because Clarinda could not know, according to his opinion, from whom her lady's letter came (though, even without adopting Mason's explanation, she might know Lisander's hand, or else find in her own letter that the other came from him also,) and the last editors endeavour to rectify the text by punctuation.

SCENE III.

A hilly Country.

Enter severally, LIDIAN *and* ALCIDON, LISANDER, *and* CLARANGE.

Lid. You are welcome.
Alc. Let us do our office first,
And then make choice of a new piece of ground
To try our fortunes.
Lis. All's fair here.
Alc. And here:
Their swords are equal.
Lis. If there be any odds
In mine, we will exchange.
Alc. We'll talk of that
When we are further off. Farewell!
Lis. Farewell, friend!
[*Exeunt* LISANDER *and* ALCIDON.
Lid. Come, let us not be idle!
Clara. I will find you
Employment, fear not.
Lid. You know, sir, the cause
That brings us hither.
Clara. There needs no more discoursing;
No time nor place for repetition now.
Lid. Let our swords argue; and I wish, Clarangè,
The proud Olinda saw us.
Clara. 'Would she did!
Whatever estimation she holds of me,
She should behold me like a man fight for her.

Lid. 'Tis nobly said. Set on. Love and my fortune. [*They fight.*

Clara. The same for me! Come home, brave Lidian!
'Twas manly thrust: This token to the lady! [*Wounds him.*
You have it, sir; deliver it. Take breath;
I see you bleed apace; you shall have fair play.

Enter LISANDER.

Lis. You must lie there a while; I cannot help you.[5]

Lid. Nay, then my fortune's gone; I know I must die:
Yet dearly will I sell my love. Come on both,
And use your fortunes; I expect no favour:
Weak as I am, my confidence shall meet you!

Clara. Yield up your cause, and live.

Lid. What, dost thou hold me
A recreant, that prefers life before credit?
Though I bleed hard, my honour finds no issue;
That's constant to my heart.

Clara. Have at your life then!

Lis. Hold, or I'll turn, and bend my sword against you;
My cause, Clarangè, too. View this brave gentleman,
That yet may live to kill you; he stands nobly,
And has as great a promise of the day

[5] *You must lie there*, &c.] These words are addressed to Alcidon *without*, whom Lisander has overcome.—Ed. 1778.

It must be recollected, that the seconds as well as the principals in those times fought, and that it was not held derogatory to honour for the second, who had overcome his antagonist, to assist his principal, and thus to turn the odds against the rival. See The Little French Lawyer, vol. V. p. 152, and The Island Princess, vol. VI. p. 225.

As you can tie unto yourself; he's ready;[6]
'His sword as sharp: View him with that remembrance
That you delivered him to me, Clarangè,
And with those eyes; that clearness will become you:
View him, as you reported him; survey him;
Fix on your friendship, sir. I know you are noble,
And step but inward to your old affection,
Examine but that soul grew to your bosom,
And try then if your sword will bite; it cannot,
The edge will turn again, ashamed and blunted.—
Lidian, you are the pattern of fair friendship,
Exampled for your love, and imitated;
The temple of true hearts, stored with affections,
For sweetness of your spirit made a saint:
Can you decline this nobleness to anger?
To mortal anger? 'gainst the man you love most?
Have you the name of virtuous, not the nature?

Lid. I will sit down.

Clara. And I'll sit by you, Lidian.

Lis. And I'll go on. Can Heaven be pleased with these things?
To see two hearts that have been twined together,
Married in friendship, to the world two wonders,[7]

[6] He's *ready.*] The editors of 1778 say that we should read—*as* ready; but, as the text may be an abbreviation of *he as ready*, it needs no alteration.

[7] ——— *that have been* twined *together,*
Married in friendship, to the world, to wonder.] The editors of 1750 propose reading,

——— *that have been* twinn'd *together,*
Married in friendship, to the world A *wonder.*

Have been TWINED is clearly the true reading; the whole, we apprehend, should run thus:

To see TWO *hearts, that have been* twined *together,*
Married in friendship, to the world TWO wonders, *&c.*—Ed. 1778.

Of one growth, of one nourishment, one health,
Thus mortally divorced for one weak woman?
Can Love be pleased? Love is a gentle spirit;
The wind that blows the April flowers not softer;
She's drawn with doves to shew her peacefulness;
Lions and bloody pards are Mars's servants.
Would you serve Love? do it with humbleness,
Without a noise, with still prayers, and soft murmurs;
Upon her altars offer your obedience,
And not your brawls; she's won with tears, not terrors:
That fire you kindle to her deity,
Is only grateful when it's blown with sighs,[8]
And holy incense flung with white-hand innocence;
You wound her now; you are too superstitious:
No sacrifice of blood or death she longs for.

Lid. Came he from Heaven?

Clara. He tells us truth, good Lidian.

Lis. That part of noble love which is most sweet,
And gives eternal being to fair beauty,
Honour, ye hack a-pieces with your swords;
And that ye fight to crown ye kill, fair credit!

Clara. Thus we embrace; no more fight, but all friendship!
And where Love pleases to bestow his benefits,
Let us not argue.

Lid. Nay, brave sir, come in too,
You may love also, and may hope; if you do,
And not rewarded for't, there is no justice.
Farewell, friend! here let's part upon our pilgrimage:
It must be so, Cupid draws on our sorrows,

[8] *When* it blows *with sighs*.] This is the reading of the first folio, which Sympson follows. Our lection is from the second folio. —Ed. 1778.

And where the lot lights——

Clara. I shall count it happiness.
Farewell, dear friend!

Lis. First, let's relieve the gentleman
That lies hurt in your cause, and bring him off,
And take some care for your hurts; then I'll part too,
A third unfortunate, and willing wanderer.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Paris.—A Room in Cleander's *House.*

Enter OLINDA *and* CALISTA.

Olin. My fears foresaw 'twould come to this.

Cal. I would
Your sentence had been milder.

Olin. 'Tis past help now.

Cal. I share in your despair, and yet my hopes
Have not quite left me, since all possible means
Are practised to prevent the mischief following
Their mortal meeting: My lord is coasted one way;
My father, though his hurts forbade his travel,
Hath took another; my brother-in-law Beronte,
A third; and every minute we must look for
The certain knowledge, which we must endure
With that calm patience Heaven shall please to lend us.

Enter DORILAUS *and* CLEANDER, *severally.*

Dor. Dead both?
Cle. Such is the rumour, and 'tis general.
Olin. I hear my passing-bell.
Cal. I am in a fever.
Cle. They say, their seconds too; but what they are
Is not known yet; some worthy fellows certain.
Dor. Where had you knowledge?
Cle. Of the country people;
'Tis spoken every where.
Dor. I heard it so too;
And 'tis so common, I do half believe it.—
You have lost a brother, wench; he loved you well,
And might have lived to have done his country service;
But he is gone. Thou fell'st untimely, Lidian,
But by a valiant hand, that's some small comfort,
And took'st him with thee too; thou lov'dst brave company.
Weeping [illegible] lost a servant,
He might have lo[illegible]e been your master, lady:
But you feared that.
Olin. Good sir, be tender to me;
The news is bad enough, you need not press it:[9]
I loved him well, I loved 'em both.
Dor. It seems so.
How many more have you to love so, lady?
They were both fools to fight for such a fiddle!
Certain there was a dearth of noble anger,
When a slight woman was thought worth a quarrel.
Olin. Pray you think nobler.

[9] —— *you need not press it.*] i. e. Make it worse.—*Sympson.*

Dor. I'll tell thee what I think; the plague, war, famine,
Nay, put in dice and drunkenness, (and those
You'll grant are pretty helps) kill not so many
(I mean so many noble) as your loves do,
Rather your lewdness. I crave your mercy, women!
Be not offended, if I anger ye:
I am sure ye have touched me deep. I came to be merry,
And with my children; but to see one ruin'd
By this fell accident——

Enter BERONTE *and* ALCIDON; CLARINDA *following.*

Are they all dead?
If they be, speak.
Cle. What news?
Ber. What dead? Ye pose me:
I understand you not.
Cle. My brother Lidian,
Clarangè, and their seconds.
Ber. Here is one of 'em;
And I'm sure this gentleman's alive.
[illegible] I hope so;
So is your son, sir; so is brave Clarangè:
They fought indeed, and they were hurt sufficiently;
We were all hurt; that bred the general rumour;
But friends again all, and like friends we parted.
Cle. Heard you of Lisander?
Ber. Yes, and miss'd him narrowly;
He was one o' th' combatants, fought with this gentleman,
Second against your brother; by his wisdom
(For certainly good fortune follows him)
All was made peace. I'll tell you the rest at dinner,

For we are hungry.
Alc. I, before I eat,
Must pay a vow I am sworn to. My life, madam,
Was at Lisander's mercy, I live by it;
And, for the noble favour, he desired me
To kiss your fair hand for him, offering
This second service as a sacrifice
At the altar of your virtues.
Dor. Come, joy on all sides!
Heaven will not suffer honest men to perish.
Cle. Be proud of such a friend.
Dor. Forgive me, madam;
It was a grief might have concerned you near too
Cle. No work of excellence but still Lisander:
Go thy ways, worthy!
Olin. We'll be merry too.
Were I to speak again, I would be wiser.
Cal. Too much of this rare cordial makes me sick;
However, I obey you.
[*Exeunt all but* CALISTA *and* CLARINDA.
Clari. Now or never
Is an apt time to move her.—Madam!
Cal. Who's that?
Clari. Your servant: I would speak with your ladyship.
Cal. Why dost thou look about?
Clari. I have private business
That none must hear but you. Lisander——
Cal. Where?
Clari. Nay, he's not here, but would entreat this favour;
Some of your balsam from your own hand given,
For he's much hurt, and that he thinks would cure him.
Cal. He shall have all, my prayers too.
Clari. But conceive me,

It must be from yourself immediately :
'Pity so brave a gentleman should perish !
He is superstitious, and he holds your hand
Of infinite power. I would not urge this, madam,
But only in a man's extremes, to help him.

Cal. Let him come,
Good wench ! 'tis that I wish ; I am happy in't :
My husband his true friend, my noble father,
The fair Olinda, all desire to see him ;
He shall have many hands.

Clari. That he desires not,
Nor eyes, but yours, to look upon his miseries ;
For then he thinks 'twould be no perfect cure, madam :
He would come private.

Cal. How can that be here ?
I shall do wrong unto all those that honour him,
Besides my credit.

Clari. Dare you not trust a hurt man?
Nor strain a courtesy to save a gentleman?
To save his life, that has saved all your family?
A man that comes, like a poor mortified pilgrim,
Only to beg a blessing, and depart again ?
He would but see you ; that he thinks would cure him :
But since you find fit reasons to the contrary,
And that it cannot stand with your clear honour,
(Though you best know how well he has deserved of you)
I'll send him word back (though I grieve to do it,
Grieve at my soul, for certainly 'twill kill him)
What your will is.

Cal. Stay ! I will think upon't.
Where is he, wench ?

Clari. If you desire to see him,
Let not that trouble you, he shall be with you,
And in that time that no man shall suspect you :

Your honour, madam, is in your own free keeping;
Your care in me, in him all honesty;
If you desire him not, let him pass by you,
And all this business reckon but a dream!
Cal. Go in, and counsel me; I would fain see him,
And willingly comfort him.
Clari. 'Tis in your power;
And, if you dare trust me, you shall do it safely.
Read that, [*Giving a Letter.*] and let that tell you how he honours you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Hall in the same House.

Enter CLARINDA *and* LEON.

Leon. This happy night—— [*Kisses her.*
Clari. Preserve this eagerness
Till we meet nearer; there is something done
Will give us opportunity.
Leon. Witty girl! the plot?
Clari. You shall hear that at leisure.
The whole house reels with joy at the report
Of Lidian's safety, and that joy encreased
From their affection to the brave Lisander,
In being made the happy instrument to compound

The bloody difference.
Leon. They will hear shortly that
Will turn their mirth to mourning: He was then
The principal means to save two lives; but, since,
There are two fall'n, and by his single hand,
For which his life must answer, if the king,
Whose arm is long, can reach him.
Clari. We have now
No spare time to hear stories: Take this key;
'Twill make your passage to the banqueting-house
In the garden free.
Leon. You will not fail to come?
Clari. For mine own sake, ne'er doubt it.—Now for Lisander! [*Exit* LEON.

Enter DORILAUS, CLEANDER, *and Servants with Lights.*

Dor. To bed, to bed! 'tis very late.
Cle. To bed all!
I have drank a health too much.
Dor. You'll sleep the better;
My usual physic that way.
Cle. Where's your mistress?
Clari. She is above, but very ill and aguish;
The late fright of her brother has much troubled her:
She would entreat to lie alone.
Cle. Her pleasure.
Dor. Commend my love to her, and my pray'rs for her health:
I'll see her ere I go. [*Exeunt all but* CLARINDA.
Clari. All good rest to ye!—
Now to my watch for Lisander! when he's furnish'd,
For mine own friend! Since I stand centinel,

I love to laugh in the evenings too; and may,
The privilege of my place will warrant it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the Garden.

Enter LISANDER *and* LANCELOT.

Lis. You have done well hitherto. Where are we now?

Lan. Not far from the house, I hear by th' owls; there are
Many of your Welch falconers about it.
Here were a night to chuse to run away with
Another man's wife, and do the feat!

Lis. Peace, knave;
The house is here before us, and some may hear us.
The candles are all out.

Lan. But one i' th' parlour;
I see it simper hither.[1] Pray come this way.

Lis. Step to the garden-door, and feel an't be open.

Lan. I am going; luck deliver me from the saw-pits,

[1] *I see it simper hither.*] We suspect this to be a corruption, and that we should read *glimmer. Simper*, we apprehend, never occurs in this sense; and Lancelot, though a servant, is not made a speaker of barbarisms.—Ed. 1778.

There is no occasion to charge Lancelot with barbarism, though he ludicrously applies the word *simper* to the flickering light in the parlour.

Or I am buried quick! I hear a dog;
No, 'tis a cricket. Ha! here's a cuckold buried;
Take heed of his horns, sir. Here's the door; 'tis
open.

Clari. [*At the Door.*] Who's there?

Lis. A friend.

Clari. Sir! Lisander!

Lis. I.

Clari. You are welcome; follow me, and make
no noise.

Lis. Go to your horse, and keep your watch
with care, sirrah,
And be sure you sleep not.

[*Exeunt* LISANDER *and* CLARINDA.

Lan. Send me out the dairy-maid,
To play at trump[a] with me, and keep me waking.
My fellow horse and I now must discourse,
Like two learn'd almanack-makers, of the stars,
And tell what a plentiful year 'twill prove of
drunkards.
If I had but a pottle of sack, like a sharp prickle,
To knock my nose against when I am nodding,
I should sing like a nightingale; but I must
Keep watch without it. I am apt to dance;
Good Fortune, guide me from the fairies' circles!

[*Exit.*

[a] *Trump.*] This was an ancient game at cards, which is often alluded to in old plays.

SCENE III.

A Bed-Room in the House.

Enter Clarinda, (*with a Taper,*) *and* Lisander. Calista *sitting behind a Curtain.*

Clari. Come near! I'll leave you now; draw but that curtain,
And have your wish.——Now, Leon, I am for thee:
We that are servants must make use of stol'n hours,
And be glad of snatch'd occasions. [*Exit.*
Lis. She's asleep; [*Draws the Curtain.*
Fierce Love hath closed his lights, (I may look on her)
Within her eyes he has lock'd the Graces up;
I may behold and live. How sweet she breathes!
The orient morning, breaking out in odours,
Is not so full of perfumes as her breath is;
She is the abstract of all excellence,
And scorns a parallel.
Cal. Who's there?
Lis. Your servant, [*Kneels.*
Your most obedient slave, adored lady,
That comes but to behold those eyes again,
And pay some vows I have to sacred beauty,
And so pass by: I am blind as ignorance,
And know not where I wander, how I live,
Till I receive from their bright influence
Light to direct me. For devotion's sake,

(You are the saint I tread these holy steps to,
And holy saints are all relenting sweetness)
Be not enraged, nor be not angry with me;
The greatest attribute of Heaven is mercy,
And 'tis the crown of Justice, and the glory,
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.
Cal. Why do you kneel? I know you come to mock me,
To upbraid me with the benefits you have given me,
Which are too many, and too mighty, sir,
For my return; and I confess 'tis justice,
That for my cruelty you should despise me;
And I expect, however you are calm now,
(A foil you strive to set your cause upon)
It will break out: Calista is unworthy,
Coy, proud, disdainful, (I acknowledge all)
Colder of comfort than the frozen north is,
And more a stranger to Lisander's worth,
His youth and faith, than it becomes her gratitude;
I blush to grant it: Yet take this along,
(A sovereign medicine to allay displeasure,
May be, an argument to bring me off too)
She's married, and she's chaste; how sweet that sounds!
How it perfumes all air 'tis spoken in!
Oh, dear Lisander, would you break this union?
Lis. No; I adore it: Let me kiss your hand,
And seal the fair faith of a gentleman on it!
Cal. You are truly valiant: Would it not afflict you
To have the horrid name of coward touch you?
Such is the whore to me.
Lis. I nobly thank you:
And may I be the same when I dishonour you.
This I may do again. [*Kissing her hand.*

Cal. You may, and worthily;
Such comforts maids may grant with modesty,
And neither make her poor, nor wrong her bounty.[3]
Noble Lisander, how fond now am I of you!
I heard you were hurt.
Lis. You dare not heal me, lady?
I am hurt here. How sweetly now she blushes!
Excellent objects kill our sight; she blinds me:
The roses in the pride of May shew pale to her.
Oh, tyrant Custom, and, oh, coward Honour!
How ye compel me to put on mine own chains!
May I not kiss you now in superstition?
For you appear a thing that I would kneel to:
Let me err that way! [*Kisses her.*
Cal. You shall err for once;
I have a kind of noble pity on you.
Among your manly sufferings, make this most,
To err no further in desire; for then, sir,
You add unto the gratitudes I owe you;
And after death, your dear friend's soul shall bless
you.
Lis. I am wond'rous honest.
Cal. I dare try. [*Kiss.*
Lis. I have tasted
A blessedness too great for dull mortality:
Once more, and let me die!
Cal. I dare not murder:
How will maids curse me, if I kill with kisses,

[3] *Make her poor, nor wrong her bounty.*] As *her* has nothing to refer to but *maids* in the line above, we must certainly change the number, and write,

—— *make* them *poor, nor wrong* their *bounty.*—Sympson.

The mistake is not likely to have been accidental. Fletcher is often guilty of greater grammatical errors than that in the text, and the change of plural to singular, or *vice versa*, is very frequent in old authors.

And young men fly the embraces of fair virgins !
Come, pray sit down; but let's talk temperately.
Lis. Is my dear friend a-bed?
Cal. Yes, and asleep,
Secure asleep: 'Tis midnight too, Lisander;
Speak not so loud.
Lis. You see I am a statue;
I could not stand else as I had eaten ice,
Or took into my blood a drowsy poison,
And Nature's noblest, brightest flame burn in me.
Midnight? and I stand quietly to behold so?
The alarum rung, and I sleep like a coward?
I am worn away; my faith, and dull obedience,
Like crutches, carry my decayed body
Down to the grave; I have no youth within me.
Yet happily you love too?
Cal. Love with honour.
Lis. Honour? what's that? 'tis but a specious title
We should not prize too high.
Cal. Dearer than life.
Lis. The value of it is as time has made it,
And time and custom have too far insulted:
We are no gods, to be always tied to strictness;
'Tis a presumption to shew too like 'em:
March but an hour or two under love's ensigns!
We have examples of great memories——
Cal. But foul ones too, that greatness cannot cover!
That wife that by example sins, sins double,
And pulls the curtain open to her shame too.
Methinks, to enjoy you thus——
Lis. 'Tis no joy, lady:
A longing bride, if she stop here, would cry;
The bridegroom too, and with just cause, curse Hymen.

But yield a little, be one hour a woman,
(I do not speak this to compel you, lady)
And give your will but motion, let it stir,
But in the taste of that weak fears call evil;
Try it to understand it, (we'll do nothing)
You'll never come to know pure good else.
Cal. Fy, sir!
Lis. I have found a way; let's slip into this error
As innocents, that know not what we did;
As we were dreaming both, let us embrace;
The sin is none of ours then, but our fancies'—
What have I said? what blasphemy to honour?
Oh, my base thoughts! Pray you take this, and shoot me.
My villain thoughts! [*Offering her a Pistol.*
Cal. I weep your miseries, [*Noise within.*
And 'would to Heaven——What noise?
Lis. It comes on louder.
Kill me, and save yourself; save your fair honour,
And lay the fault on me; let my life perish,
My base lascivious life! Shoot quickly, lady!
Cal. Not for the world. Retire behind the hangings,
And there stand close.—My husband! close, Lisander! [*He retires.*

Enter Cleander *with a Taper.*

Cle. Dearest, are you well?
Cal. Oh, my sad heart!
My head, my head!
Cle. Alas, poor soul! what do you
Out of your bed? you take cold, my Calista.
How do you?
Cal. Not so well, sir, to lie by you:
My brother's fright——

Cle. I had a frightful dream too,
A very frightful dream, my best Calista:
Methought there came a dragon to your chamber,
A furious dragon, wife; I yet shake at it.
Are all things well?

Lis. [*From behind the Hangings*] Shall I shoot him?

Cal. No.——All well, sir.
'Twas but your care of me, your loving care,
Which always watches.

Cle. And methought he came
As if he had risen thus out of his den,
As I do from these hangings——

Lis. Dead?

Cal. Hold, good sir!

Cle. And forced you in his arms thus:

Cal. 'Twas but fancy
That troubled you; here's nothing to disturb me.
Good sir, to rest again; and I'm now drowsy,
And will to bed. Make no noise, dear husband,
But let me sleep; before you can call any body
I am a-bed.

Cle. This, and sweet rest dwell with you!
[*Kisses her, and exit.*

Cal. Come out again; and, as you love, Lisander,
Make haste away! You see his mind is troubled:
Do you know the door you came in at?

Lis. Well, sweet lady.

Cal. And can you hit it readily?

Lis. I warrant you.
And must I go? must here end all my happiness,
Here in a dream, as if it had no substance?

Cal. For this time, friend, or here begin our ruins;
We are both miserable.

Lis. This is some comfort

In my afflictions, they are so full already,
They can find no encrease.
Cal. Dear, speak no more!
Lis. You must be silent, then.
Cal Farewell, Lisander,
Thou joy of man, farewell!
Lis. Farewell, bright lady,
Honour of woman-kind, a heavenly blessing!
Cal. Be ever honest!
Lis. I will be a dog else!
The virtues of your mind I'll make my library,
In which I'll study the celestial beauty:
Your constancy, my armour that I'll fight in:
And on my sword your chastity shall sit,
Terror to rebel blood.
Cal. Once more, farewell! [*Noise within.*
Oh, that my modesty could hold you still, sir!
He comes again.
Lis. Heaven keep my hand from murder,
Murder of him I love!
Cal. Away, dear friend,
Down to the garden-stairs; that way, Lisander!
We are betrayed else.
Lis. Honour guard the innocent! [*Exit.*

Enter CLEANDER.

Cle. Still up! I feared your health.
Cal. [*Aside.*] He has missed him happily.—
I am going now; I have done my meditations,
My heart's almost at peace.
Cle. To my warm bed then?
Cal. I will; pray you lead.
[*A Pistol shot within.*
Cle. A pistol shot i' th' house?
At these hours? Sure some thief, some murderer!
Rise, ho! rise all! I am betray'd.

Cal. Oh, Fortune! [*Aside.*
Oh, giddy thing! He has met some opposition,
And killed! I am confounded, lost for ever!

Enter DORILAUS.

Dor. Now, what's the matter?
Cle. Thieves, my noble father,
Villains and rogues.
Dor. Indeed, I heard a pistol:
Let's search about.

Enter MALFORT, CLARINDA, *and Servants.*

Malf. To bed again; they are gone, sir,
(I will not bid you thank my valour for't)
Gone at the garden-door; there were a dozen,
And bravely armed; I saw 'em.
Clari. I am glad,
Glad at the heart.
Serv. One shot at me, and missed me.
Malf. No, 'twas at me; the bullet flew close by me,
Close by my ear: Another had a huge sword,
Flourished it thus, but at the point I met him;
But the rogue taking me to be your lordship,
(As sure your name is terrible, and we
Not much unlike i' th' dark) roared out aloud,
"It is the kill-cow [3] Dorilaus!" and away
They ran as they had flown.—Now you must love me,

[3] *Kill-cow.*] An allusion to the story of Guy Earl of Warwick.—Ed. 1778.
Another allusion to this adventure has occurred in Bonduca. See vol. VI. p. 47.

Or fear me for my courage, wench.
[*Aside to* CLARINDA.

Clari. Oh, rogue!
Oh, lying rogue!—Lisander stumbled, madam,
At the stairs' head, and in the fall the shot went off:
'Was gone before they rose.

Cal. I thank Heaven for't!

Clari. I was frighted too; it spoiled my game with Leon. [*Aside.*

Cle. You must sit up; an they had come to your chamber,
What pranks would they have played?—How came the door open?

Malf. I heard 'em when they forced it; up I rose,
Took Durindana[4] in my hand, and like
Orlando issued forth.

Clari. I know you are valiant.

Cle. To bed again,
And be you henceforth provident! At sun-rising
We must part for a while.

Dor. When you're a-bed,
Take leave of her; there 'twill be worth the taking,
Here 'tis but a cold ceremony. Ere long
We'll find Lisander, or we have ill fortune.

Cle. Lock all the doors fast.

Malf. Though they all stood open,
My name writ on the door, they dare not enter!
[*Exeunt.*

[4] *Durindana.*] The name of Orlando's sword. The heroes in the old romances gave names to their swords.—Ed. 1778.

SCENE IV.

The Country. Before a Monastery.

Enter CLARANGE, *Friar with a Letter, and a Novice.*

Clara. Turned hermit?
Friar. Yes, and a devout one too;
I heard him preach.
Clara. That lessens my belief;
For though I grant my Lidian a scholar,
As far as fits a gentleman, he hath studied
Humanity, and in that he is a master,
Civility of manners, courtship, arms,
But never aimed at, as I could perceive,
The deep points of divinity.
Friar. That confirms his
Devotion to be real, no way tainted
With ostentation or hypocrisy,
The cankers of religion; his sermon
So full of gravity, and with such sweetness
Delivered, that it drew the admiration
Of all the hearers on him; his own letters
To you, which witness he will leave the world,
And these to fair Olinda, his late mistress,
In which he hath, with all the moving language
That ever expressed rhetoric, solicited
The lady to forget him, and make you
Blessed in her embraces, may remove
All scrupulous doubts.

Clara. It strikes a sadness in me!
I know not what to think of't.
Friar. Ere he entered
His solitary cell, he penned a ditty,
His long and last farewell to love and women,
So feelingly, that I confess, however
It stands not with my order to be taken
With such poetical raptures, I was moved,
And strangely, with it.
Clara Have you the copy?
Friar. Yes, sir:
My Novice too can sing it, if you please
To give him hearing.
Clara. And it will come timely,
For I am full of melancholy thoughts,
Against which I have heard, with reason, music
To be the speediest cure; pray you apply it.

A SONG, by the Novice.

Adieu, fond love! farewell, you wanton Powers!
I am free again;
Thou dull disease of blood and idle hours,
Bewitching pain,
Fly to the fools that sigh away their time!
My nobler love, to Heaven climb,
And there behold beauty still young,
That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy;
Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,
And honour'd by eternity and joy!
There lives my love, thither my hopes aspire;
Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

Friar. How do you approve it?
Clara. To its due desert;
It is a heavenly hymn, no ditty, father;

It passes through my ears unto my soul,
And works divinely on it Give me leave
A little to consider:—Shall I be
Out-done in all things? nor good of myself,
Nor by example? shall my loose hopes still,
The viands of a fond affection, feed me
As I were a sensual beast? spiritual food
Refused by my sick palate? 'tis resolved.—
How far off, father, doth this new-made hermit
Make his abode?

Friar. Some two days' journey, son.

Clara. Having revealed my fair intentions to you,
I hope your piety will not deny me
Your aids to further 'em.

Friar That were against
A good man's charity.

Clara. My first request is,
You would some time, for reasons I will shew you,
Defer delivery of Lidian's letters
To fair Olinda.

Friar. Well, sir.

Clara. For what follows,
You shall direct me.—Something I will do,
A new-born zeal and friendship prompts me to.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Country Inn.

Enter DORILAUS, CLEANDER, *Chamberlain; a Table, Tapers, and Chairs.*

Cle. We have supp'd well, friend: Let our beds be ready;
We must be stirring early.
Cham. They are made, sir.
Dor. I cannot sleep yet. Where's the jovial host
You told me of? 'T has been my custom ever
To parley with mine host.[5]

[5] *'T has been my custom ever*
To parley with mine host.] The familiarity of hosts with their guests seems to have been greater in the days of Fletcher than we can now-a-days conceive. Of this we have many instances in old plays, and one has been already noticed in The Captain, (vol. IX. p 214,) where the Host gets drunk with his guests, and speaks to them in language which sounds very strange to our ears. The same may be observed respecting mine Host of the Garter, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, and Blague, the merry Host of the George at Waltham, in The Merry Devil of Edmonton. Both address knights and country gentlemen in a style of the utmost familiarity. It seems to have been one of the qualifications expected of an innkeeper at the time, not only to see that his guests were well accommodated, but to amuse them with tales and jokes, and to address them in a peculiar style of humour, intermixed with cant-phrases and terms of endearment not always very delicate. The practice is thus satirically noticed in A Character of England, Lond. 1659, purporting (probably falsely) to have been "presented in a letter to a nobleman in France:"—

Cle. He's a good fellow,
And such a one I know you love to laugh with.—
Go call your master up.
Cham. He cannot come, sir.
Dor. Is he a-bed with his wife?
Cham. No, certainly.
Dor. Or with some other guests?
Cham. Neither, an't like you.

"How new it appeared to me to see my confident host set him down cheek by joul by me, belching and puffing tobacco in my face, you may easily imagine; till I afterwards found it to be the usual style of this country; and that the gentlemen, who lodge at their inns, entertain themselves in their company, and are much pleased with their impertinences."

There is a lively description of one of these ancient hosts at Rookland, in Kempe's Nine Days' Wonder, quoted by Warton, (Hist. E. Poetry, IV. 64.)—

"He was a man not over spare,
In his eyebals dwelt no care:
Anon, anon, and *coming, friend*,
Were the most words he usde to spend;
Saue, sometime he would sit and tell,
What wonders once in Bullayne fell;
Closing each period of his tale
With a full cup of nut-browne ale:
Turwyn and Turney's siedge were hot,
Yet all my hoast remembers not:
Kets-field and Musseleborough fray
Were battles fought but yesterday.
'O 'twas a goodly matter then,
To see your sword and buckler men!
They would lay here, and here and there,
But I would meet them every where, &c.'
By this some guest cryes *ho, the house!*
A fresh friend hath a fresh carouse.
Still will he drink and still be dry,
And quaffe with euery company.
Saint Martin send him merry mates
To enter at his hostry gates!
For a blither lad than he
Cannot an innkeeper be."

Cle. Why then he shall come, by your leave, my friend;
I'll fetch him up myself.
Cham. Indeed you'll fail, sir.
Dor. Is he i' th' house?
Cham. No, but he is hard by, sir;
He is fast in's grave; he has been dead these three weeks.
Dor. Then o' my conscience he will come but lamely,
And discourse worse.
Cle. Farewell, mine honest host then,
Mine honest merry host!—Will you to bed yet?
Dor. No, not this hour; I pr'ythee sit and chat by me.
Cle. Give us a quart of wine then; we'll be merry.
Dor. A match, my son.—Pray let your wine be living,
Or lay it by your master.
Cham. It shall be quick, sir. [*Exit.*
Dor. Has not mine host a wife?
Cle. A good old woman.
Dor. Another coffin! that is not so handsome;
Your hostesses in inns should be blithe things,
Pretty and young, to draw in passengers;
She'll ne'er fill her beds well, if she be not beauteous.
Cle. And courteous too.
Dor. Ay, ay; and a good fellow,
That will mistake sometimes a gentleman
For her good man.

Enter Chamberlain with Wine.

Well done: Here's to Lisander!
Cle. My full love meets it.—Make fire in our lodgings;

We'll trouble thee no farther.—[*Exit Chamberlain.*
To your son!
Dor. Put in Clarangè too; off with't. I thank you.
This wine drinks merrier still. Oh, for mine host now!
Were he alive again, and well disposed,
I would so claw his pate!
Cle. You're a hard drinker.
Dor. I love to make mine host drunk; he will lie then
The rarest, and the roundest, of his friends,
His quarrels, and his guests; and they're the best bawds too,
Take 'em in that tune.
Cle. You know all.
Dor. I did, son;
But time and arms have worn me out.
Cle. 'Tis late, sir;
I hear none stirring. [*A lute is struck within.*
Dor. Hark! what's that? a lute?
'Tis at the door, I think.
Cle. The doors are shut fast.
Dor. 'Tis morning; sure, the fiddlers are got up
To fright men's sleeps. Have we ne'er a piss-pot ready?
Cle. Now I remember, I've heard mine host that's dead
Touch a lute rarely, and as rarely sing too,
A brave still mean.[6]
Dor. I would give a brace of French crowns
To see him rise and fiddle.
Cle. Hark; a song!

[6] *A brave still* mean.] The *mean* is what we now call *tenor.*

A Song within.

'Tis late and cold; stir up the fire;
Sit close, and draw the table nigher;
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty medicine 'gainst a cold!
Your beds of wanton down the best,
Where you shall tumble to your rest;
I could wish you wenches too,
But I am dead, and cannot do.
Call for the best the house may ring,
Sack, white, and claret, let them bring,
And drink apace, while breath you have,
You'll find but cold drink in the grave:
Plover, partridge, for your dinner,
And a capon for the sinner,
You shall find ready when you're up,
And your horse shall have his sup:
Welcome, welcome, shall fly round,
And I shall smile, though under ground.

Cle. Now, as I live, it is his voice!
Dor. He sings well;
The devil has a pleasant pipe.
Cle. The fellow lied, sure.

Enter the Host's Ghost.

He is not dead; he's here. How pale he looks!
Dor. Is this he?
Cle. Yes.
Host. You are welcome, noble gentlemen!
My brave old guest, most welcome!
Cle. Lying knaves,
To tell us you were dead. Come, sit down by us,

We thank you for your song.

Host. 'Would 't had been better!

Dor. Speak, are you dead?

Host. Yes, indeed am I, gentlemen;
I have been dead these three weeks.

Dor. Then here's to you,
To comfort your cold body!

Cle. What do you mean?
Stand further off.

Dor. I will stand nearer to him.
Shall he come out on's coffin to bear us company,
And we not bid him welcome?—Come, mine host,
Mine honest host, here's to you!

Host. Spirits, sir, drink not.

Cle. Why do you appear?

Host. To wait upon ye, gentlemen;
('T has been my duty living, now my farewell)
I fear ye are not used accordingly.

Dor. I could wish you warmer company, mine host,
Howe'er we are used.

Host. Next, to entreat a courtesy;
And then I go to peace.

Cle. Is't in our power?

Host. Yes, and 'tis this; to see my body buried
In holy ground, for now I lie unhallow'd,
By the clerk's fault; let my new grave be made
Amongst good fellows, that have died before me,
And merry hosts of my kind.

Cle. It shall be done.

Dor. And forty stoops of wine[7] drank at thy funeral.

Cle. Do you know our travel?

Host. Yes, to seek your friends,

[7] *And forty stoops of wine.*] Part of the note of the last editors, p. 449, comes in here more appositely.

That in afflictions wander now.
Cle. Alas!
Host. Seek 'em no farther, but be confident
They shall return in peace.
Dor. There's comfort yet.
Cle. Pray you one word more: Is't in your power, mine host,
(Answer me softly) some hours before my death,
To give me warning?
Host. I cannot tell you, truly;
But if I can, so much alive I loved you,
I will appear again. Adieu! [*Exit.*
Dor Adieu, sir.
Cle. I am troubled; these strange apparitions are
For the most part fatal.
Dor This, if told, will not
Find credit The light breaks apace; let's lie down,
And take some little rest, an hour or two,
Then do mine Host's desire, and so return.
I do believe him.
Cle. So do I. To rest, sir! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Paris. A Room in Cleander's *House.*

Enter Calista *and* Clarinda.

Cal. Clarinda!
Clari. Madam.
Cal. Is the house well order'd?

The doors lock'd to, now in your master's absence?
Your care and diligence amongst the servants?

Clari. I am stirring, madam.

Cal. So thou art, Clarinda,
More than thou ought'st, I am sure. Why dost thou blush?

Clari. I do not blush.

Cal. Why dost thou hang thy head, wench?

Clari. Madam, you are deceived, I look upright;
I understand you not.—She has spied Leon:
Shame of his want of caution! [*Aside.*

Cal. Look on me.
What! blush again?

Clari. 'Tis more than I know, madam;
I have no cause that I find yet.

Cal. Examine then.

Clari. Your ladyship is set, I think, to shame me.

Cal. Do not deserve't. Who lay with you last night?
What bedfellow had you? none of the maids came near you.

Clari. Madam, they did.

Cal. 'Twas one in your cousin's clothes then,
And wore a sword; and sure I keep no Amazons.
Wench, do not lie; 'twill but proclaim thee guilty:
Lies hide our sins like nets; like perspectives,
They draw offences nearer still, and greater.
Come, tell the truth.

Clari. You are the strangest lady
To have these doubts of me! how have I lived, madam,
And which of all my careful services
Deserves these shames?

Cal. Leave facing, 'twill not serve you:
This impudence becomes thee worse than lying.

I thought you had lived well, and I was proud of't;
But you are pleased to abuse my thoughts. Who was't?
Honest repentance yet will make the fault less.

Clari. Do you compel me? do you stand so strict too? [*Apart.*
Nay, then have at you.—I shall rub that sore, madam,
Since you provoke me, will but vex your ladyship:
Let me alone!

Cal. I will know.

Clari. For your own peace,
The peace of your own conscience, ask no further:
Walk in, and let me alone.

Cal. No; I'll know all.

Clari. Why, then, I'll tell you: 'Twas a man I lay with,
(Never admire; 'tis easy to be done, madam,
And usual too) a proper man I lay with,
(Why should you vex at that?) young as Lisander,
And able too! I grudge not at your pleasure,
Why should you stir at mine? I steal none from you.

Cal. And dost thou glory in this sin?

Clari. I am glad on't;
To glory in't is for a mighty lady,
That may command.

Cal. Why didst thou name Lisander?

Clari. Does it anger you? does it a little gall you?
I know it does. Why would you urge me, lady?
Why would you be so curious to compel me?
I named Lisander as my precedent,
The rule I erred by: You love him, I know it;
I grudged not at it, but am pleased it is so;
And, by my care and diligence, you enjoyed him.

Shall I for keeping counsel have no comfort?
Will you have all yourself? engross all pleasure?
Are you so hard-hearted? Why do you blush now, madam?

Cal. My anger blushes, not my shame, base woman!

Clari. I'll make your shame blush, since you put me to't:
Who lay with you t'other night?

Cal. With me, you monster!

Clari. Whose sweet embraces circled you? not your husband's.
I wonder you dare touch me in this point, madam?
Stir her against you in whose hand your life lies?
More than your life, your honour? What smug Amazon
Was that I brought you? that maid had ne'er a petticoat.

Cal. She'll half pursuade me anon I am a beast too;
And I mistrust myself, though I am honest,
For giving her the helm.—Thou know'st, Clarinda,
Even in thy conscience, I was ever virtuous;
As far from lust in meeting with Lisander,
As the pure wind in welcoming the morning;
In all the conversation I had with him,
As free, and innocent, as yon fair Heaven.
Didst not thou persuade me too?

Clari. Yes, I had reason for't;
And now you are persuaded, I'll make use on't.

Cal. If I had sinned thus, and my youth enticed me,
The nobleness and beauty of his person,
Beside the mighty benefits I am bound to,
Is this sufficient warrant for thy weakness?
If I had been a whore, and craved thy counsel
In the conveyance of my fault, and faithfulness,

Thy secrecy and truth in hiding of it,
Is it thy justice to repay me thus?
To be the master sinner to compel me,
And build thy lust's security on mine honour?
Clari. They that love this sin love their security:
Prevention, madam, is the nail I knock'd at,
And I have hit it home, and so I'll hold it,
And you must pardon me, and be silent too,
And suffer what you see, and suffer patiently;
I shall do worse else.
Cal. Thou canst not touch my credit;
Truth will not suffer me to be abused thus.
Clari. Do not you stick to Truth, she's seldom heard, madam;
A poor weak tongue she has, and that is hoarse too
With pleading at the bars; none understands her:
Or, if you had her, what can she say for you?
Must she not swear he came at midnight to you,
The door left open, and your husband cozened
With a feigned sickness?
Cal. But, by my soul, I was honest!
Thou know'st I was honest.
Clari. That's all one what I know;
What I will testify is that shall vex you!
Trust not a guilty rage with likelihoods,
And on apparent proof;[7] take heed of that, madam:

[7] *Trust not a guilty rage with likelihoods, And on apparent proof.*] This passage is nonsense as it stands. What is the guilty rage Clarinda advises Calista not to trust? I have no doubt we should read—

Trust not a guilty *age* with likelihoods, &c.

The sense seems to require this amendment, and what Clarinda says afterwards confirms the justness of it—

If you were innocent, as it may be you are,
(I do not know; I leave it to your conscience)
It were the weakest and the poorest part of you,
Men being so willing to believe the worst,
So open-eyed in this age to all infamy,
To put your fame in this weak bark to the venture.
Cal. What do I suffer! Oh, my precious honour,
Into what box of evils have I lock'd thee!
Yet, rather than be thus outbraved, and by
My drudge, my footstool, one that sued to be so,
Perish both life, and honour! Devil, thus
I dare thy worst, defy thee, spit at thee!
And in my virtuous rage, thus trample on thee!
Awe me, thy mistress, whore, to be thy bawd?
Out of my house! proclaim all that thou know'st,

If you were innocent, as it may be you are
(I do not know; I leave it to your conscience)
It were the weakest, and the poorest part of you,
Men being so willing to believe the worst,
So open-eyed in *this age* to all infamy,
To put your fame in this weak bark to the venture.

The weak bark is innocence. Those who are guilty themselves are always the most inclined to think others so, and the most incredulous of virtue.—*Mason.*

This note is a very plausible one; but I can by no means conceive the text to be nonsense, and the concluding part of the note serves to confirm the propriety of it. Clarinda's whole speech is meant to intimidate her mistress, and to prove, that, whether she be innocent or not, the likelihoods and apparent proofs which she can bring forward, will be sufficient to condemn her. From these premises, which are supported by Calista's answer, the propriety of the word which Mason would alter becomes apparent. Clarinda begins and concludes her speech in the same manner. She says—"No matter what I know; you shall be vexed or condemned, not by the truth, but by what construction I shall put upon your conduct. Beware how you trust a guilty rage, (alluding to her own irregularities, with which she had been upbraided,) which may retaliate, by insinuating likelihoods on apparent proof against the accuser."

Or malice can invent; fetch jealousy
From hell, and like a fury breathe it in
The bosom of my lord; and to thy utmost
Blast my fair fame! yet thou shalt feel, with horror
To thy seared conscience, my truth is built
On such a firm base, that if e'er it can
Be forced, or undermined by thy base scandals,
Heaven keeps no guard on innocence! [*Exit.*

Clari. I am lost,
In my own hopes forsaken; and must fall
(The greatest torment to a guilty woman)
Without revenge. Till I can fashion it,
I must submit, at least appear as if
I did repent, and would offend no farther.
Monsieur Berontè, my lord's brother, is
Obliged un[illegible] me for a private favour;
'Tis he must mediate for me: But when time
And opportunity bids me strike, my wreak[8]
Shall pour itself on her nice chastity
Like to a torrent; deeds, not words, shall speak me!
[*Exit.*

[8] *My* wreak.] i. e. *Revenge.*—Ed. 1778.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Hall in the same House.

Enter ALCIDON *and* BERONTE, *severally.*

Alc. You are opportunely met.
Ber. Your countenance
Expresses haste mixed with some fear.
Alc. You'll share
With me in both, as soon as you are made
Acquainted with the cause: If you love virtue,[9]
In danger not secure——I have no time
For circumstance: Instruct me if Lisander
Be in your brother's house.[1]
Ber. Upon my knowledge

[9] ——— *if you love virtue,*
In danger not secure] Thus all the copies, but whether right or wrong, the reader must judge: To me the place appears manifestly corrupt, and I am inclined to think it ought to run so,

——— *if you love Virtue,*
Indanger aught to succour it.—*Sympson.*

This is plainly a broken sentence, and we think signifies, "if you are a friend to virtue, don't lull yourself into a false idea of its security, when it is in danger." The old reading is far better than the proposed alteration.—Ed. 1778.

Mason explains the text more properly—"If you love virtue in such a dangerous situation, that it is not, as it ought to be, its own security."

[1] *Be in your* father's *house.*] The whole scene proves that we should read, as the editors of 1750 propose, BROTHER'S *house.*—Ed. 1778.

Sympson properly observes, that Beronte's father never appears in the play.

He is not there.
Alc. I am glad on't.
Ber. Why, good sir?
Without offence I speak it, there's no place
In which he is more honoured, or more safe,
Than with his friend Cleander.
Alc. In your votes[a]
I grant it true; but, as it now stands with him,
I can give reason to make satisfaction
For what I speak: You cannot but remember
The ancient difference between Lisander
And Cloridon, a man in grace at court.
Ber. I do; and the foul plot of Cloridon's kinsmen
Upon Lisander's life, for a fall given
To Cloridon 'fore the king, as they encounter'd
At a solemn tilting.
Alc. It is now revenged.
In brief, a challenge was brought to Lisander
By one Chrysanthes; and, as far as valour
Would give him leave, declined by bold Lisander:
But peace refused, and braves on braves heaped on him,
Alone he met the opposites, ending the quarrel
With both their lives.
Ber. I am truly sorry for't.
Alc. The king, incensed for his favourite's death,
Hath set a price upon Lisander's head,
As a reward to any man that brings it,
Alive or dead: To gain this, every where
He is pursued and laid for; and, the friendship
Between him and your noble brother known,
His house in reason cannot pass unsearched;

[a] ———*In your* votes
I grant it true.] If this reading be genuine, *votes* must here signify *wishes*, or *opinions*.—Ed. 1778.

And that's the principal cause that drew me hither,
To hasten his remove, if he had chosen
This castle for his sanctuary.
Ber. 'Twas done nobly,
And you most welcome. This night pray you take
A lodging with us; and, at my entreaty,
Conceal this from my brother: He is grown
Exceeding sad of late; and the hard fortune
Of one he values at so high a rate,
Will much encrease his melancholy.
Alc. I am tutored.
Pray you lead the way.
Ber. To serve you, I will shew it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the same.

Enter CLEANDER, *with a Book.*

Cle. Nothing more certain than to die; but when
Is most uncertain: If so, every hour
We should prepare us for the journey, which
Is not to be put off. I must submit
To the divine decree, not argue it,
And chearfully I welcome it: I have
Disposed of my estate, confessed my sins,
And have remission from my ghostly father,
Being at peace too here. The apparition
Proceeded not from fancy; Dorilaus
Saw it, and heard it with me; it made answer

To our demands, and promised, if 'twere not
Denied to him by Fate, he would forewarn me
Of my approaching end. I feel no symptom
Of sickness; yet, I know not how, a dulness
Invadeth me all over.—Ha!

Enter the Spirit of the Host.

Host. I come, sir,
To keep my promise; and, as far as spirits
Are sensible of sorrow for the living,
I grieve to be the messenger to tell you,
Ere many hours pass, you must resolve
To fill a grave.
Cle. And feast the worms?
Host. Even so, sir.
Cle. I hear it like a man.
Host. It well becomes you;
There's no evading it.
Cle. Can you discover
By whose means I must die?
Host. That is denied me:
But my prediction is too sure: Prepare
To make your peace with Heaven; so farewell, sir!
[*Exit.*
Cle. I see no enemy near; and yet I tremble
Like a pale coward! My sad doom pronounced
By this aërial voice; as in a glass
Shews me my death in its most dreadful shape.
What rampire can my human frailty raise
Against the assault of Fate? I do begin
To fear myself; my inward strengths forsake me;
I must call out for help.—Within there! haste,
And break in to my rescue!

Enter DORILAUS, CALISTA, OLINDA, BERONTE, ALCIDON, *Servants, and* CLARINDA, *at several doors.*

Dor. Rescue? where?
Shew me your danger.
Cal. I will interpose
My loyal breast between you and all hazard.
Ber Your brother's sword secures you.
Alc. A true friend
Will die in your defence.
Cle. I thank ye!
To all my thanks! Encompass'd thus with friends,
How can I fear? And yet I do! I am wounded,
Mortally wounded. Nay, it is within;
I am hurt in my mind. One word—
Dor. A thousand.
Cle. I shall not live to speak so many to you.
Dor. Why? what forbids you?
Cle. But even now the spirit
Of my dead Host appeared, and told me, that
This night I should be with him. Did you not meet it?
It went out at that door.
Dor. A vain chimera
Of your imagination! Can you think
Mine Host would not as well have spoke to me now,
As he did in the inn? These waking dreams
Not alone trouble you, but strike a strange
Distraction in your family. See the tears
Of my poor daughter, fair Olinda's sadness,
Your brother's and your friend's grief, servants' sorrow.
Good son, bear up; you have many years to live

A comfort to us all. Let's in to supper.
Ghosts never walk till after midnight, if
I may believe my grannam. We will wash
These thoughts away with wine, 'spite of hob-
goblins.

Cle. You reprehend me justly.—Gentle madam,
And all the rest, forgive me; I'll endeavour
To be merry with you.

Dor. That's well said.

Ber. I have
Procured your pardon. [*To* CLARINDA.

Cal. Once more I receive you
Into my service; but take special care
You fall no further.

Clari. Never, madam.—Sir, [*Apart.*
When you shall find fit time to call me to it,
I will make good what I have said.

Ber. Till when,
Upon your life be silent!

Dor. We will have
A health unto Lisander.

Cle. His name, sir,
Somewhat revives me; but his sight would cure
me.
However, let's to supper.

Olin. 'Would Clarangè
And Lidian were here too! as they should be,
If wishes could prevail.

Cal. They are fruitless, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Garden. Night.

Enter LEON.

Leon. If that report speak truth, Clarinda is
Discharged her lady's service, and what burden
I then have drawn upon me is apparent.
The crop she reaped from her attendance was
Her best revenue, and my principal means
Clarinda's bounty, though I laboured hard for't,
A younger brother's fortune. Must I now
Have sour sauce, after sweetmeats? and be driven
To levy half-a-crown a week, besides
Clouts, sope, and caudles, [3] for my heir apparent,
If she prove, as she swears she is, with child?
Such as live this way, find, like me, though wench-
ing
Hath a fair face, there's a dragon in the tail of't,
That stings to th' quick. I must sculk here, until

[3] *Clouts, sope, and* candles.] In the Chances, (vol. VI. p. 22,) Don John says,

> —— "*But to raise a dairy*
> *For other men's adulteries, consume myself in* candles,
> *And scow'ring works*"———

The editors of 1750 alter *candles* to *caudles;* we have rejected their variation, in which we think ourselves justified by what Leon here says, which proves *candles* right.—Ed. 1778.

Sympson's variation is self-evident in both passages.

I am resolved: How my heart pants, between
My hopes and fears! She's come.—

Enter Clarinda.

Are we i' the port?
If not, let's sink together.
Clari. Things go better
Than you deserve; you carry things so openly,
I must bear every way. I am once more
In my lady's grace.
Leon. And I in yours?
Clari. It may be;
But I have sworn unto my lady never
To sin again.
Leon. To be surprised. The sin
Is in itself excusable; to be taken
Is a crime, as the poet writes.
Clari You know my weakness,
And that makes you so confident.—You have got
A fair sword: Was it not Lisander's?
Leon. Yes, wench;
And I grown valiant by the wearing of it:
It hath been the death of two. With this Lisander
Slew Cloridon and Chrysanthes: I took it up,
Broken in the handle, but that is reformed;
And now, in my possession, the late master
Dares never come to challenge it. This sword,
And all the weapons that I have, are ever
Devoted to thy service: Shall we bill?
I am very gamesome.
Clari. I must first dispose of
The fool Malfort; he hath smoked you, and is not,
But by some new device, to be kept from me;
I have it here shall fit him. You know where
You must expect me; with all possible silence

Get thither.

Leon. You will follow?

Clari. Will I live?
She that is forfeited to lust must die,
That humour being un-fed. Be gone; here comes
My champion, in armour. [*Exit* LEON.

Enter MALFORT, *in Armour.*

Malf What adventure
I am bound upon I know not, but it is
My mistress' pleasure that I should appear thus.
I may perhaps be terrible to others,
But, as I am, I am sure my shadow frights me:
The clashing of my armour, in my ears
Sounds like a passing-bell; and my buckler puts me
In mind of a bier; this my broad sword, a pick-axe
To dig my grave. Oh, love! abominable love!
What monsters issue from thy dismal den
Clarinda's placket, which I must encounter,
Or never hope to enter.

Clari. Here's a knight-errant!—
Monsieur Malfort.

Malf. Stand, stand, or I'll fall for you.

Clari. Know you not my voice?

Malf. Yes, 'twas at that I trembled.
But, were my false friend Leon here——

Clari. 'Tis he.

Malf. Where? where?

Clari. He is not come yet.

Malf. 'Tis well for him,
I am so full of wrath.

Clari. Or fear.—This Leon,
Howe'er my kinsman, hath abused you grossly,
And this night vows to take me hence perforce,

And marry me to another: 'Twas for this,
Presuming on your love, I did entreat you
To put your armour on, that with more safety
You might defend me.

Malf. And I'll do it bravely.

Clari. You must stand here to beat him off, and suffer
No human thing to pass you, though it appear
In my lord's shape or lady's: Be not cozen'd
With a disguise.

Malf. I have been fool'd already,
But now I am wise.

Clari. You must swear not to stir hence.

Malf. Upon these lips.

Clari. Nor move until I call you.

Malf. I'll grow here rather.

Clari. This night's task well ended,
I am yours to-morrow. Keep sure guard. [*Exit.*

Malf. Adieu!
My honeycomb, how sweet thou art, did not
A nest of hornets keep it! what impossibilities
Love makes me undertake! I know myself
A natural coward, and, should Leon come,
Though this were cannon proof, I should deliver
The wench before he ask'd her. I hear some footing!
'Tis he: Where shall I hide myself? that is
My best defence.

Enter CLEANDER.

Cle. I cannot sleep; strange visions
Make this poor life I feared of late to lose,
A toy that I grow weary of.

Malf. 'Tis Leon.

Cle. What's that?

Malf. If you are come, sir, for Clarinda,

I am glad I have her for you; I resign
My interest: You'll find her in her chamber;
I did stay up to tell you so.
Cle. Clarinda?
And Leon? There is something more in this
Than I can stay to ask. [*Exit.*
Malf. What a cold pickle,
And that none of the sweetest, do I find
My poor self in!
Cle. [*Within.*] Yield, villain!

Enter CLARINDA *and* LEON *running*, CLEANDER *following*.

Clari. 'Tis my lord!
Shift for yourself.
Leon. His life shall first make answer
For this intrusion. [*Kills* CLEANDER.
Malf. I am going away!
I am gone already! [*Falls in a swoon.*
Cle. Heaven take mercy on
My soul! too true presaging Host! [*Dies.*
Clari. He's dead,
And this wretch little better. Do you stare
Upon your handy-work?
Leon. I am amazed.
Clari. Get o'er the garden-wall; fly for your life,
But leave your sword behind; enquire not why:
I'll fashion something out of it, though I perish,
Shall make way for revenge.
Leon. These are the fruits
Of lust, Clarinda!
Clari. Hence, repenting milk-sop! [*Exit* LEON.
Now 'tis too late.—Lisander's sword? Ay, that,
[*Puts the Sword in* MALFORT'S *Hand.*
That is the base I'll build on. So; I'll raise

The house.—Help! murder! a most horrid murder!
Monsieur Berontè! noble Dorilaus!
All buried in sleep? Ah me! a murder!
A most unheard-of murder!

Enter DORILAUS, *as from bed.*

Dor. More lights, knaves!
Berontè, Alcidon, more lights!

Enter BERONTE, ALCIDON, *and Servants with Lights.*

Clari. By this
I see too much.
Dor. My son Cleander bathing
In his own gore! The devil to tell truth
I' th' shape of an Host!
Ber My brother?
Malf. I have been
I' th' other world, in hell I think, these devils
With fire-brands in their paws sent to torment me
(Though I ne'er did the deed) for my lewd purpose
To be a whoremaster.
Dor. Who's that?
Alc. 'Tis one
In armour. A bloody sword in's hand.
Dor. Sans question,
The murderer.
Malf. Who? I? you do me wrong:
I never had the heart to kill a chicken;
Nor do I know this sword.
Alc. I do, too well.
Ber. I have seen Lisander wear it.
Clari. This confirms [*To* BERONTE.
What yester-night I whisper'd: Let it work;

The circumstance may make it good.
Malf. My lord?
And I his murderer?
Ber. Drag the villain hence!
The rack shall force a free confession from him.
Malf. I am struck dumb; you need not stop my mouth.
Ber. Away with him! [MALFORT *carried off.*

Enter CALISTA *and* OLINDA.

Cal. Where is my lord?
Dor All that
Remains of him lies there. Look on this object,
And then turn marble.
Cal. I am so already,
Made fit to be his monument: But wherefore
Do you, that have both life and motion left you,
Stand sad spectators of his death, and not
Bring forth his murderer?
Ber. That lies in you:
You must, and shall produce him.
Dor. She, Beronte?
Ber. None else.
Dor. Thou liest! I'll prove it on thy head,
Or write it on thy heart. [*Draws.*
Alc. Forbear! there is
Too much blood shed already.
Ber. Let not choler
Stifle your judgment! Many an honest father
Hath got a wicked daughter If I prove not,
With evident proofs, her hand was in the blood
Of my dear brother, (too good a husband for her)
Give your revenge the reins, and spur it forward.
Dor. In any circumstance but shew her guilty,
I'll strike the first stroke at her.

Ber. Let me ask
A question calmly: Do you know this sword?
Have you not seen Lisander often wear it?
Dor. The same with which he rescued me.
Cal. I do:
What inference from this to make me guilty?
Ber. Was he not with you in the house to-night?
Cal. No, on my soul!
Ber. Nor ever heretofore
In private with you. when you feigned a sickness,
To keep your husband absent?
Cal. Never, sir,
To a dishonest end.
Ber. Was not this woman
Your instrument? Her silence does confess it.
Here lies Cleander dead, and here the sword
Of false Lisander, too long covered with
A mask of seeming truth.
Dor. And is this all
The proof you can alledge? Lisander guilty,
Or my poor daughter an adulteress?
Suppose that she had changed discourse with one
To whom she owed much more?
Cal. Thou hast thy ends,
Wicked Clarinda! [*She faints.*
Olin. Help! the lady sinks;
Malice hath killed her.
Dor. I would have her live,
Since I dare swear she's innocent. 'Tis no time
Or place to argue now; this cause must be
Decided by the judge; and, though a father,
I will deliver her into the hands
Of justice: If she prove true gold when tried,
She's mine; if not, with curses I'll disclaim her.
Take up your part of sorrow; mine shall be
Ready to answer with her life the fact

That she is charged with.[5]
Ber. Sir, I look upon you
As on a father.
Dor. With the eyes of sorrow,
I see you as a brother.[6] Let your witnesses
Be ready.
Ber. 'Tis my care.
Alc. I am for Lidian:
This accident, no doubt, will draw him from
His hermit's life.
Clari. Things yet go right; persist, sir.
[*Exeunt with* CALISTA, *and* CLEANDER'S *Body.*

[5] *Take up your part of sorrow; mine shall be*
Ready to answer with her life the fact
That she is charged with.] By Berontè's part of sorrow, Dorilaus means the body of Cleander; by his own, Calista.—*Mason.*

[6] *I see you as a* brother.] i. e. *As a partaker in sorrow,* if the place is right: Otherwise, to make an *antithesis,* it ought to be,

I see you as a son;

Berontè having before led the way by saying,

I look upon you as a father.—*Sympson.*

Admirable explanation!—Mr Sympson must have forgot that Berontè was the *brother* of Cleander; and it is not clear that he remembered Dorilaus was Calista's *father.*—Ed. 1778.

The editors justly reprobate Sympson's explanation of this passage, and seem to have understood it themselves, though they have not sufficiently explained it. Berontè means to say that he considers Dorilaus as the father of Calista, bound, as such, to support her innocence: to which Dorilaus replies, that he considers Berontè as the brother of Cleander, whose duty it was to revenge his death.—*Mason.*

SCENE III.

A Forest.

Enter Lisander *and* Lancelot.

Lis. Are the horses dead?
Lan. Out-right. If you ride at this rate,
You must resolve to kill your two a day,
And that's a large proportion.
Lis. Will you please,
At any price, and speedily, to get fresh ones?
You know my danger, and the penalty
That follows it, should I be apprehended:
Your duty in obeying my commands
Will in a better language speak your service,
Than your unnecessary and untimely care
Of my expence.
Lan. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*
Lis. In this thicket
I will expect you.—Here yet I have leisure
To call myself unto a strict account
For my pass'd life, how vainly spent! I would
I stood no further guilty! but I have
A heavier reckoning to make! This hand,
Of late as white as innocence, and unspotted,
Now wears a purple colour, died in gore;
My soul of the same tincture! Purblind passion,
With flattering hopes, would keep me from despair,
Pleading I was provoked to't; but my reason,

Breaking such thin and weak defences, tells me,
I have done a double murder; and for what?
Was it in service of the king? his edicts
Command the contrary: Or for my country?
Her genius, like a mourning mother, answers,
In Cloridon and Chrysanthes she hath lost
Two hopeful sons, that might have done their parts
To guard her from invasion. For what cause then?
To keep the opinion of my valour upright
I' th' popular breath; a sandy ground to build on!
Bought with the king's displeasure, as the breach
Of Heaven's decrees, the loss of my true comforts,
In parents, kinsmen, friends; as the fruition
Of all that I was born to, and that sits
Like to a hill of lead here. In my exile,
(Never to be repealed, if I escape so)
I have cut off all hopes ever to look on

Enter LIDIAN, *like a Hermit.*

Divine Calista, from her sight and converse
For ever banished!
Lid. I should know this voice.
His naming too my sister, whom Lisander
Honoured, but in a noble way, assures me
That it can be no other: I stand bound
To comfort any man I find distressed;
But to aid him that saved my life, religion,
And thankfulness, commands! and it may be
High providence for this good end hath brought him
Into my solitary walk.—Lisander!
Noble Lisander!
Lis. Whatsoe'er thou art,
That honourable attribute thou giv'st me,
I can pretend no right to. Come not near me;
I am infectious; the sanctity

Of thy profession (for thou appear'st
A reverend hermit) if thou fly not from me,
As from the plague, or leprosy, cannot keep thee
From being polluted.
Lid. With good counsel, sir,
And holy prayers to boot, I may cure you,
Though both ways so infected. You look wildly,
(Peace to your conscience!) sir, and stare upon me,
As if you never saw me: Hath my habit
Altered my face so much, that yet you know not
Your servant Lidian?
Lis. I am amazed!
So young, and so religious?
Lid. I purpose
(Heaven make me thankful for't!) to leave the world:
I have made some trial of my strengths in this
My solitary life; and yet I find not
A faintness to go on.
Lis. Above belief!
Do you inhabit here?
Lid. Mine own free choice, sir:
I live here poorly, but contentedly,
Because I find enough to feed my fortunes;
Indeed too much: These wild fields are my gardens,
The crystal rivers they afford their waters,
And grudge not their sweet streams to quench afflictions;
The hollow rocks their beds, which, though they are hard,
(The emblems of a doting lover's fortune)
Yet they are quiet; and the weary slumbers
The eyes catch there, softer than beds of down, friend;
The birds my bell to call me to devotions;

My book the story of my wand'ring life,
In which I find more hours due to repentance
Than time hath told me yet.
Lis. Answer me truly.
Lid. I will do that without a conjuration.
Lis. I' th' depth of meditation, do you not
Sometimes think of Olinda?
Lid. I endeavour
To raze her from my memory, as I wish
You would do the whole sex; for know, Lisander,
The greatest curse brave man can labour under,
Is the strong witchcraft of a woman's eyes.
Where I find men, I preach this doctrine to 'em:
As you're a scholar, knowledge make your mistress,
The hidden [7] beauties of the Heavens your study;
There shall you find fit wonder for your faith,
And for your eye inimitable objects;
As you're a profess'd soldier, court your honour;
Though she be stern, she's honest, a brave mistress!
The greater danger you oppose to win her,
She shews the sweeter, and rewards the nobler;
Woman's best loves to hers mere shadows be,
For after death she weds your memory.
These are my contemplations.
Lis. Heavenly ones;
And in a young man more remarkable.
But wherefore do I envy, and not tread in
This blessed track? Here's in the heart no false-
hood
To a vowed friend, no quarrels seconded
With challenges, which, answered in defence
Of the word *reputation*, murder follows.
A man may here repent his sins, and though

7 *The* hidden *beauties.*] That is, the beauties that are hidden from common observation, and are only discovered by study and contemplation.—*Mason.*

His hand, like mine, be stained in blood, it may be
With penitence and true contrition washed off;
You have proved it, Lidian?
Lid. And you'll find it true,
If you persévér.[8]
Lis. Here then ends my flight,
And here the fury of the king shall find me
Prepared for Heaven, if I am marked to die
For that I truly grieve for.

Enter Friar, and CLARANGE *in a Friar's Habit.*

Friar. Keep yourself
Concealed; I am instructed.
Clara. How the sight
Of my dear friend confirms me!
Lis. What are these?
Lid. Two reverend friars; one I know.
Friar. To you
This journey is devoted.
Lid. Welcome, father!
Friar. I know your resolution so well grounded,
And your adieu unto the world so constant,
That though I am the unwilling messenger
Of a strange accident to try your temper,
It cannot shake you. You had once a friend,
A noble friend, Clarangè.
Lid. And have still,
I hope, good father.
Friar. Your false hopes deceive you;
He's dead.

[8] *Persévér.*] So this word was pronounced at the time. An apposite instance may be quoted from the Martyred Soldier, by Henry Shirley:

"Thy heart's a Christian; to death *persévér*,
And then enjoy the sight of angels ever."

Lis. Clarangè dead?
Friar. I buried him.
Some said he died of melancholy, some of love,
And of that fondness perish'd.
Lid. Oh, Clarangè!
Clara. Hast thou so much brave nature, noble Lidian,
So tenderly to love thy rival's memory?
The bold Lisander weeps too. [*Aside.*
Friar. I expected
That you would bear this better.
Lid. I am a man, sir,
And, my great loss weighed duly——
Friar. His last words were,
After confession, "Live long, dear Lidian,
Possessed of all thy wishes!" And of me
He did desire, bathing my hand with tears,
That with my best care I should seek and find you,
And from his dying mouth prevail so with you,
That you a while should leave your hermit's strictness,
And on his monument pay a tear or two,
To witness how you loved him.
Lid. Oh, my heart!
To witness how I loved him? 'Would he had not
Led me unto his grave, but sacrificed
His sorrows upon mine! He was my friend,
My noble friend; I will bewail his ashes.
His fortunes and poor mine were born together,
And I will weep 'em both: I will kneel by him,
And on his hallowed earth do my last duties.
I'll gather all the pride of spring to deck him;
Woodbines shall grow upon his honoured grave,
And, as they prosper, clasp to shew our friendship,
And, when they wither, I'll die too.
Clara. Who would not
Desire to die, to be bewailed thus nobly?

Friar. There is a legacy he hath bequeathed
you;
But of what value I must not discover,
Until those rites and pious ceremonies
Are duly tendered.
Lid. I am too full of sorrow
To be inquisitive.
Lis. To think of his,
I do forget mine own woes.

Enter ALCIDON.

Alc. [*Entering.*] Graze thy fill, now
Thou hast done thy business.—Ha! who have we
here?
Lisander? Lidian? and two reverend friars?
What a strange scene of sorrow is expressed
In different postures, in their looks and station!
A common painter eying these, to help
His dull invention, might draw to the life
The living sons of Priam, as they stood
On the pale walls of Troy, when Hector fell
Under Achilles' spear. I come too late;
My horse, though good and strong, moved like a
tortoise:
Ill news had wings, and hath got here before me.
All Pythagoreans? not a word?[9]
Lid. Oh, Alcidon!
Deep rivers with soft murmurs glide along,
The shallow roar. Clarangè!

[9] *All Pythagoreans? not a word?*] Alluding to the five years' silence enjoined by Pythagoras to his disciples, before they were admitted to his conversation, or, as some say, even to the sight of him.—*Reed.*

The same expression occurs in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, on the entrance of Truewit to Morose: "Fishes? *Pythagoreans?*" alluding to their muteness and taciturnity.—Ed. 1778.

Lis. Cloridon!
Chrysanthes! Spare my grief, and apprehend
What I should speak.
Alc. Their fates I have long since
For your sake mourned: Clarangè's death (for so
Your silence doth confirm) till now I heard not:
Are these the bounds that are prescribed unto
The swelling seas of sorrow?
Lis. The bounds, Alcidon?[1]
Can all the winds of mischief from all quarters,
Euphrates, Ganges, Tigris, Volga, Po,
Paying at once their tribute to this ocean,
Make it swell higher? I am a murderer,
Banished, proscribed: Is there aught else that can
Be added to it?
Lid. I have lost a friend,
Prized dearer than my being, and he dead,
My miseries[2] at the height contemn the worst
Of Fortune's malice.
Alc. How our human weakness,
Grown desperate from small disasters, makes us
Imagine them a period to our sorrows,
When the first syllable of greater woes
Is not yet written!
Lid. How?
Lis. Speak it at large:

[1] —— *The bounds, Alcidon?*
Can all the winds *of mischief from all quarters,*
Euphrates, Ganges, Tigris, Volga, Po,
Paying at once their tribute to this ocean.] Mr Seward wishes to read *floods* for *winds*, which Mr Sympson does not agree to, but puts the two last lines in a parenthesis. We think the passage requires no assistance, and that the simple sense is, "neither *winds* nor *waters* can add to this sea of calamity."—Ed. 1778.

[2] *My* misery's *at the height contemn,* &c.] So the first folio. The text is from the second.

Since grief must break my heart, I am ambitious
It should be exquisite.

Alc. It must be told;
Yet, ere you hear it, with all care put on
The surest armour, anvil'd in the shop
Of passive Fortitude. The good Cleander,
Your friend, is murdered.

Lis. 'Tis a terrible pang,
And yet it will not do; I live yet. Act not
The torturer's part; if that there be a blow
Beyond this, give it, and at once dispatch me.

Alc. Your sword, died in his heart-blood, was found near him;
Your private conference at midnight urged
With fair Calista; which by her, whose pure truth
Would never learn to tell a lie, being granted,
She by enraged Beronte is accused
Of murder and adultery, and you
(However I dare swear it false) concluded
Her principal agent.

Lid. Wave upon wave rolls o'er me!
My sister! my dear sister!

Clara. Hold, great heart!

Friar. Tear open his doublet.

Lis. Is this wound too narrow
For my life to get out at? Bring me to
A cannon loaded, and some pitying friend
Give fire unto it, while I nail my breast
Unto his thund'ring mouth, that in the instant
I may be piece-meal torn, and blown so far
As not one joint of my dismembered limbs
May ever be, by search of man, found out.
Cleander! Yet why name I him? However
His fall deserved an earthquake, if compared
With what true honour in Calista suffers,
Is of no moment. My good angel, keep me

From blasphemy, and strike me dumb, before,
I' th' agony of my spirit, I do accuse
The powers above, for their unjust permission
Of virtue, innocent virtue, to be branded
With the least vicious mark!
Clara I never saw
A man so far transported.
Alc. Give it way;
'Tis now no time to stop it.

Enter LANCELOT.

Lan. Sir, I have bought
Fresh horses; and, as you respect your life,
Speedily back 'em; the archers of the king's guard
Are every where in quest of you.
Lis. My life? [*Strikes* LANCELOT.
Perish all such with thee that wish it longer!
Let it but clear Calista's innocence,
And Nestor's age to mine was youth. I'll fly
To meet the rage of my incensed king,
And wish his favourite's ghost appeared in flames,
To urge him to revenge. Let all the tortures
That tyranny e'er found out circle me,
Provided justice set Calista free! [*Exit.*
Alc. I'll follow him.
[*Exeunt* ALCIDON, *and* LANCELOT.
Lid. I am rooted here.
Friar. Remember
Your dear friend's last request, your sister's dangers,
With the aids that you may lend her.
Lid. Pray you support me;
My legs deny their office. [*Exeunt.*
Clara. I grow still
Further engaged unto his matchless virtues;

And I am dead indeed, until I pay
The debt I owe him in a noble way. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Paris. An Apartment in Cleander's *House.*

Enter DORILAUS *and Servant.*

Dor. Thou hast him safe?
Ser. As fast as locks can make him:
He must break through three doors, and cut the throats
Of ten tall fellows, if that he escape us.
Besides, as far as I can apprehend,
He hath no such intention,[3] for his looks
Are full of penitence.
Dor. Trust not a knave's looks;
They are like a whore's oaths. How does my poor daughter
Brook her restraint?
Serv. With such a resolution
As well becomes your lordship's child.
[*Knock within.*
Dor. Who's that?

[3] *No such* invention] Mr Seward concurred with me in the present alteration.—*Sympson.*

Enter LEMURE.

Serv. Monsieur Lemure.
Dor. This is a special favour,
And may stand an example in the court
For courtesy: It is the client's duty
To wait upon his patron; you prevent me,
That am your humble suitor.
Lem. My near place
About the king, though it swell others, cannot
Make me forget your worth and age, which may
Challenge much more respect: And I am sorry
That my endeavours for you have not met with
The good success I wished; I moved the king
With my best advantage, both of time and place,
I' th' favour of your daughter.
Dor. How do you find
His majesty affected?
Lem. Not to be
Swayed from the rigour of the law; yet so far
The rarity of the cause hath won upon him,
That he resolves to have in his own person
The hearing of it; her trial will be noble,
And to my utmost strength, where I may serve her,
My aids shall not be wanting.
Dor. I am your servant.
Lem. One word more: If you love Lisander's life,
Advise him, as he tenders it, to keep
Out of the way; if he be apprehénded,
This city cannot ransom him. So, good morrow.
[*Exit.*
Dor. All happiness attend you! Go thy ways;
Thou hast a clear and noble soul. For thy sake,

I'll hold that man mine enemy, who dares mutter
The court is not the sphere where Virtue moves,
Humanity and nobleness waiting on her.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Two gentlemen (but what they are I know not,
Their faces are so muffled) press to see you,
And will not be denied.
Dor. Whate'er they are,
I am too old to fear.
Serv. They need no usher;
They make their own way.

Enter LISANDER *and* ALCIDON.

Dor. Take you yours.—Lisander!
[*Exit Servant.*
My joy to see you, and my sorrow for
The danger you are in, contend so here,
(Though different passions, nay, opposed in nature)
I know not which to entertain.
Lis Your hate
Should win the victory from both: With justice
You may look on me as a homicide,
A man whose life is forfeited to the law;
But if, howe'er I stand accused, in thought
I sinned against Cleander's life, or live
Guilty of the dishonour of your daughter,
May all the miseries that can fall on man
Here, or hereafter, circle me!
Dor. To me
This protestation's useless; I embrace you,
As the preserver of my life, the man

To whom my son owes his; with life, his honour:
And howsoever your affection
To my unhappy daughter, though it were
(For I have sifted her) in a noble way,
Hath printed some taint on her fame, and brought
Her life in question; yet I would not purchase
The wish'd recovery of her reputation,
With strong assurance of her innocence
Before the king her judge, with certain loss
Of my Lisander, for whose life,[4] if found,
There's no redemption: My excess of love
(Though to enjoy you one short day would lengthen
My life a dozen years) boldly commands me,
Upon my knees, which yet were never bent
But to the king and Heaven, to entreat you
To fly hence with all possible speed, and leave
Calista to her fortune.
Lis. Oh, blessed saints!
Forsake her in affliction! Can you
Be so unnatural to your own blood,
To one so well deserving, as to value
My safety before hers? Shall innocence
In her be branded, and my guilt escape
Unpunished? Does she suffer so much for me,
For me unworthy, and shall I decline
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
The course of justice, to draw out a life?
A life? I style it false, a living death,
Which, being uncompelled laid down, will clear her,
And write her name a-new in the fair legend
Of the best women. Seek not to dissuade me!
I will not, like a careless poet, spoil

[4] *For* whole *life, if found.*] *Whose* is the right reading, the other a manifest error of the press.—*Sympson.*
Both folios read WHOSE!!!—Ed. 1778.

The last act of my play, till now applauded,
By giving the world just cause to say I feared
Death, more than loss of honour.

Dor. But suppose
Heaven hath designed some other saving means
For her deliverance?

Lis. Other means? That is
A mischief above all I have groaned under:
Shall any other pay my debt, while I
Write myself bankrupt? or Calista owe
The least beholdingness for that which she,
On all the bonds of gratitude I have seal'd to,
May challenge from me to be freely tender'd?
Avert it, mercy! I'll go to my grave
Without the curses of my creditors;
I'll vindicate her fair name, and so cancel
My obligation to her: To the king,
To whom I stand accountable for the loss
Of two of his loved subjects' lives, I'll offer
Mine own in satisfaction; to Heaven
I'll pay my true repentance; to the times
Present and future, I'll be registered
A memorable precedent to admonish
Others, however valiant, not to trust
To their abilities to dare and do;
And much less for the airy words of honour,
And false-stamp'd reputation, to shake off
The chains of their religion and allegiance,
The principal means appointed to prefer
Societies and kingdoms.[2] [*Exit.*

Dor. Let's not leave him;
His mind's much troubled.

[2] ——— *appointed to* prefer
Societies, &c.] The editors of 1750 think it probable we should read *preserve* instead of *prefer*. We do not conceive any variation necessary, *prefer* meaning PROMOTE *the interest and welfare of societies and kingdoms.*—Ed. 1778.

Alc. Were your daughter free,
(Since from her dangers his distraction rises)
His cause is not so desperate for the slaughter
Of Cloridon and Chrysanthes, but it may
Find passage to the mercy of the king,
The motives urged in his defence, that forced him
To act that bloody scene.
Dor. Heaven can send aids,
When they are least expected. Let us walk;
The hour of trial draws near.
Alc. May it end well! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter OLINDA *and* LIDIAN.

Olin. That for my love you should turn hermit, Lidian,
As much amazes me as your report
Clarangè's dead.
Lid. He is so, and all comforts
My youth can hope for, madam, with him buried;
Nor had I ever left my cell, but that
He did enjoin me at his death to shed
Some tears of friendship on his monument;
And, those last rites performed, he did bequeath you,
As the best legacy a friend could give,
Or I indeed could wish, to my embraces.

Olin. 'Tis still more strange; is there no foul
play in it?
I must confess I am not sorry, sir,
For your fair fortune; yet 'tis fit I grieve
The most untimely death of such a gentleman;
He was my worthy servant.
Lid. And for this
Acknowledgment, if I could prize you at
A higher rate, I should; he was my friend,
My dearest friend.
Olin. But how should I be assured, sir,
(For slow belief is the best friend of truth)
Of this gentleman's death? If I should credit it,
And afterward it fall out contrary,
How am I shamed! how is your virtue tainted!
Lid. There is a friar that came along with me,
His business, to deliver you a letter
From dead Clarangè: You shall hear his testimony.

Enter CLARANGE, *as a Friar, with another Friar.*

Father! my reverend father!—Look upon him;
Such holy men are authors of no fables.
Olin. They should not be; their lives and their
opinions,
Like brightest purest flames, should still burn up-
wards.—
To me, sir? [CLARANGE *delivers a letter.*
Clara. If you are the fair Olinda.
Friar. I do not like these cross points.
Clara. Give me leave;
I am nearest to myself: What I have plotted
Shall be pursued; you must not over-rule me.
Olin. Do you put the first hand to your own
undoing?
Play to betray your game? Mark but this letter!

" Lady, I am come to claim your noble promise:
[*Reads.*
If you be mistress of your word, you are mine;
I am last returned. Your riddle is dissolved,
And I attend your faith. Your humble servant,
Clarangè."
Is this the friar that saw him dead?
Lid. 'Tis he;
Clarangè, on my life! I am defeated!
Such reverend habits juggle? my true sorrow
For a false friend, not worth a tear, derided?
Friar. You have abused my trust.
Olin. It is not well,
Nor like a gentleman.
Clara. All stratagems
In love, and that the sharpest war, are lawful.
By your example, I did change my habit,
Caught you in your own toil, and triumph in it;
And what by policy's got, I will maintain
With valour! No Lisander shall come in
Again to fetch you off.
Lid. His honoured name,
Pronounced by such a treacherous tongue, is tainted.
Maintain thy treason with thy sword? With what
Contempt I hear it! in a wilderness
I durst encounter it, and would, but that
In my retired hours, (not counterfeited
As thy religious shape was) I have learn'd,
When justice may determine, such a cause,
And of such weight, as this fair lady is,
Must not be put to Fortune. I appeal
Unto the king; and he, whose wisdom knows
To do his subjects right in their estates,
As graciously with judgment will determine
In points of honour.
Olin. I'll steer the same course with you.

Clara. I'll stand the trial.
Friar. What have you done? or what
Intend you?
Clara. Ask not; I'll come off with honour.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Court of Justice.

Enter BERONTE, CLARINDA, MALFORT, *guarded, and Officers.*

Ber. Be constant in your proofs: Should you shrink back now,
Your life must answer it; nor am I safe,
My honour being engaged to make that good
Which you affirm.
Clari. I am confident, so dearly
I honoured my dead lord, that no respect,
Or of my lady's bounties, (which were great ones,
I must confess) nor of her former life,
(For while that she was chaste, indeed I loved her)
Shall hinder me from lending my assistance
Unto your just revenge—mine own I mean.
If Leon keep far off enough, all's secure: [*Aside.*
Lisander dares not come in; modest blushes
Parted with me long since, and impudence,
Armed with my hate unto her innocence, shall be
The weapon I will fight with now.
Ber. The rack

Being presented to you, you'll roar out
What you conceal yet.
Malf. Conceal? I know nothing
But that I shall be hanged, and that I look for:
It is my destiny; I ever had
A hanging look; and a wise woman told me,
Though I had not the heart to do a deed
Worthy the halter, in my youth or age,
I should take a turn with a wry mouth; and now
'Tis come about. I have penn'd mine own ballad
Before my condemnation, in fear
Some rhymer should prevent me.

Enter DORILAUS, CALISTA, *and* OLINDA.

Here's my lady:
'Would I were in Heaven, or a thousand miles hence,
That I might not blush to look on her!
Dor. You
Behold this preparation, and the enemies
Who are to fight against your life; yet if
You bring no witness here, that may convince you
Of breach of faith to your lord's bed, and hold up
Unspotted hands before the king, this trial
You are to undergo will but refine,
And not consume, your honour.
Cal. How confirmed
I am here, whatsoever fate falls on me,
You shall have ample testimony. Till the death
Of my dear lord, (to whose sad memory
I pay a mourning widow's tears) I lived
Too happy in my holiday trim of glory,
And courted with felicity,[3] that drew on me,

[3] Courted with *felicity.*] Sympson would read, "Sported with *felicity;*" but the editors [of 1778] properly observe, that the text

With other helps of nature, as of fortune,
The envy, not the love, of most that knew me;
This made me to presume too much, perhaps
Too proud; but I am humbled: And if now
I do make it apparent, I can bear
Adversity with such a constant patience
As will set off my innocence, I hope, sir,
In your declining age, when I should live
A comfort to you, you shall have no cause,
Howe'er I stand accused, to hold your honour
Shipwrecked in such a daughter.
Olin. Oh, best friend!
My honour's at the stake too; for——
Dor. Be silent:
The king!

Enter King, LEMURE, *and Attendants*.

Lem. Sir, if you please to look upon
The prisoner, and the many services
Her father hath done for you——
King. We must look on
The cause, and not the persons. Yet beholding,
With an impartial eye, the excelling beauties
Of this fair lady, (which we did believe
Upon report, but till now never saw 'em)
It moves a strange kind of compassion in me.
Let us survey you nearer! She's a book

" means courted *by* felicity," and Mason says justly, that "*with* in this sense frequently occurs both in these plays and those of Shakspeare. So in the last act of Antony and Cleopatra, she says to Augustus,

——————" And say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation? Must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred?"

To be with care perused; and 'tis my wonder,
If such mishapen guests as Lust and Murder,
At any price, should ever find a lodging
In such a beauteous inn! Mistake us not;
Though we admire the outward structure, if
The rooms be foul within, expect no favour.
I were no man, if I could look on beauty
Distressed, without some pity; but no king,
If any superficial gloss of feature
Could work me to decline the course of justice.
But to the cause, Cleander's death! what proofs
Can you produce against her?

Ber. Royal sir,
Touching that point, my brother's death, we build
On suppositions——

King. Suppositions? how?
Is such a lady, sir, to be condemned
On suppositions?

Ber. They are well-grounded, sir;
And if we make it evident she is guilty
Of the first crime we charge her with, Adultery,
That being the parent, it may find belief
That murder was the issue.

King. We allow
It may be so; but that it may be, must not
Infer a necessary consequence
To cast away a lady's life. What witnesses
To make this good?

Ber. The principal, this woman,
For many years her servant; she hath taken
Her oath in court.—Come forward!

King By my crown,
A lying face!

Clari. I swore, sir, for the king;
And if you are the party, as I do
Believe you are, (for you have a good face,
However mine appears) swearing for you, sir,

I ought to have my oath pass.
King Impudent too?
Well, what have you sworn?
Clari That this lady was
A goodly tempting lady, as she is:
How thinks your majesty? And I her servant,
Her officer, as one would say, and trusted
With her closest chamber service; that Lisander
Was a fine-timbered gentleman, and active;
That he could do fine gambols
To make a lady merry; that this pair,
A very loving couple, mutually
Affected one another: So much for them, sir!
That I, a simple waiting-woman, having taken
My bodily oath, the first night of admittance
Into her ladyship's service, on her slippers,
('That was the book) to serve her will in all things,
And to know no religion but her pleasure,
('Tis not yet out of fashion with some ladies)
That I, as the premises shew, being commanded
To do my function, in conveyance of
Lisander to her chamber, (my lord absent,
On a pretended sickness) did the feat,
(It cannot be denied) and at dead midnight
Left 'em together: What they did, some here
Can easily imagine. I have said, sir.
Dor. The devil's oratrix!
King. Then you confess
You were her bawd?
Clari. That's coarse; her agent, sir.
King. So, goody Agent! And you think there is
No punishment due for your agentship?
Clari. Let her suffer first,
Being my better, for adultery,
And I'll endure the mulct imposed on bawds,
Call it by the worst name.
Cal. Live I to hear this?

King. Take her aside.—Your answer to this, lady.

Cal. Heaven grant me patience! To be thus confronted
(Oh, pardon, royal sir, a woman's passion!)
By one (and this the worst of my misfortunes)
That was my slave, but never to such ends, sir,
Would give a statue motion into fury.
Let my past life, my actions, nay intentions,
Be by my grand accuser justly censured,
(For her I scorn to answer) and if they
Yield any probability of truth
In that she urges, then I will confess
A guilty cause. The people's voice, which is
The voice of truth, my husband's tenderness
In his affection to me, (that, no dotage,
But a reward of humbleness) the friendship
Echoed through France between him and Lisander,
All make against her. For him, in his absence,
(Whatever imputation it draw on me)
I must take leave to speak: 'Tis true, he loved me,
But not in such a wanton way; his reason
Mastered his passions: I grant I had
At midnight conference with him; but if he
Ever received a farther favour from me
Than what a sister might give to a brother,
May I sink quick! And thus much, (did he know
The shame I suffer for him, with the loss
Of his life for appearing) on my soul,
He would maintain.

Enter LISANDER *and* ALCIDON.

Lis. And will, thou clear example
Of women's pureness!

King. Though we hold her such,

Thou hast expressed thyself a desperate fool,
To thrust thy head into the lion's jaws,
The justice of thy king.
Lis. I came prepared for't,
And offer up a guilty life to clear
Her innocence: The oath she took, I swear to;
And for Cleander's death, to purge myself
From any colour malice can paint on me,
Or that she had a hand in't, I can prove
That fatal night when he in his own house fell,
And many days before, I was distant from it
A long day's journey.
Clari. I am caught. [*Aside.*
Ber. If so,
How came your sword into this steward's hands?—
Stand forth.
Malf. I have heard nothing that you spake:
I know I must die; and what kind of death
Pray you resolve me; I shall go away else
In a qualm; I am very faint.
King Carry him off;
His fear will kill him. [Malfort *is carried off.*
Dor. Sir, 'twas my ambition,
My daughter's reputation being wounded
I' th' general opinion, to have it
Cured by a public trial; I had else
Forborne your majesty's trouble.

Enter Leon, *Servants, and Guard.*

I'll bring forth
Cleander's murderer; in a wood I heard him,
As I rode sadly by, unto himself,
With some compunction, though this devil had none,
Lament what he had done, cursing her lust
That drew him to that bloody fact.

Leon. To lessen
The foulness of it, (for which I know justly
I am to suffer) and with my last breath
To free these innocents, I do confess all,
This wicked woman only guilty with me.
Clari. Is't come to this? Thou puling rogue! die thou
With prayers in thy mouth; I'll curse the laws
By which I suffer! All I grieve for is,
That I die unrevenged.
Leon. But one word more, sir,
And I have done: I was by accident where
Lisander met with Cloridon and Chrysanthes,
Was an ear-witness when he sought for peace,
Nay, begged it upon colder terms than can
Almost find credit, his past deeds considered;
But they, deaf to his reasons, severally
Assaulted him; but such was his good fortune,
That both fell under it. Upon my death
I take it uncompelled, that they were guilty
Of their own violent ends; and he, against
His will, the instrument.
Alc. This I will swear too;
For I was not far off.
Dor. They have alledged
As much to wake your sleeping mercy, sir,
As all the advocates of France can plead
In his defence.
King. The criminal judge shall sentence
These to their merits.
[LEON *and* CLARINDA *taken away guarded.*
With mine own hand, lady,
I take you from the bar, and do myself
Pronounce you innocent.
All. Long live the King!
King. And, to confirm you stand high in our favour,

And as some recompence for what you have
With too much rigour in your trial suffer'd,
Ask what you please, becoming me to grant,
And be possessed of't.

Cal. Sir, I dare not doubt [*Kneels.*
Your royal promise; in a king it is
A strong assurance; that emboldens me
Upon my humble knees to make my boon
Lisander's pardon!

Dor. My good genius
Did prompt her to it.

Lem. At your feet thus prostrate,
I second her petition.

Alc. Never king
Poured forth his mercy on a worthier subject.

Ber. To witness my repentance, for the wrong
In my unjust suspicion I did both,
I join in the same suit.

Lis. The life you give,
Still ready to lay down for your service,
Shall be against your enemies employed,
Not hazarded in brawls.

All. Mercy, dread sir!

King. So many pressing me, and with such reasons
Moving compassion, I hope it will not
Be censured levity in me, though I borrow
In this from justice, to relieve my mercy:
I grant his pardon at your intercession,
But still on this condition; you, Lisander,
In expiation of your guilt, shall build
A monument for my Cloridon and Chrysanthes:
And never henceforth draw a sword, but when
By us you are commanded, in defence of
The Flower-de-Luce; and, after one year's sorrow
For your dear friend Cleander's wretched fate,

Marry Calista.
Lis. On your sacred hand,
I vow to do it seriously.

Enter LIDIAN.

Lid. Great sir, stay!
Leave not your seat of justice, till you have
Given sentence in a cause as much important
As this you have determined.
King. Lidian?
Lid. He, sir,
Your humblest subject. I accuse Clarangè
Of falsehood in true friendship at the height;
We both were suitors to this lady, both
Enjoined one penance——

Enter CLARANGE *and Friar.*

Clara. Trouble not the King
With an unnecessary repetition,
Of what the court's familiar with already.
King. Clarangè?
Dor. With a shaven crown?
Olin. Most strange!
Clara. Look on thy rival—your late servant, madam,
But now devoted to a better mistress,
The Church, whose orders I have took upon me:
I here deliver up my interest to her,[4]
And what was got with cunning (as you thought)
I simply thus surrender. Heretofore,
You did outstrip me in the race of friendship;

[4] *Interest to her.*] That is, I deliver up all interest I have in her, to herself. The last editors needlessly read—Interest *in* her.

I am your equal now.
Dor. A suit soon ended!
Clara And joining thus your hands, (I know both willing)
I may do in the church my friar's office
In marrying you.
Lid. The victory is yours, sir.
King. It is a glorious one, and well sets off
Our scene of mercy. To the dead we tender
Our sorrow; to the living, ample wishes
Of future happiness. 'Tis a King's duty
To prove himself a father to his subjects;
And I shall hold it, if this well succeed,
A meritorious and praise-worthy deed. [*Exeunt.*

4

EPILOGUE.

STILL doubtful, and perplex'd too, whether he
Hath done Fletcher right in this history,
The poet sits within; since he must know it,
He, with respect, desires that you would shew it
By some accustomed sign; if from our action,
Or his endeavours, you meet satisfaction,
With ours he hath his ends; we hope the best,
To make that certainty in you doth rest.

END OF THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

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